THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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5 cts.

GARET GARRETT—MAXIMILIAN FOSTER—THOMAS McMORROW
JAMES J. CORBETT—HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER—THOMAS BEER

It's to your advantage to ORDER YOUR WINTER SUPPLY NOW

Take this list to your Grocer *Today*

Check your winter needs on the list below—take it to your grocer today—and let him show you the savings you can make by placing your season's order now.

NOTE: Most DEL MONTE Fruits are packed in three sizes of cans. No. 2½ (the large can) contains selected large fruit; No. 2 (the medium can) contains selected medium-sized fruit; and No. 1 (the small can) contains selected small fruit.

All have the same splendid flavor, for all are DEL MONTE. Only tree-ripened fruit of highest quality goes under the DEL MONTE label—varying in dimension but alike in flavor and quality—all packed in the same heavy syrup. Ask your grocer for the size of can to fit your need.

Del Monte Canned Fruits

- Apricots
- Blackberries
- Loganberries
- Raspberries
- Strawberries
- Royal Anne Cherries
- Grapes
- Bartlett Pears
- Peaches, Sliced
- Peaches, Halved
- Peaches, Melba Halves
- Sliced Pineapple
- Crushed Pineapple
- De Luxe Plums
- Egg Plums
- Green Gage Plums
- Fruits for Salad
- Prepared Prunes

Del Monte Vegetables

- Asparagus
- Beets
- Peas
- Chili Peppers
- Pimientos
- Pumpkin
- Sauerkraut
- Brussels Sprouts
- Squash
- Sweet Potatoes
- Spinach
- Tomatoes

Other Del Monte Varieties

- Preserves
- Jellies
- Jams
- Maraschino Cherries
- Tomato Catsup
- Tomato Sauce
- Chili Sauce
- Prepared Mustard
- Pickles
- Sweet Relish
- Pork and Beans
- Canned Salmon
- Dried Fruits
- Raisins
- "Dri-Pak" Prunes

And Many Other Varieties

Grocers are just beginning to receive this year's pack of DEL MONTE Canned Fruits and Vegetables. Many are glad to offer substantial savings on quantity orders placed for delivery as goods arrive.

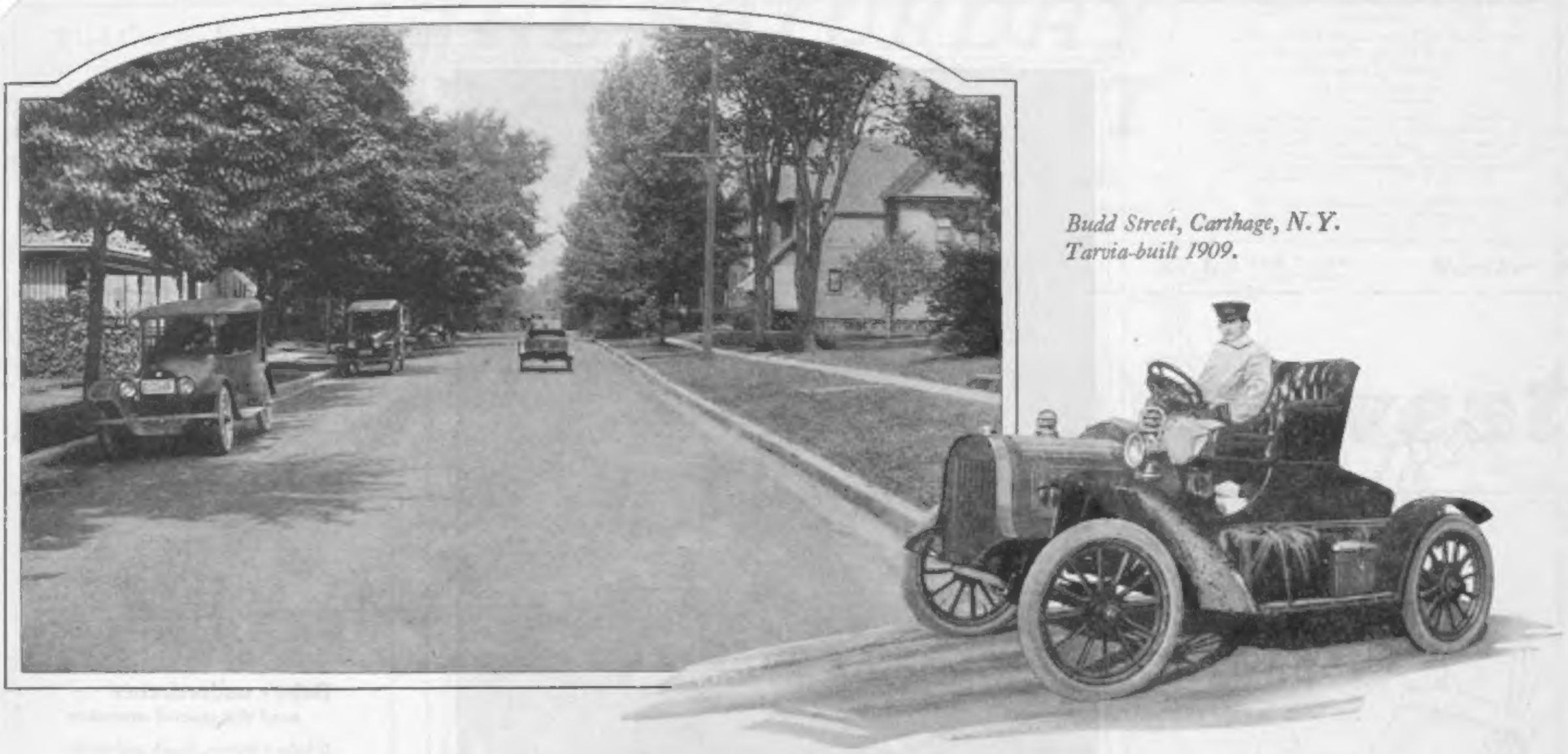
They can afford to do this *now* as you relieve them of the cost of holding an extensive supply—and of making many deliveries instead of one.

By ordering now, your grocer can give you just what you want—before he runs short of the varieties you wish.

Take the list on this page to your grocer today. Tell him your requirements—and order an adequate, well-rounded supply for the coming winter season.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Just be sure you say DEL MONTE



Budd Street, Carthage, N.Y.
Tarvia-built 1909.

First welcomed by motorists in 1909— This Tarvia Street is still good

YOU pioneer motorists—what a thrill of freedom your first car gave you! At last you could travel anywhere—anytime—at your own convenience.

But comfort? That was another thing. Generally the roads were scarred with ruts and washouts; dusty or muddy. What relief when you rolled onto Tarvia pavement—smooth, mudless and dustless—like Budd Street in Carthage, New York, pictured above.

Time has brought changes in motoring. The old-time cars have gone their way. But after fifteen years of unceasing traffic, Budd Street's Tarvia pavement—laid in 1909—is as good as the day it was built.

Tarvia pavement can be kept good indefinitely at little cost. And in addition:

A Tarvia pavement will not wave, roll or rut.

A Tarvia pavement is skid-proof, because of its granular surface.

Thousands of Tarvia streets and roads have proved to taxpayers that—for the money spent—Tarvia gives more miles and the most years of satisfactory highway service. Every paving requirement—construction, repair or maintenance—can be met with Tarvia.

On request, we will gladly send you illustrated booklets, construction data and complete specifications. Address our nearest office.

Tarvia
For Road Construction Repair and Maintenance

The Barrett Company

New York	Chicago	Philadelphia	Boston
St. Louis	Cleveland	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh
Detroit	Kansas City	Birmingham	Dallas
Minneapolis	Salt Lake City	Bethlehem	Lebanon
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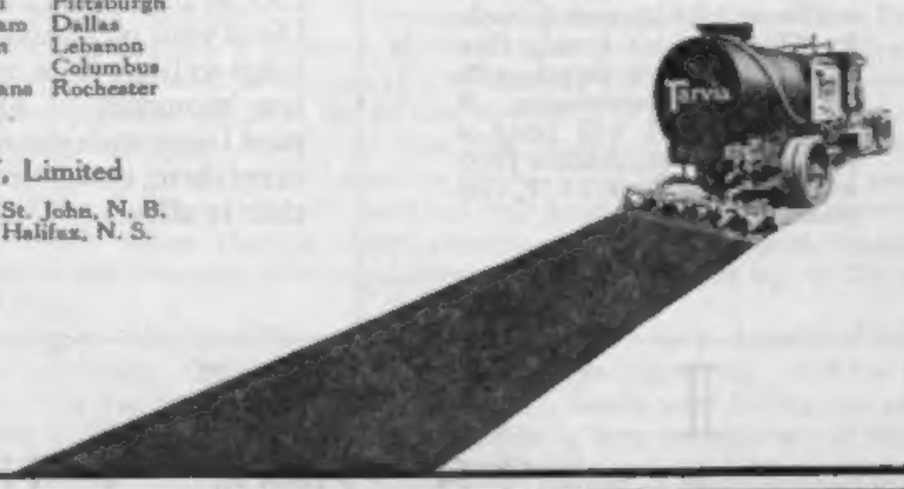

Why each day should now have its "washing hour"

IT used to be so easy and so harmless to toss one's soiled garments into the hamper to await washday.

But crêpe de chine and georgette have taken the place of muslin, silk has replaced lisle—the whole character of your wardrobe has completely changed.

You cannot leave delicate silk or woolen things rumpled and soiled for days at a time! They suffer. Perspiration fades their colors and injures the fabric.

So we offer this suggestion:

Find, each day, a few moments to wash quickly with Ivory suds your soiled silk and woolen garments. If they need ironing, and you cannot at once spare the time, dry them and lay them away clean until ironing day.

You will soon notice a difference in the appearance and in the life of your precious things, and it takes so little time, really—just a few moments of squeezing the pure Ivory suds through the delicate fabric, one or two rinsings—that is all.

This is the modern method of caring for the delicate garments that fashion has brought to every woman. And with Ivory suds, quickly made from either Ivory Flakes or Ivory cake soap, you can be sure of safety for fabrics and colors, as well as for your hands. Ivory, you know, is so mild and gentle that millions of women use it every day to protect their complexions.

A suggestion: Use Ivory for your *general* washing (weekly wash), too. It is so much nicer than harsh laundry soaps, and costs *very* little more.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

A conclusive safety test
for garment soaps

It is easy to determine whether or not a soap is gentle enough to be used for delicate garments.

Simply ask yourself this question:

"Would I use this soap on my face?"

In the case of Ivory and Ivory Flakes your answer is instantly "Yes," because you know that for forty-five years women have protected lovely complexions by the use of Ivory Soap.

Let us send you a
Free sample of Ivory Flakes

It will give us great pleasure to send you a generous sample of Ivory Flakes without charge, and our beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," a veritable encyclopedia of laundering information. A request by mail will bring a prompt response. Address Procter & Gamble, Dept. 25-JF, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Baby's underclothes
need this special attention

If baby's diapers, bands and shirts are rough, or if they are not thoroughly cleansed, or if unrinsed soap is left in them, skin irritation is almost certain to result.

If you will make sure that all of baby's garments are washed with Ivory (cake or flakes), the likelihood of irritation will be greatly lessened. In the first place, Ivory is pure—this is extremely important. Second, Ivory, mild as it is, cleanses thoroughly and rinses out completely, leaving the tiny garments in a perfectly hygienic condition and so soft that chafing becomes practically impossible.

Because of its convenient form, the use of Ivory Flakes for baby clothes saves both time and labor. Many mothers simply soak the less soiled diapers overnight in an Ivory Flakes solution and rinse in the morning. Of course the really soiled ones should be boiled, and occasional boiling of all diapers in Ivory suds is desirable.

I V O R Y

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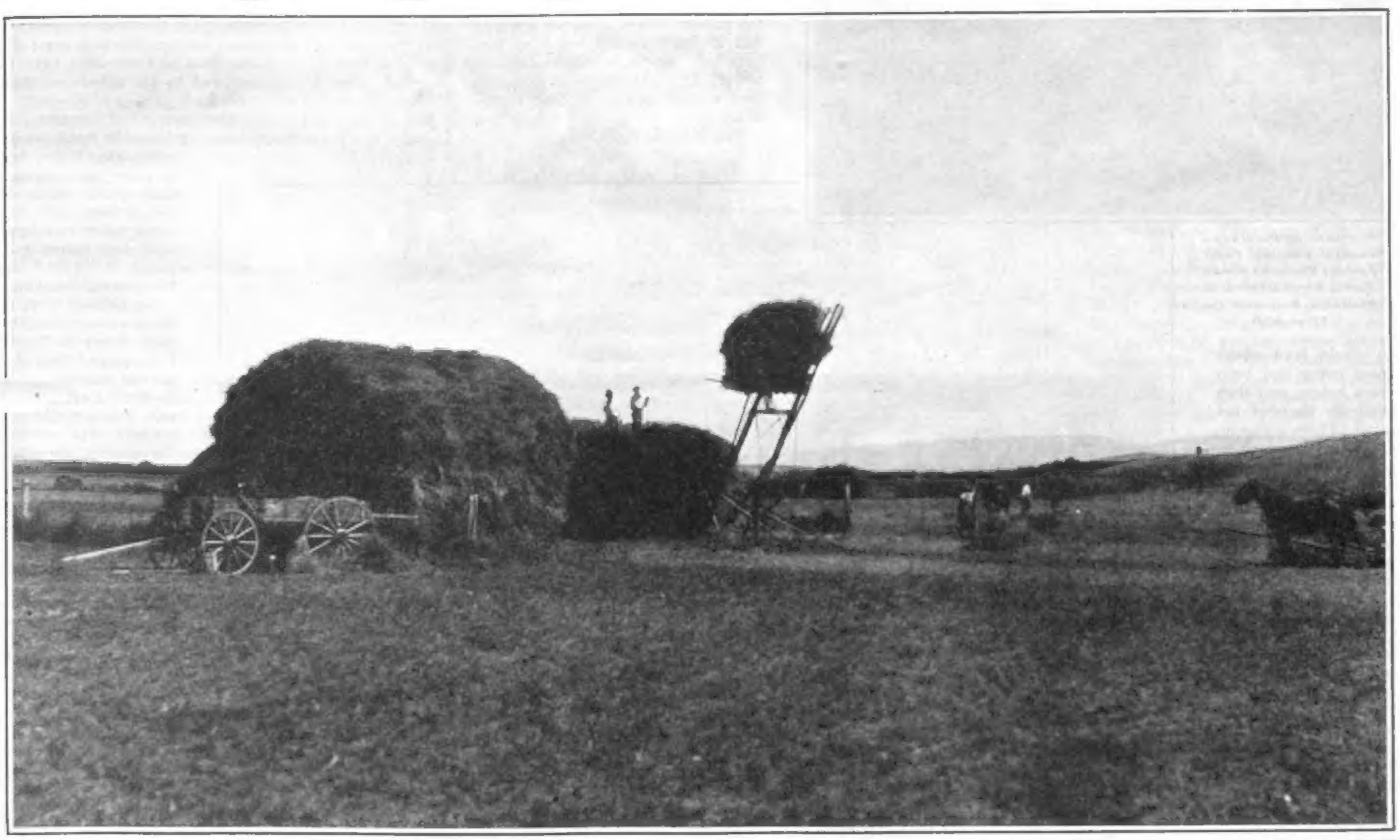
Bringing Up the Northwest



Haying in the Judith Basin, Montana

By GARET GARRETT

IT SOMETIMES happens that Congress leaves an opening for the Lord—an errand to go or a thing for Him to mend. It did that this year concerning agriculture in the Northwest. At first, of course, the people of the Northwest were disappointed. They had been promised a perfect solution at any cost. And then, after a great deal of sound and motion, they were let down with nothing. Naturally they were mad. Their adrenal fluids rose. Their bodies and minds were stimulated and they remembered an unpolitical truth. It is that He helps them who help themselves. This changed their behavior. It is well known that when farmers look away from the Farm Bloc they plow deeper, work harder and pass less time in pessimistic reverie.

All this you would expect. What you could not have predicted in the specific case was the sequel. No one ever knows what that will be.

Once the Mormons in a strange new land prayed to be delivered from a visitation of beetles. It was a matter of survival. The beetles were devouring their first crop, and if the Mormons did not get this crop they would perish. Then it happened that the gulls came from the Pacific Ocean to Salt Lake and ate the beetles up. A beautiful monument reverently commemorates this intimate episode. Once in that same remote time agriculture in the Northwest, then just beginning, was overwhelmed by grasshoppers. The farmers prayed. Then it happened that February and May were transposed. There was May weather in February; there were baseball games on Washington's Birthday. But it turned very cold again; winter was reinstated; and that was the end of the grasshopper scourge. It is supposed that the grasshoppers, having a false god and no calendar, came prematurely forward and froze to death. Entomologists may think differently. They may think what they like. Those are still living who remember that one year they saw grasshoppers come over the bluff like waterfalls and devour every succulent thing, top, stem and root, and that the next year, after having joined their prayers together, there were only enough grasshoppers for bait.

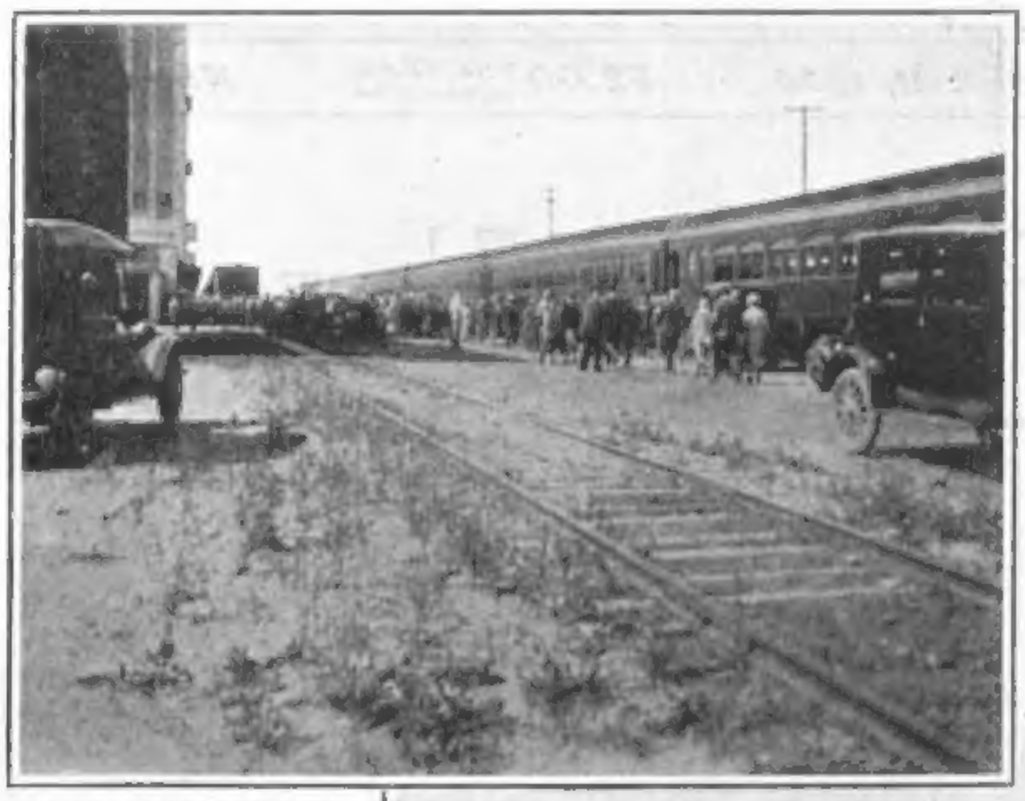
So you see it historically that the power to save agriculture does not reside wholly with Congress. This is almost a forgotten fact. The world now is so full of scientific vanity that faith is in secret and a little ashamed. Besides, Congress is jealous; and there is a common conspiracy which forbids giving the anonymous power credit for its works. For these reasons there will be no formal record, no proper acknowledgment, hardly more than a statistical trace, of what has occurred. There is almost no place left to put facts that cannot be analyzed. But if there did exist an old-fashioned Book of Everlasting there would be writing in it to this effect:

"In the year 1924 the Lord relented. He remembered the people of the Ninth Federal Reserve Bank District, which is Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota and Montana. He forgave them their sins, such as the sins of wild banking and extravagant borrowing, not entirely as they deserved, perhaps, but as they needed to be forgiven. He caused the earth to produce ungrudgingly. Even more than this, for reasons inscrutable He caused the earth elsewhere, even to the ends thereof, to be less bountiful than in other years, so that the people of the Northwest should have not only good crops but high prices."

Of what had gone before there is record enough—in the newspapers, magazines, debates of Congress and economic literature generally. It is only this key to the sequel that will be missing.

At the beginning of 1924 the Northwest was represented to be in a state of helpless despair. It was not, really. Only about one-eighth of it was despairing. But the whole of it had been more or less touched by a delusion of ruin. Banks were falling one against another like rows of dominoes. Their assets were frozen in farm mortgages and farmers' notes. Here as elsewhere war prices for grain and cattle and all food products had been capitalized in the imaginary value of land; here as elsewhere war credit had been

employed in pyramidal land speculation and spent wastefully for unproductive things; but here all the consequences were particularly bad. This for many reasons. Much of the country was new. Great areas had only recently been settled by people to whom farming was an adventure with phantasy dreamed in the cities. The multiplication of banks in the hands of men who knew little of banking would have been criminal but that criminal intent was lacking. Nature also was to be blamed. She gave crops



Farmers of Bottineau County, Leaving Their Special Train at Grand Forks, North Dakota, to Visit the Fair and the Flour Mill

on virgin land where there never had been crops before, and then suddenly changed her mind. There were specific disasters, such as the winter of 1919–20, when the cattle gathered around the ranch houses of Montana bawling for food. When notes came due that had been given for hay there was nothing to sell; the cattle had died. Or where cattle had survived they were unfit to sell and couldn't have been sold at a profit in any case because prices suddenly collapsed. After this came a succession of spotty crops at low prices.

For all these reasons the descent from sky to earth in the Northwest was an extra-harrowing experience. Many people quite lost their wits. There was a crisis, specifically named the crisis in the Northwest. The President proclaimed it in a special message to Congress. Secretary Hoover called a conference of bankers, merchants, railroad men, agriculturists and publicists, to devise a way of helping the Northwest. At the same time the Farm Bloc was proposing to save it, together with agriculture in general, once for all, by acts of wisdom, at least one of which would have declared economic law a failure and suspended its action.

Credit Not Required

FROM all of which came nothing. Almost nothing. Congress adjourned without enacting either a bill of relief or a substitute for the law of supply and demand. All the legislation proposed to be enacted in the farmers' behalf was left scattered on the floor. Who put it there was a proper campaign question. The La Follette people could say the reactionaries did it, being dictated to by the industrial East and having no free, independent sentiments of humanity—no bowels of their own for the farmer. And the Republicans could say the La Follette bloc did it for a selfish political reason, which was to prevent the Republican Party from acquiring merit with the farmer.

For whatever reason, so it was left. And if any of the wicked reasons alleged are true, the Machiavellis are mocked. The Northwest is saved, and no bloc, no political party, may claim the credit.

One thing was done outside of politics. Secretary Hoover's conference had a definite result. Bankers of Wall Street, Chicago and Minneapolis were moved to form an emergency banking machine, called the Agricultural Credit Corporation, with ten millions of capital and one hundred millions of lending power. Its purpose was to bail out the Northwestern banks, or, that is, to give them new capital to go on with in exchange for their frozen assets, meaning their farm mortgages and their farmers' notes unpayable. To this was added presently a secondary purpose, which was to help finance the distribution of dairy cattle through local associations, like building-and-loan associations, in those areas of the Northwest where one-crop farming had been ruinous.

But at the summer's end this Agricultural Credit Corporation, organized for an errand of rescue, dispatched to the Northwest with tanks of financial oxygen and tons of bandages, advertised on its way with hysterical newspaper headlines—at the summer's end it had loaned for all purposes less than five million dollars. That was less than half its capital—and less than one-twentieth of its maximum lending power. It might almost as well have been a Coué gesture with no capital at all.

This is easily explained.

The Fair at Aberdeen, South Dakota. At Right—The Fair at Grand Forks, North Dakota, With the $3,000,000 State-Owned Flour Mill in the Background

First, the Northwest country as a whole was much closer to the earth than it thought it was when it was making that dreadful sound last winter. The worst was already past, and it is possible that the worst would not have been quite so bad as it was if the political mind had not exploited the situation at Washington.

Secondly, by the time the Agricultural Credit Corporation arrived the people who still desperately needed credit were beyond the reach of it. They could not be saved. Credit had ruined them; more of it could not mend them. The number of these was actually very large. Relatively it was small. What will become of them is what nobody can help. A man whose farm is mortgaged for more than it is worth, whose horses and cows and tools are mortgaged, whose crop is mortgaged before it is sown, whose taxes are unpaid since 1920—he cannot be made solvent with credit. He cannot work it out. Some of these will go tenant farming. Some will return to the cities where the phantasy was dreamed.

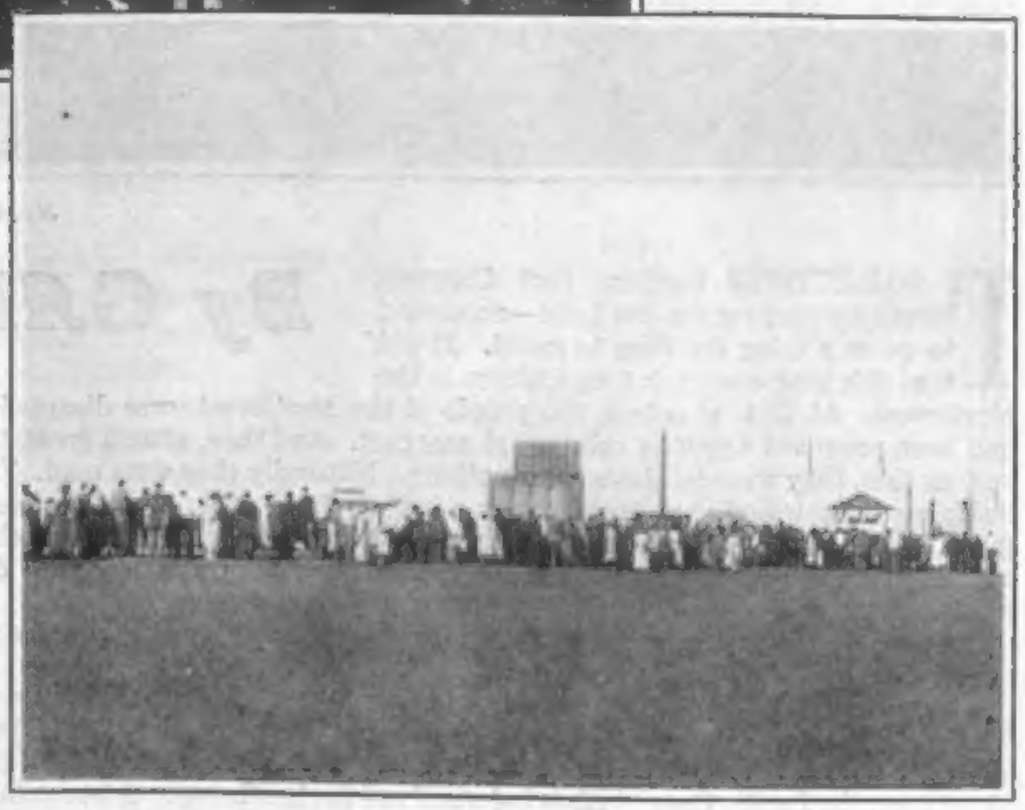
Thirdly, those whom credit would help wished as little of it as possible. And it was surprising how much they could do without. It is many years since a crop in the Northwest was planted, tended and brought to harvest with so little cash outlay. This was done by working harder, by swapping labor in a neighborly way across the fence instead of hiring it, by using old tools instead of new ones, and by everyone thinking how to keep his costs down. In the great Judith Basin of Montana—a state in itself—people could not borrow if they would. There were no banks left to borrow from. So they planted and tilled and brought off a fine crop with almost no credit at all. Farming without banking. They cannot say themselves how they did it.

The Favorable Weather-Pattern

FOURTHLY—well, the fourth was what happened. There was better and harder farming, to be sure. Adversity obliges. But there was better farming elsewhere, too, and not so well rewarded. Though you cannot get crops without trying, still it often is that you try and cannot get them. The truth is arbitrary. Why precisely in the Northwest where the crisis was were the crops good? Why was the elemental pattern of sun, wind and rain a little more favorable there? And why was it so unfavorable elsewhere—as in Canada just beyond an imaginary line, in Argentina, in Russia, in the Balkans, in Europe generally—that the great evil surnamed surplus which devours the price was chased out of the West into the East, even to Detroit? One is not required to be self-committing. Each to his way of secret thinking.

For all rational purposes there is a law of averages. It includes every unexpectedness, satisfies the mind, leaves nothing to wonder. And it must be supposed that natural events are nonpartisan. All the same, when you have seen the storm mill round and round the Northwest heavens, make hideous faces at Montana, rattle the barn doors of North Dakota, and then of a sudden impulse pitch itself north of an imaginary line and hail out what's left of the Canadian wheat—when you have seen it again and again, you are obliged to say: "This is not La Follette weather."

Meanwhile the grain speculators at Minneapolis and Chicago, who play with unfinished facts, sometimes with facts that do not exist, had been tilting the price of wheat.



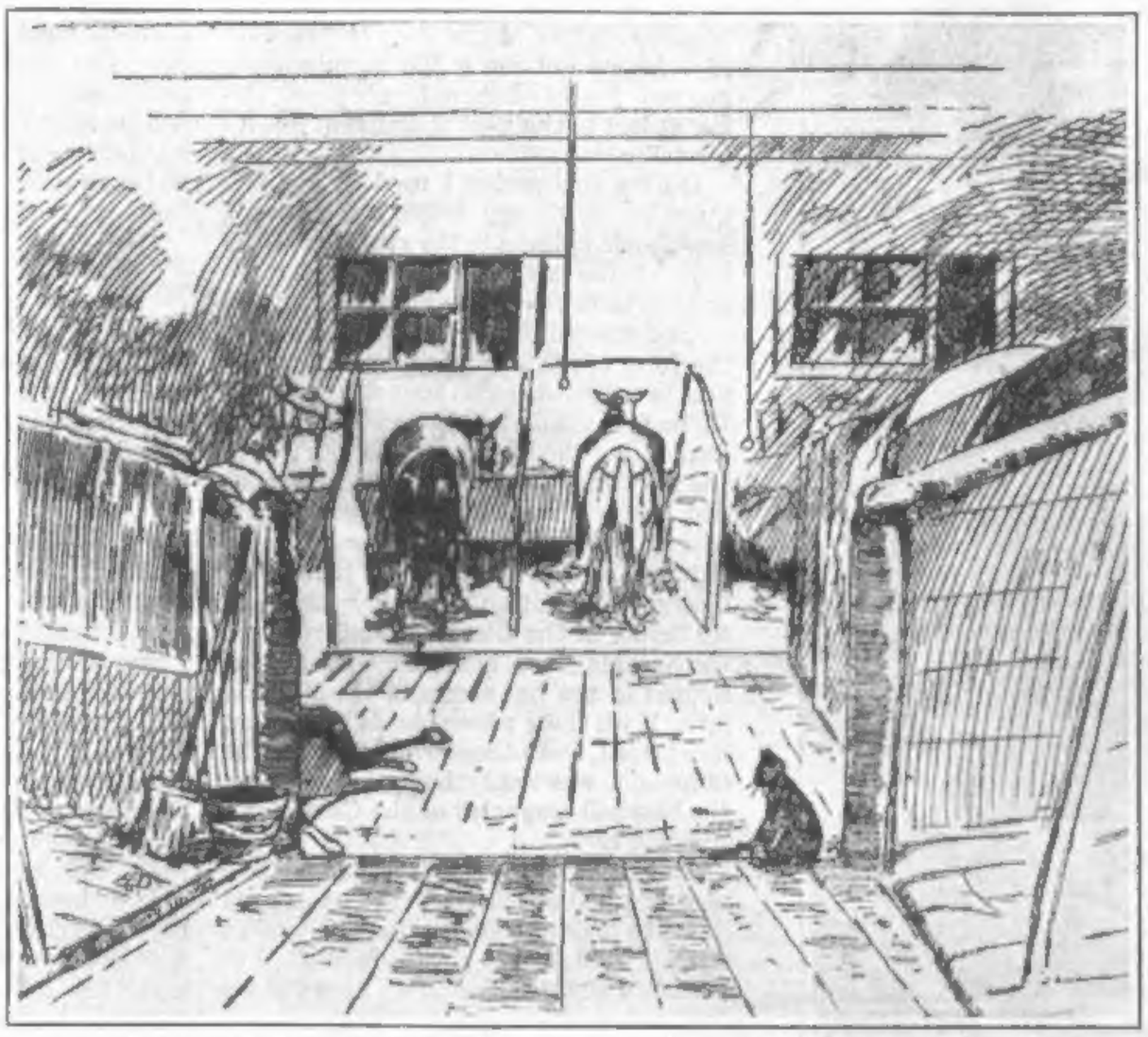
Suddenly it began to rise. It rose so fast that in a few weeks two bushels of wheat were worth what three had been worth before. With wheat went corn, until corn stood above a dollar a bushel and touched the price of hogs. All of this with no McNary-Haugen Bill in operation, with no benefit of legislation whatever.

You would have heard in places while this was taking place that a monster conspiracy was forward. The great

(Continued on Page 174)

THE ROAR OF THE CROWD

By James J. Corbett



Corbett's Earliest Boxing Ring, a Hollow Square on the Second Floor of His Father's Stable

FROM my first fight I started to run away. This scrap came at an early age, when I was about twelve years old. I was attending St. Ignatius College in San Francisco, and at noon and recess periods was confined to what they called the Little Yard. Up to a certain grade you were in the Little Yard with the smaller youngsters, and when you were promoted out of the Little Yard you could go into the Big Yard with the big boys. I was always large for my age and looked much older than I really was, so I would go to the picnics and they would have prizes for boys under twelve years old and they never would let me try for them, and I felt rather out of it and often lonely. Whenever I could I would sneak into the Big Yard at lunch times to play hand ball and prisoner's base with the older boys.

The bully of the Big Yard was a boy called Fatty Carney, but I had never been warned about him. Now about this time I struck up an acquaintance with a fellow by the name of Hopkins. We used to bring our own lunches, as we lived quite a distance from the school, and this Hopkins boy, whose folks were well-to-do, brought all the finest kinds of cakes and sandwiches. Perhaps this was one of the attractions of the friendship. Anyway, I used to go in and play with him and get some of his lunch, which was much finer than anything I had ever had. In playing prisoner's base one day I happened to chase him, and Fatty Carney, the bully I have just spoken of, was running after someone else, and Hopkins ran into Fatty and Carney promptly hit him. Of course I took Hopkins' part, as he was my pal, and grabbed Carney's arms and started to fight him then and there. The other boys interfered and a brother of the college came and ordered me back to the Little Yard, where I belonged, but not before Carney had said, "I'll get you after school!" Someone was then kind enough to inform me that I was up against the toughest fellow in the school. When school was dismissed that afternoon one of the boys whispered to me, as we marched out in line, that Carney was waiting for me outside. My first intention was to run away. There were two exits and I was just trying to decide which was the safer, when it suddenly occurred to me that if I ran away all the boys would laugh at me and I should be looked upon as a coward.

Trouble

I KEPT thinking it over while I was marching, but my pride was now aroused and I said to myself, "I will go out and get licked." And out I marched on the street, and there was Carney with a bunch of fellows surrounding him, waiting.

I was only a kid then, but that afternoon an idea came to me that stood me in good stead all my life—to avoid trouble, if possible, but if it lay ahead of me, to be the aggressor and not let the other fellow think I was at all afraid. In my heart I was afraid of Carney then, but I marched right over to him, scared as I was, and said, "Are you waiting for me?" He said, "Yes."

We went around to a lot opposite the United States Mint, called the Mint Yard, and the whole school followed. We started to fight. He was a big, strong fellow—if we had been men and in a regular ring they would have called him the slugger and me a panther, terms much used in descriptions of fights those days.

I had never had a boxing lesson, but occasionally had watched my older brother box. He was six years older than I and I remembered a few of his tricks, such as looking at the stomach and hitting in the face—just the crude principles of the boxing art.

Fatty started to rush me, and as he was stronger and older than I, I began to jump out of his way, trying to make him miss. Then I'd jab at him and jump away, instinctively using my head even at that age, though I didn't realize it myself. After a few minutes the police came and scattered us; but by that time I was sure I could whip Carney, and when we ran away from the police I ran in the same direction that he took, as I wanted to have it out with him. He made for his home, and we came to the Circus Lot, used for the circus performances in those days.

A Proud Parent

I HAD no supporters with me, just two or three of the boys of my own neighborhood who had followed me, while Fatty had his whole gang at his back. We started fighting in this lot and I was getting the better of him, and he realized it, so he grabbed hold of me and started to wrestle. Being much stronger than I, he threw me down and proceeded to punch me while I lay underneath him. An old gentleman with a cane stood near watching us. He took the cane in his hand and stepped in and hit Fatty on the back with it and told him he ought to fight boys of his own age and size. I went home with a black eye.

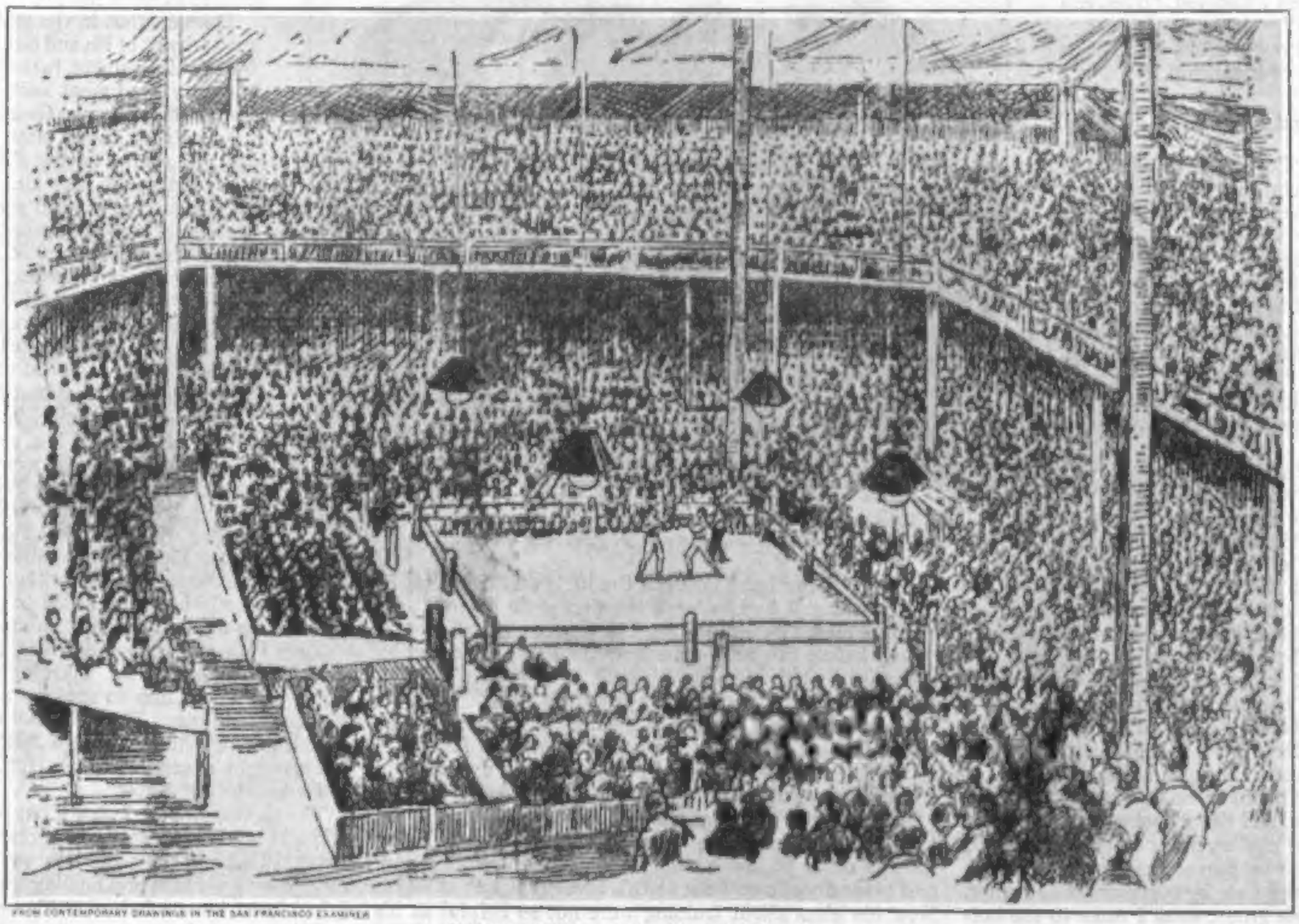
My father, an old-fashioned Irishman, discovered this little souvenir of the fight. Pointing at it, he asked sternly, "Where did you get this?"

I explained the circumstances to him and told him it had been a case of either fighting or running away and being called a coward. I didn't realize at the time that my father was really proud of me because I had not gone out the other entrance of the school. He asked me who it was I had fought with and I told him Fatty Carney.

"Carney down on Howard Street?" he asked.

In those days San Francisco wasn't so big as it is now and everybody knew everybody else, and he repeated, "Carney down on Howard Street? H'm! What d'ye think uv that!" He seemed surprised to think that I had been fighting with this big Carney boy.

I returned to school the next day; so did Carney. Then the older boys in the Big Yard came around, making a fuss over me, and I could hear the boys saying, "Why, you ought to have seen him yesterday! This kid was shifting and using judgment just the way professionals do."



FROM CONTEMPORARY DRAWINGS IN THE SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

A General View of the Olympic Club Arena

I was surprised and pleased, but the wind was taken out of my sails when the head of the college appeared and put us both out of school. He did not suspend us, but expelled us for good. Anyway, this fight grew to be a legend, a sort of historical event in the school and was talked of long afterward, so the boys told me.

PHOTO. BY SCHLOSS, N. Y. C.

From that fight I learned a lesson that has lasted me all my life—that the size of a man does not count, and that by using my head and feet I could lick a man much stronger than myself.

I don't think I really proved that I had what I call real courage in that first fight. After all, it was merely a question of pride. As a matter of fact, I do not think I had my courage tested until eight years afterward, when I fought Choynski. Then I found out what it means to keep on going in the face of a terrible beating, when defeat stares you in the face; but more of this later.

The next year I attended Sacred Heart College. Two incidents of that year stand out in my mind. There was a boy from my neighborhood who went to this school and who was subject to epileptic fits. He used to look on me as a protector. When one of these attacks would come on the teacher would say, "Corbett, take him out into the yard." Out we would go, and when the attack subsided we would have a real good time together. This gave me a bright idea, and finally one day I tried it. I leaned over to my epileptic friend and whispered, "Tim, can you throw a fit for me?"

Being grateful for all my trouble, he did this promptly as a little act of friendship.

Rough and Tumble

THE teacher yelled, "Corbett, take him out!" And we had a wonderful time, fooling around, playing knife, telling stories, and stayed out in the yard about an hour. This worked so splendidly that we tried it at least once a week and got many an unearned recess thereby.

During this period I had some fights. I think I can truthfully say that I never started one. In fact, I have tried to follow such a policy all my life; but after the first fight with Carney, through the confidence gained in it, I never took any back talk from any boy, no matter what his size.

The second incident that I recall most vividly was quite dramatic and was also the cause of my being expelled from the Sacred Heart College.

One of the boys sitting behind me was constantly whispering slurs at me. This I, of course, resented. The brother in charge of the classroom called me forward, broke a window pole in half, told me to hold out my hand and gave me one of the most terrific blows I have ever had in my life. The pain was intense, and when he said "Hold out your other hand," for once I didn't obey, and turned and walked back to my seat.

When the class was dismissed I started to go out with the other boys, but was ordered by this kind-hearted brother to remain behind the rest. I caught a glimpse of the big stick under his gown and lit out of the door. This happened to be on the fourth floor, and the school was so built that there were four galleries circling an open court. Around each successive gallery I ran, pursued by the brother with the stick, then on the third floor by two more of the order, on the second by another group, until I came to the bottom, where a seventh lay in wait—a big fat fellow looking like Friar Tuck. I have heard since of the solar-plexus blow. It was not then known, but I delivered it—with my head—in the fat brother's stomach, and over we went, rolling on the floor and out into the street. This valedictory ended my school days, though not my education.

School days over, work was ahead. My father kept a livery stable and among his customers was the cashier of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, J. S. Angus. One of the owners of this bank was John W. Mackay, father of Clarence H. Mackay. Mr. Angus got me a job as messenger boy and I worked there for six years, rising at last to the post of assistant receiving teller.

During this period I used to box frequently. With my father's consent, I kept boxing gloves in the stable, and the boys of the neighborhood would come around in the evenings after supper and we had many informal bouts. However, the form of athletics that seemed to appeal to me most at this time was baseball. In fact, I think I may say that I was headed for the big league, for our team, the Alcazars, played against clubs that had on their rosters such players as Ed Morris and Fred Carroll, later a famous battery of the Pittsburgh Nationals; George Van Haltren, for many years center fielder of the Giants; Tom Brown, of the Washingtons, and many others that figured in the box scores of the 80's and 90's. With those whose names I have just mentioned, and others who later became famous, I was really being groomed by the baseball magnates of the Coast for a baseball career.

There is a famous story called A Piece of String, which tells of a man who stooped down to pick up this little article and so had his whole career changed. Well, that is what a simple thing like a liner did for me—it split my hand between the little and third fingers so badly that I had to leave the diamond. Thereafter I devoted more time to boxing.

Mr. Corbett's Mother and Father at the Time of Their Wedding. Above—Mrs. Corbett When J. J. C. Met Her in 1892

Just before this accident occurred I had been asked by the officers of the famous Olympic Athletic Club of San Francisco to play second base for their team. Unfortunately, I never did, because of the mishap just referred to; but it brought me within the walls of this club, famous in all sporting annals, and there I began to take up boxing in a more serious way.

At this time I had a pal named Lew Harding, who was interested in boxing and still more so in wrestling. In his father's cellar he had boxing gloves and a wrestling pad, and twice a week we went to this favorite haunt at night. Now his ideas about training were not so helpful as his ideas of wrestling. As soon as we arrived, as the first part of our routine, we would freeze four quarts of ice cream. When that was hard we would wrestle half an hour, then eat a quart of cream, following this up with boxing for an hour, after which strenuous exercise we would eat up the remainder of the cream.

It was enough to kill any ordinary individual, and I would not advise anyone seriously considering taking up boxing to adopt this course.

I did not really know that I had any natural boxing ability, although I had tried to remember and put in practice certain things I had seen professionals do; however, Lew saw in me things that I didn't see in myself—quickness of eye and feet, and a natural understanding of and instinct for the game. So without telling me that he was putting me through a course of stunts for any purpose, he began to take me around to various places where I must "mix it" with the toughest characters in town.

Getting the Worst of It

FOR instance, on Wednesday nights he would lead me, an unconscious victim, to the fire-engine house, where the roughest young fellows of the town used to congregate; and on Friday nights to a blacksmith shop, where the crowd was even worse. I had a good many fights at each of these places—some of them pretty tough ones, for, as I said, the gangs were composed of noted scrappers of the town. When I first came there they used to sneer at me and look upon me as a dude, for, being a bank clerk, I naturally took pains with my personal appearance. However, I fought myself into their estimation, and soon they forgot to make remarks about my white collar or kid gloves, although many compliments were paid me about my use of those of another sort.

By and by, having licked all the regular frequenters of the place, they began to scout around along the shore front—the Barbary Coast, and all the dives of the underworld to procure the roughest talent they could. I found the road pretty tough going for a while, but stuck it out, never losing a single bout. All those were earned without any real boxing instruction, which was to come later; but here I feel I developed resourcefulness, generalship and ability to size up all kinds of men. Of course my antagonists were all of the brutal slugging type, and used no judgment at all; but it was undoubtedly a great experience for me.

When I joined the Olympic Club it happened that their building had just burned down and the members were using the Turnverein, which had an open gymnasium, a gallery, and a running track. The first day after I had signed up, being very confident of my ability after my victories in the engine house and blacksmith shop, I went up to the boxing instructor to take him on. He asked me if I had ever boxed and I replied, with a great deal of pride, "Oh, yes, hundreds of times!"

He said "Box with me a while," and then proceeded to show me up.

It seems that in the gallery were several German friends of his and he tried to make a monkey out of this fresh kid, to their great delight. Every time my head went back from one of his blows they would roar over their steins until the rafters rang. He hit me so often that I thought there was a shower of boxing gloves like big hailstones coming through the air. Although I had always managed to keep good control of my temper, I felt that afternoon that he, with his skill, was taking advantage of a youngster in rather a mean way and showing off before his German friends. I saw red and began to rough it with him, scuffling around, and he threatened to report me and have my privileges at the club rescinded. So that ended our relations.

The next day my friend Harding and I went to the club again and I saw a fellow with an immense black beard like a Russian's or the ones the bearded miners wore in '48. There were still some left around Frisco. Blackbeard was boxing with a friend, and he must have been fooling with him; but I didn't know this at the time. He had a magnificent torso, like Jeffries', but I didn't take note of it just then. All I could see were those black whiskers, and I said to myself, "A fellow who would wear a beard like that cannot box."

Then I leaned over to my friend Harding and suggested that he fix it up for me. Harding went over to the professor and asked him to arrange a few rounds with the black-bearded man. The professor smiled, seeing revenge ahead, as this fellow, although I did not know it, was the heavyweight champion of the club, weighed 215 pounds and was a terrific hitter.

The gloves once on, I struck out for the black beard, for still all I could see were the whiskers. In the next second I was sitting in a chair and they were throwing water over me, rubbing my legs, and holding smelling salts to my nose. I had been knocked dead cold, but even then I didn't realize it.

I got up and, in a groggy way, said "Come on, let's box," but Blackbeard said, "No, you have had enough for today." Blackbeard's reply ended hostilities for that day.

To show them that I was all right and had not been hurt I started to circle the running track, which ran around the room, the center being occupied by the apparatus. Somehow I couldn't keep to the track and before I had lurched three yards was reeling into the center of the room and banging into the apparatus, still very groggy and in danger of other knock-out blows—from the parallel bars and flying rings.

Lew led me from the gymnasium down to the dressing room, and then it began to dawn on me that I had really been knocked out and for the first time in my life; and I think it was one of the greatest blows to my pride I have ever experienced. I saw then that I needed boxing instruction.

About twelve months after this incident the beautiful new Olympic Club was opened and a boxing instructor, Walter Watson, was imported from England. On the first day of his appearance a man named Eiseman, who happened to be the middleweight champion of the club, asked Watson for a bout, and in front of his—Eiseman's—friends tried to put the finishing touch on the new teacher. It was a "grand stand" trick and very mean, also decidedly unethical, as Eiseman was a younger man than Watson and the latter was not in condition and was simply engaged to teach the members points. There followed a terrific fight, which was later stopped, and Watson, resenting the unfairness of it, shook his fist in Eiseman's face and said, "In three months I will develop some youngster from this club who will give you the worst licking you ever had in your life."

The next day, I, being sixth on the list for the boxing lesson, waited my turn with the instructor. Meantime I watched the other men and noticed that they all seemed afraid of Watson and didn't open up. This caution—or respect—rather annoyed him, I also noticed, because he was anxious to find out how much they knew and what material he had to work with.

When it came to my turn he asked me, "Have you ever boxed?"

"A good many times," I told him.

He said, "Open up; I want you to show me what you have."

Feeling a little impressed by this man, who was quite noted for his skill, I looked at him, puzzled, and inquired, "Do you really mean it?"

"Of course," he replied impatiently.

"Open up with all I have and hit you as hard as I want to?" I repeated. He smiled.

"That's what I want."

A Warning

SO OFF I started, like a runaway horse, and showered blows at him from all directions. In about a minute he held up his hand and said, "Is there any Irish blood in you by any chance?"

"Yes, sir, my father and mother are Irish," I answered. He grinned.

"In three months you will lick any man in this club."

His confidence somehow seemed to stimulate me as no other words had ever done. Every spare moment I could get I practiced feints and shifts, even trying them before my mirror at night; and in the morning would study my own action, which furnished considerable amusement for my brothers, who looked through the door. Meanwhile the instructor took particular pains with me and from then on I became his favorite pupil.

After I had taken my second boxing lesson I approached my brother Harry, who was next to the oldest of the ten children in our family, and asked him to put on the gloves with me. Having always been able to cuff me about as he liked, he laughed at me; but I persisted, and finally giving in, he went out to the box stall in the livery stable.

A little patronizingly he put up his hands, but before he knew it I had hit him so quickly that he was jolted hard up against the side of the stall. This was a new experience for him and he grew angry and started to rush me; but I had benefited by my lessons and shifted and ducked this way and that under his arm so he couldn't land a glove on me. I tried one or two more blows on him; then he suddenly stopped and said, with a mischievous grin, "Wait! I'll get Frank!"

Now Frank was my oldest brother and had always had a wonderful time chasing me about and was considered the star scrapper of the family. Harry found him and he came into the box stall, all confidence and prepared to give me the punishment earned by my freshness and impudence. Like Harry, he put his hands up, but before he had time even to lead I had landed at least ten blows on him in such rapid succession that he was quite as stunned as Harry had been.

I was under him and back of him and all around; he might as well have been chasing a shadow. Then I turned to and slammed him all over the place. He tore off the gloves and went into the office of the livery stable, where my father sat, busy at his accounts.

"Dad," said Frank, "you better look out for that fellow."

Watching by the window, I heard dad reply, without discontinuing his work, "What fellow?"

"Jim."

Then he looked up.

"Why, what has he done?"

"Done!" exclaimed Frank. "Why, he's just knocked Harry and me all over the box stall out there, and he'll turn into a prize fighter if you don't look out, he's getting so chesty!"

The old gentleman laughed and thought it was a great joke, but of course didn't take it seriously.

As you may have guessed, we were a very united family, but of course, like all others, had our troubles. One of the things that impressed me most, even as a boy, was hearing my father and mother, who were quite thrifty, talking about that mortgage of $6000 on their San Francisco home and the stable property. You see that although my father worked hard, his livery-stable business could not bring many luxuries to a family of twelve.

During the time I held the position in the bank I used to keep his books at night to help him out, and I realized how he stood and was early impressed with his financial hardships. Seeing him worry about the feed bill and all such little details brought this home, and then and there, even as a boy, I determined if I ever got hold of any big sum of money the first thing I would do would be to pay off that mortgage. Then, if there was anything left, I planned to send dad and mother to the old country to see their childhood home. Often they used to talk about the place and say, "Oh, if we could only see Ireland again before we die!"

Old-Fashioned Family Life

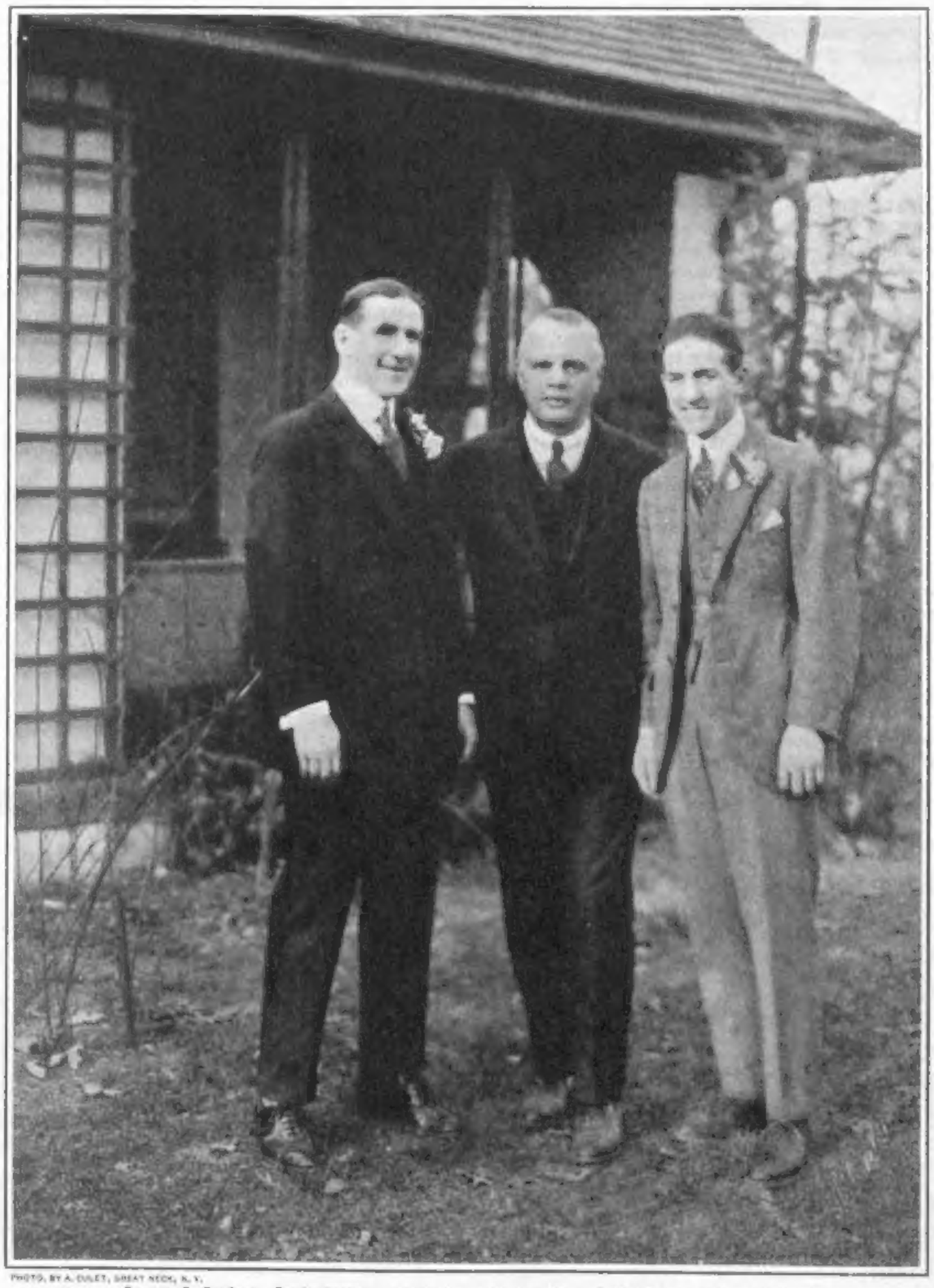
A FELLOW never had better or more affectionate parents than I. Perhaps they were a little too lenient with us sometimes, but I think on the whole they were just. Honestly, I cannot think, as I look back over the years, of a single mistake they ever made, except perhaps in being too open-hearted. For instance, I can now remember how once, after I became champion and was playing in San Francisco, my mother insisted on having the whole company of forty people out to see her, simply because they were friends of Jim's. And I know they never tasted a better supper, and after it was over my sister went to the piano and accompanied my mother, singing Annie Laurie in her sweet old voice. When the song was over, father and mother, in response to a unanimous demand, danced an Irish jig. She was a beautiful waltzer, too, so light on her feet, although she was plump. I have never danced with a finer, it seems to me.

That there was harmony in our family, and respect paid to our parents, is evident from the fact that for the six years I was a bank clerk I gave my monthly salary to my mother each pay day. Afterwards I would ask my father for what I needed from time to time. When my mother died they found in her bureau a bank book in my name with the entries of my salary, the first of each month, and showing the raises as they came along. Their plans for me may seem amusing to some of my friends. Earlier in life they had determined upon my being a priest—perhaps because a brother of my father's, who was born after father left Ireland and whom he had never seen, the uncle for whom I was named, was a priest.

During the months following Walter Watson's taking charge at the Olympic Club, I took lessons from him three times a week. I was so enthusiastic that I used to go on the days between to watch the others box and pick up what I could as a spectator. I guess I must have been developing pretty fast, although I did not know it at the time.

Watson took an unusual interest in me, not merely because of any natural talent I may have been fortunate enough to possess but because of the old grudge between him and Eiseman, the middleweight champion of the club, who had treated him so roughly at his first appearance. The bad feeling between these two had grown with each day

(Continued on Page 105)



PHOTO, BY A. DALEY, GREAT NECK, N. Y.

James J. Corbett, Jack Curley and Georges Carpentier at Manhasset, Long Island

THE ROLLICKING GOD

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

He Let Out a Roar: "Beautiful!"

HERE and now, before the high bar of public opinion, I charge Marshall Mount of the New York Sphere and Smack Riley of the Grays with having cost the Grays the pennant last year.

You know Mount, of course. You've been pestered undoubtedly with quotations from his column, In My Humble Opinion, which appears on the Sphere's sporting page each morning.

"Did you see what Marshall Mount said about Benny Leonard—how he said Benny is the Saint-Saëns of the ring?" Or, as likely as not, you quote him yourself. "What do you think of Marshall Mount's calling Hank Gowdy the Schopenhauer of the diamond?" Stuff like that.

And as for Smack, who doesn't know him and his big bat?

These, then, are the facts, the evidence:

It was in April, during the first home series at the Stadium, that I met Mount, a tall, lanky, frowzy young fellow, shambling a little and with no taste whatever in neckties. He slid into a working-press seat at my side. At first, never having seen him before, I took him to be just another actor, one with more nerve than usual. He had a kind of embarrassed air, and as he sat down he dropped a couple of new books which, I suppose, he'd brought along to read during the more exciting parts of the game. When he leaned over to pick them up he dropped three pencils out of his pocket, and while picking up the pencils he dropped a notebook, three letters, a pocket comb, two moth balls and a baby's nursing bottle. He was that kind of bird.

"You ought to tie all those things to you with strings," I said, "or else carry a postman's satchel."

"I don't know," he replied doubtfully, weighing the suggestions. "They never dropped out before. At least, not so many of them at once. Have you got a cigarette?"

There's no man living can call me a tightwad, so I gave him one. Then it occurred to me, after witnessing his search through every pocket and the nursing bottle, that he needed a match. He thanked me, lit the cigarette and produced a score book.

The game that day was, as I said next morning in the Ledger, a wow. It seesawed for a while, and then in the end good old Smack Riley ambled up to the pan, leaned on one of Coveleskie's fast ones, and sweet COOKIE!—into the Harlem River, or nearly. It was the Smacker's first homer of the season at the Stadium.

I've learned pretty well to control myself in crises like this, for if we baseball writers aren't calm, who will be? But this fellow on my left, this Mount, sprang to his feet, spilling his books, his pencils and three new and theretofore undiscovered moth balls, and let out a roar:

"Beautiful!"

Honestly, I just looked at him.

"What did you say?" I asked.

"I say he's beautiful, positively beautiful!"

"If you mean Smack"—and any man in the Ledger office will tell you whether I can be sarcastic or not—"then you ought to wait and see Nick Altrock."

He looked actually impatient—and me the dean of sporting writers!

"His swing," he explained; "the way he threw his body into that terrific effort. It was just a flash, the fraction of a second of it; but it was rhythm, grace, beauty. It reminded me, truly, of Walter Pater—just for that instant."

As my friends will tell you, I am a plain man, a baseball reporter with no frills. What this bird was talking about I did not know. Smack had hit a home run. The game belonged to the Grays. What else was going on, I, speaking personally, could not see.

"Beautiful!" he repeated. "I never had any idea that a baseball player could crystallize so much of authentic glory in one movement."

"What are you, anyway," I demanded—"one of these poets?"

"Oh, excuse me," he replied hastily—we were getting our stuff together to climb out. "My name is Mount. I'm from the Sphere. I'm going to cover the Grays for a while." Then he added, as though to himself, "All season, I hope. I'd like to see that fellow again. It was marvelous, that swing."

"Well," I said amiably, for after all he was one of us baseball reporters, "as long as they don't come three at a time it's jake with me."

As he climbed up the stairs to the runway his left garter broke and dragged on the ground behind him.

I may as well add right here that as the season went along I found out that that fellow found all that beauty he was talking about in strikes as well as home runs. One day I remember he wrote:

"There is a strength in one of Riley's swings, even when he misses the ball, that holds all the coördination of which the human body is capable. In this ball player's mighty failures there is a lesson for our young playwrights, a lesson that Eugene O'Neill has already learned. We believe that we had rather see Smack Riley strike out than any other player make a hit. Life is not so much what one gains as what one tries for."

Right then and there he ought to have been hanged.

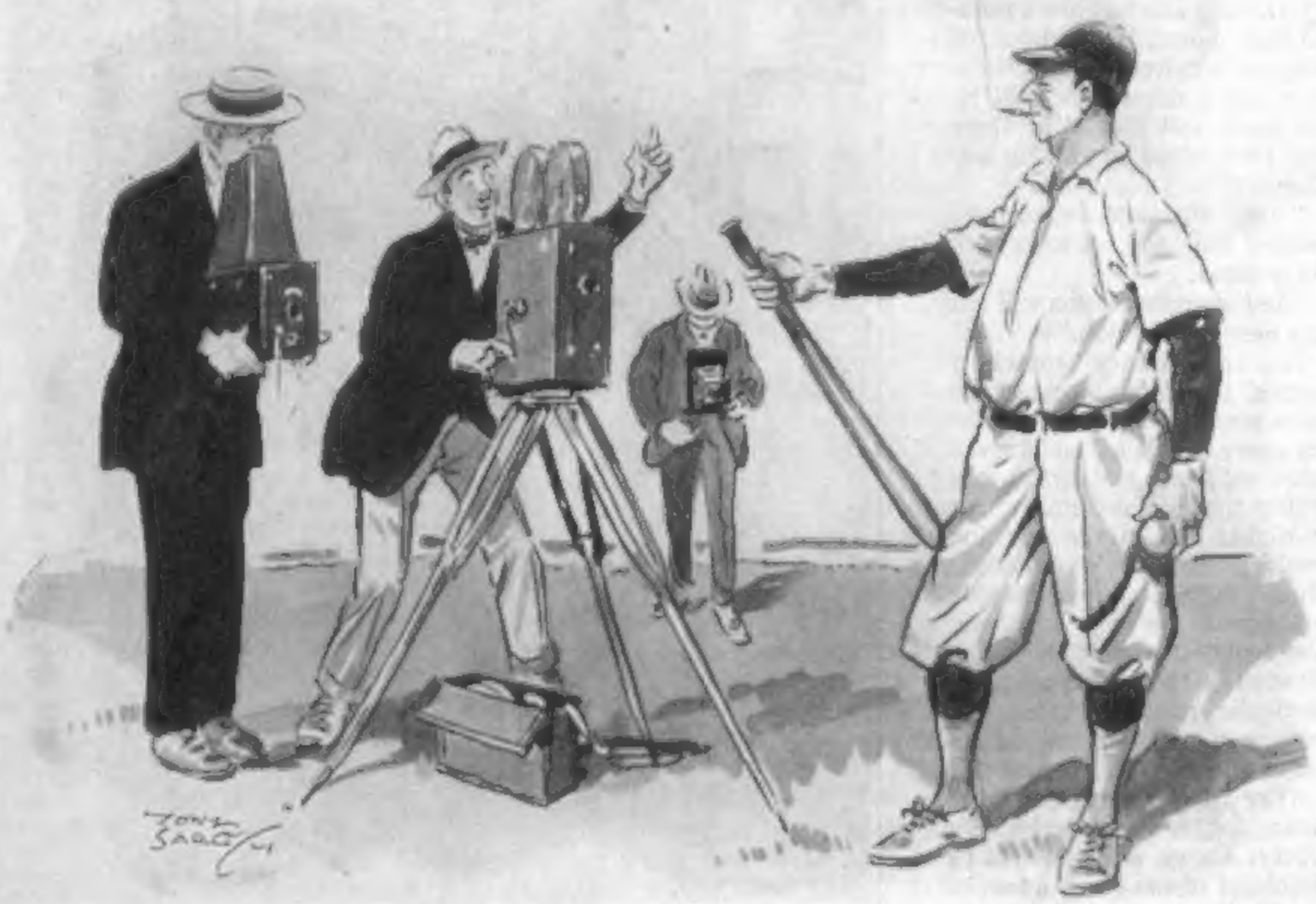
The next morning after that meeting I looked up his story. Well, I clipped it out. I was going to save it for the Smithsonian Institution. It was what one might easily call a jewel. What he had said at the Stadium about Smack Riley's beauty was just a suggestion of what he had to say in his story about it. Grace, ease, coördinated effort, rhythm, beauty—all that was in a baseball story. Furthermore, in that same story there were two mentions of George Bernard Shaw, one each of Rudolph Valentino, Lord Dunsany, Man o' War, Professor Copeland of Harvard, and seven of Eugene O'Neill. He included also three actresses, two books and five plays. The only way you could tell it was a baseball story was the box score at the end; and, honestly, when I looked I half expected to find a cast of characters. As I said, I was going to save it, but a week later I threw it away. All his stories turned out to be like that.

That afternoon I went to Harry Kelly of the Blade.

"Who is this Mount?" I said. "And what theater does he think today's game is being played in?"

Harry wasn't sure. Mount had come from Rutgers, he said, had lived south of Washington Square and had written two one-act plays, the kind that are produced by companies that are just a lot of æsthetes together, giving everything for art, gratis. He'd been on the Sphere two years. First he was rewriting, but they'd had to take him off that. Every story he wrote, whether it was about a five-legged calf in Lima, Ohio, or a fire on the Brooklyn water front, contained at least one reference to Ethel Barrymore's speaking voice, one to the Russian ballet and two to Jeritza. Subsequently they'd had to lift him out of the financial department after he'd included an essay on the art of Bozo Snyder, the burlesque comedian, in a story purporting to tell the fall of the French franc.

"Well," I said, "it looks to me as though he were going to be just as great a loss here."



Somebody Took Motion Pictures of Him

Smack Riley Did Everything Wrong That It Is Possible to Do on Two Feet Except to Fall Into the Orchestra

The way I figured it was that those that knew Saint-Saëns and Schopenhauer didn't know Benny Leonard and Hank Gowdy, and those that knew Benny and Hank didn't care who Saint-Saëns and Schopenhauer were.

I went back to my seat. Down the rail, just next to the Grays' dugout, was Mount. Hanging on the rail, listening to him and all attention, was Smack Riley. They talked until the Grays went out to the field for the first inning.

"Some story you had this morning," I said when Mount came over. Honestly, I couldn't go any further than that.

"Oh!" He seemed surprised. "Glad you liked it." His eyes followed Smack, loping out to right. "That man," he said, "is a genuine artist"

"Smack Riley!" I exclaimed. "Get out! Smack Riley never drew a line in his life!"

He didn't have a word to say to that, of course, for I had him dead to rights. I'd known Smack from the day he reached the Grays' training camp five years before, and if he was an artist then I'm a dry-point etcher.

II

PERSONALLY speaking, I'll admit I never saw anything in the way of baseball reporting in my life like that stuff Mount shot over last season. That first day's story was just a hint of what was coming. In August he started that column of his, In My Humble Opinion, on the sporting page of the Sphere. Evidently he had permission to write about anything on this earth; but mostly, I imagine, he was expected to write about sports. Pretty soon it began to look like a serial appreciation of Smack Riley the artist, Smack Riley the æsthete, Smack Riley the Walter Pater of the diamond.

He wrote as if baseball had just been invented. All kinds of art and artistry that everybody had always overlooked, Mount found and wrote about—the way Ty Cobb, whom I usually call the Georgia Peach, started for first; the way Tris Speaker played the outfield; the way George Sisler took a high one. Eugene O'Neills of the diamond, Lord Dunsanys of the diamond, Wedekinds of the diamond, Wagners—Richard—of the diamond. And once when he didn't approve of a fellow he wrote that he was the Harold Bell Wright of the diamond, which seemed to be the only thing he could think of to call O'Hara. Next day he came to the Stadium in a nervous sweat.

"Do you suppose," he worried, "that O'Hara will be insulted at what I wrote? I did it, I'm afraid, a little hastily."

I assured him that Tad O'Hara had probably never heard of but three Wrights in his life—one being an old-time second baseman and the two others the aviators.

I read his stuff every day. Practically everything in it was over my head, but—well, it was a curiosity. I'd be the last person in the world to say anything against æsthetics. To a certain extent it is all right, none better, and nobody is a heartier supporter of the arts than I; but when it came to saying, over and over again, how beautiful Smack Riley was when he struck out—well ——

The two soon got to be prime buddies, and when the team took the road in May the acquaintanceship took up so much of Smack's time that our three-year-old poker foursome, consisting of Harry Kelly, Matthews, the second-string catcher, Smack and me, was broken up. Smack was out, always, with something very important to talk over, in whispers, with Marshall Mount. They talked all the way to St. Louis that trip, and I'd never have guessed that Smack knew that many words.

They were that way throughout the season. It was art that brought them together. In Washington, Mount took Smack to the Corcoran Art Gallery, in Chicago, to the Chicago Museum. But as long as the old mace, as I called it, whanged away at the ball with as much success as it did, neither I nor Hall Miller, the manager, cared. Artist or no artist, the big bum was hitting 'em straight and hard, day after day, and what a home-run record he was piling up!

The sporting writers were, of course, giving a good third of their space to him; but what was funny, one of the highbrow weeklies ran a story about him. Mr. Smack Riley, it was called. By Marshall Mount, of course. It was the same stuff—form, rhythm, grace, force, coördination, beauty.

I got to calling Mount Smack's Boswell. Being literary too, he got it right off, and smiled. But Smack wouldn't take any kidding. "This Mount is a artist," he declared; "a artist of the first water."

We tried a little ragging, but Smack was for busting somebody on the ear.

"Well," I said, "speaking personally, I think you're off your nut." I told him right out, the big bum!

I was sure of it a few days later when I caught him reading Primal Grace by a fellow with a name not less than Greek. His face got red.

"If you say anything about this, you big bum," he said, "I'll knock you for a row of stumps." I came right back at him.

"I'm not going to say anything about it, you big bum," I said; "but don't think your threats have anything to do with it, you big bum."

He didn't say anything else, but I didn't want any hard feelings.

"Look here, Smack," I said, "we've been pretty good friends. Let's don't let art come between us. Now what's all this racket?"

Smack laid Primal Grace down.

"Mapes," he said, "I reckon the gang is a little sore; but look, Mount's right about this thing. There is an art to baseball. It's got all the qualities of epict drama. Some day people are going to see it and they're going to put up statues to baseball players in museums and things, like the old Greeks put them up to discus players and javerin throwers.

"Mapes," he said, "I've seen the handwriting on the wall. I'm going to get one of them statues. I'm going to get the first one. I'm going to be the first artist of the game, the first native American athaletic artist. I'm giving all my thoughts ——"

All of Smack's thoughts!

"—— all my thoughts to it." He fished into his pocket. "Look here." He handed me some manuscript paper. "See that? That's a part I'm going to play in a show."

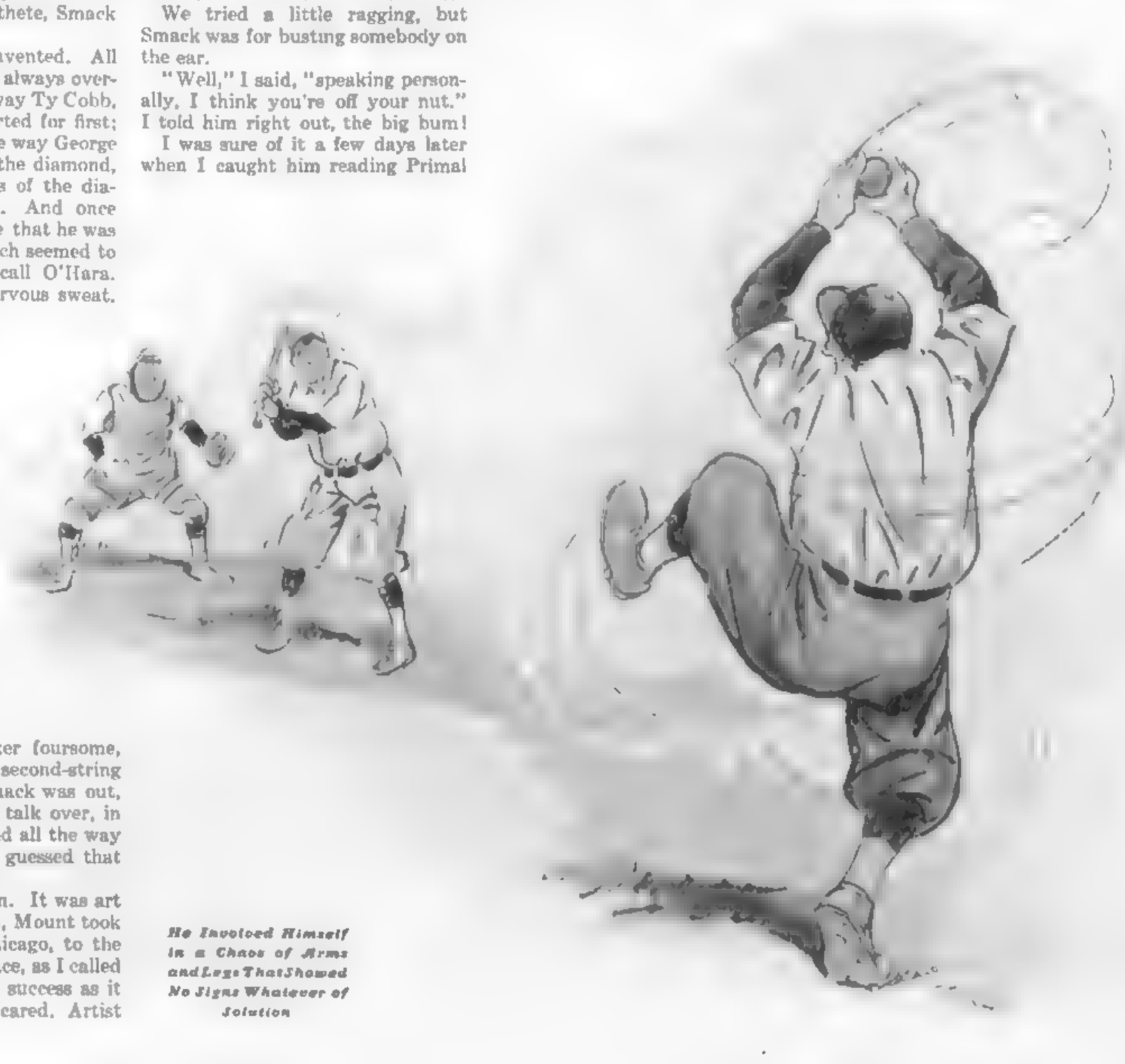
I looked at it. It was labeled, Gods Athirst, a Masque. A cast of characters, gods, maidens, and Smack's part, Arno, a Rollicking God. I couldn't help it. I've got no more control over my face than the next fellow. I laughed. The peace negotiations fell through.

"Gimme"—Smack was snarling—"gimme that manuscript! What could anybody expect from a boob like you? What d'you know about art, or anything else for that matter? I got a good mind to soak you."

"Go ahead, you big bum," I retorted, but he didn't.

III

BY THE time the pennant race was in what I called its last stages, Smack was an acknowledged artist. That is, other artists were acknowledging him. To give Mount no more than his due, he certainly sold Smack to the highbrow crowd. *(Continued on Page 171)*



He Involved Himself in a Chaos of Arms and Legs That Showed No Signs Whatever of Solution

THE OLD DOG

Looking Across the Campus of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

I LEFT Harvard twenty-eight years ago, at the end of my freshman year, because I found it suddenly necessary to earn my own living. To me this was a fall from my high estate as tragical as the fall of Lucifer. For a long while after this I felt a sense of deep humiliation whenever I met a college man. To myself I was an outlander, for I continued to live in Cambridge, where the stock question was, "What class are you?"

To answer "I did not finish" was like a confession of failure. I felt this the more because my work and social activities kept me within this circle. In spite of the fact that I was not conscious of any mental inferiority I felt like an intruder. I was not a college man. To cap the climax, I married a college woman.

In the meanwhile I passed daily the old brick buildings and saw, year after year, a stream of young men going in and out of them—always the same stream, to all outward appearances. They were ever the same age. They never graduated. Every June they held Class Day exercises, but every fall they came back again to renew their former activities. The catalogue might show a different list of names, but that was unimportant. Always they were young men bent upon the same things. This is one of the pretty illusions of a university town.

Harvard Men

HARVARD was still old Harvard; but for me, except as a picturesque tradition, it did not exist. My chance had come and gone. Time did not stand still for me as it did for these youngsters. Five years passed; then ten; then fifteen; then twenty. My former classmates were now middle-aged alumni. They were, for the most part, successful lawyers, doctors and business men, and seemed in proportion to their advancing years to become more distinctively Harvard men. That phrase designated them like the hall-mark of "Sterling" or "Fourteen carat." It certified once and for all that they were educated, and nothing could rob them of that high honor. With age their status automatically gathered dignity until every old graybeard of the older classes who hobbled around the yard on Commencement Day was acclaimed a scholar. The president of the university had once spoken the magic words, "By virtue of the authority vested in me by the overseers of Harvard University you are admitted to the fellowship of educated men," and that was all there was to it. The sentence had the solemnity and permanence of the marriage vow "till death us do part."

Wherever the class came together as a group it was impossible to doubt this union. At their dinners the Harvard fling was everywhere in evidence, and the cheer of nine lofig Harvards could be called for with certainty of a vigorous response. These alumni were as actively interested in current varsity athletics as the undergraduate body, and shouted themselves hoarse at every game.

In spite of this, however, my illusion about them was slowly vanishing. I was meeting these men, and with them graduates of other leading colleges, at some of the prominent social clubs in town. I lunched with them and sat around the lounge with them, and month after month I listened to a type of conversation that did not rise above the level of that to be heard in a hotel lobby. It was astonishing. I am thinking of two groups: the one distinctively representative of Harvard graduates, and the other, which included many other university men. In both the most popular subjects of general conversation were local politics, sports, new ways of making hooch, last night's bridge or mah-jongg game or some recent adventure in bottle pool or golf. In both clubs the time of the members was pretty evenly divided between dominoes and the daily paper.

If, by chance, a question of foreign politics slipped in at the round table, the lack of all historical perspective was amazing. Most of them were familiar with events in the last war because they had picked up this information from the papers or from personal experience, but if anyone had asked what part in this great event was played by Peter the Great or Frederick II, or Metternich or Bismarck, by Cavour, the elder Pitt, by the treaty of Utrecht or Paris, he would have been met by indignant silence unless a university professor of history happened to be present. Their ignorance was matched only by their lack of interest. Any man who deliberately introduced such a subject would have been voted a boor. The function of these clubs was, according to the by-laws, to promote social intercourse among men with a common interest in arts and letters, but practically they had become nothing but retreats from all forms of mental activity; a convenient place to lunch and play games.

One of the Gates of Harvard

No General Knowledge

THESE men were all prominent in their various professions and all had secured university degrees. Yet time and time again when I tried to take advantage of the training they were supposed to have, and get them to talk on any subject outside their special field, I was disappointed. I found that as a general rule the longer the man was out of college the less of an education he revealed. He might be a successful lawyer, a successful doctor or a successful statesman, but in the subjects upon which a college man is supposed to be informed he could not have qualified for entrance

The Main Reading Room of the Widener Memorial Library

to a modern freshman class. His knowledge of the classics was so faint he could not translate a Commencement Day program. Of history, of fine arts, of literature, he retained practically nothing. If knowledge of such matters constitutes an educated man it is absurd to speak of these fellows as educated. The best that can be said of them is that they were once educated. Their degree is a souvenir.

That, however, I recognized to be something. After a man has forgotten all he ever knew he retains, as a consequence of having known these things once, a certain tone. He is like a man who used to sing or used to play the piano or used to have some skill in drawing—the better off by this much. Still, I should not call such a man a singer if he could no longer sing, or a pianist or an artist, if he could no longer play or draw. By the same test I could not see how I could call a man educated, even if the holder of a Doctor of Philosophy degree, when the level of his thought and talk did not rise above that of those who had never had his advantages. Education is, of course, partly a development process, but it implies also a knowledge of the best that has been said and thought, as Matthew Arnold put it.

The Widener Memorial Library, Harvard University

A. B., A. M., and That's All

I HAD lunch with one such man who was rather franker with himself than most. He had a fine scholastic record, graduating first from a Middle Western college, then securing a scholarship to Harvard, where he won a Master of Arts degree. After this he taught for several years at a big Eastern preparatory school. Not satisfied with his income he entered a banking house, where after much hard work he was prospering greatly.

"Am I educated?" he exclaimed. "Nothing of the sort. In the last five years I've forgotten all I ever knew. I don't have time to read anything outside my profession. What is more, I doubt if I ever was educated. I went at my studies in a businesslike way because I intended to teach and so a high rank was necessary to secure for me a decent job. I cultivated the science of cramming so as to make a high percentage in examinations. I developed a type of memory and a system that made this possible, but just as soon as I passed off one examination I dropped the subject and moved on to another. Today, except for my memory, I'm right where I started."

But it takes even a shorter time than this to lose all one has gained in college provided no use is made of it. I cornered a third-year law man, graduate of a prominent university, and quizzed him.

"Give me some idea of what was going on in English literature during the early part of the seventeenth century," was my opening.

"That was Shakspere's time, wasn't it?" he returned hopefully.

"Yes, but who were some of his contemporaries?"

"Gosh, what do you think?" he squirmed.

"Who were the leading writers of the next century?"

"Say, I never was much on dates."

I switched to fine arts.

"When was the Golden Age of Greece?"

"Darned if I know."

"Who were some of the leading sculptors of that period?"

"Phidias was one," he answered triumphantly.

"Right. Any others?"

"Sure there were, but darned if I can remember them."

He had taken a half dozen courses in philosophy.

"What was Plato's theory of beauty?" I asked.

"What do you think I am?" he demanded.

I tried English history.

"Give me some idea of the difference in policy and character of the elder and younger Pitt."

"Nothing doing."

"What was the position of England as a result of the Seven Years' War?"

"Look here, man, I didn't get a doctor's degree."

Not one of these questions or the dozen more I asked was purely academic. They come within the field of knowledge that an educated man is supposed to have. It is information of this kind which gives perspective—which is supposed to give a man a keener insight into the thought of today. The net result of his training was to increase his mental capacity for the study of law, but this seemed pitifully little compared with what properly should be expected. It is difficult to understand how such a man is entitled to hold the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Renewing Old Contacts

IN THE meanwhile education as a living thing had come to have a new meaning in my own life. My oldest son had reached a point in his high-school studies where the problem of college entrance examinations began to loom up. Harvard and those old brick buildings around the Yard took on fresh significance. I felt once more a personal relationship with them, for, of course, the boy was going to be a Harvard man. This prospect stirred up all my old-time regrets, which as a result of my experience of the last few years had become somewhat dormant. I felt as though the boy was fast catching up with me and would soon be racing far ahead. I did not like the idea. He was cocky enough as it was.

I had been studying Harvard pamphlets, and once or twice had ventured into old University to ask questions concerning entrance requirements. The place had not changed. I felt as though I had gone back twenty-five years. I had come in here as a freshman to fill out innumerable registration cards, and that might have been yesterday. I went out with an idea.

My professional work was of such a

Continued on Page 158

Seat Near the Dudley Memorial Gate, Harvard

ALL IN THE FAMILY

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"She Said You Were the Nicest Fellow in the World, and She Thought More of You Than of Any Man She Had Ever Met"

WHAT a queer light that Washington investigation throws around it!" I said, dropping the newspaper. "It changes men out of recognition. It's disturbing popular confidence. Can we be sure of no one? A man in public life, it seems to me, should be candid with the public; his whole life should be an open book."

"That's good political doctrine," said Quackenbush, tamping down the tobacco in his corncob. "They're opening one another's books in Washington now. The spectacle is distinctly encouraging; it shows how all things work together for good; honest practice and partisan rancor get there just the same. Truth, Cavanaugh, may be crushed to earth, but when Election Day approaches ——".

"Don't be cynical, Quackenbush," I interrupted. "Cynicism is a cowardly evasion and you shouldn't take refuge in it. A man in public life should be straightforward and aboveboard, and not two-faced and double-dealing. The people should know who he is and what he is."

"You're still talking like a hard-boiled politician," he said enjoyably, puffing his pipe. "Every man who gets to be anybody in public life has been presented to the public in a few simple terms so that a favorable majority opinion may be established. He is reduced to a carefully edited statement, edited to please the greatest possible number, and that statement is broadcast while the man himself is kept in hiding. Every time the public catches a glimpse of him he loses a thousand votes. If he refuses to learn mah-jongg—if he strangles the first man who invites him to spend an evening listening to the radio—popular suspicion is aroused; if he kicks the White House dog or refuses to kiss a young baby, his career is ruined. If his wife bobs her hair and the reporters ask him what he thinks, he must come out boldly with a ringing declaration of adherence to the Constitution of the United States. The people never see him unless they run out quickly to snatch a look, as they would run out to see an elephant pacing by; they are always disappointed to see that he is smaller than an elephant. The public, Cavanaugh, never knows its public men. How should it know the men behind these conventionalized and dehumanized masks when it knows so little of people it sees and talks with every day in the week? You must realize how many-sided, complex, self-contradictory and inscrutable every man is."

There is a trace of bitterness in Quackenbush. He is an able fellow, but he doesn't look it; he is physically a scrub. It is understandable that he bears animus against public men, men of port and presence and personality. His political notions do not interest me, but he likes to talk about things that he doesn't understand and I put up with his vaporings for the sake of getting him going.

It is not so easy to bring him to talk about New York City real estate; he knows a whole lot about that, and finds it a boring topic; but he gets around to it in time if let ramble.

His work is highly specialized; he conducts investigations for the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company of New York; really he is a detective—a detective who is a skilled real-estate lawyer. In most American communities every lawyer practices real-estate law, I suppose; but in New York City the practice of real-estate law is very nearly monopolized by the three or four corporations that examine and insure land titles. You can understand that the history of the ownership of almost any piece of property on Manhattan Island, running from the year 1924 back to the landing of the Dutchmen, is extremely complicated and involves a host of questions that don't pop up to stump a country lawyer. Even the question of identity is ticklish; seller and buyer are almost always strangers. You have read of men buying the Brooklyn Bridge from plausible strangers; that is not done in the best informed circles, but the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company has more than once—so Quackenbush tells me—insured a conveyance from a man who didn't own the property in question at all, and has sat gravely by and watched the buyer hand the impersonator ten-twenty-thirty thousand dollars. The property in question may have been, say, a vacant lot, belonging of record to Henry Smith, taxes unpaid for years, address of owner unknown; a crook, familiar with real-estate procedure, spots this lot, advertises it for sale, signs a contract to sell it, goes down to the Metropolitan on the closing date and passes easily a routine test of his identity, pockets the price and steps back into the six million.

Quackenbush has to forestall rascality, see it coming, head it off; if the thing is once done, there is nothing for the Metropolitan to do but to pay up and hush up; it cultivates a reputation for omniscience in real-estate affairs. The company issues forty thousand policies a year; it must work fast, but it must work smoothly. If its closing attorney suspects that a seller is lying when he says that he is unmarried, he sends Quackenbush flying down the back track, to learn, perhaps, that the seller deserted a wife in Atlanta when he came to New York to seek his fortune. Heirs from overseas and papers from the

secret drawer are ancient and respectable stage properties; they are part of the day's work to Quackenbush. You could not surprise him by walking in on him in his little den of an office under the stairs in the company's building on Broadway—and announcing that your great-grandfather owned all Manhattan Island north of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and that you had come back to get it.

He has heard the same story before, but it is still a good one. Perhaps he may yet tell it to you, or a story like it; not rarely he sets forth to dig up the heirs of some ancient New Yorker and to tell them that a fortune awaits them at the Metropolitan office as soon as they go down there and establish their descent. Work like that needs tact, diplomacy; if the affair is only to induce heirs to accept a hundred dollars for their trouble and to correct an old and defective deed, a crude presentation of the facts may drive them quite mad with hope

Quackenbush's employment is desultory. For days on end he has nothing to do but to smoke his corncob and to read a farm magazine—he has a hundred acres under orchard up near Croton Falls, which is prime New York apple country—and then he can be imposed on by someone in the literary line. After he has delivered himself of literary opinions and political notions and prophecies as to the franc, he may say something worth while about apples or New York real estate.

"But then again," he said, after pressing a button and speaking to the answering office boy, "there are astonishing resemblances among men. I do not think, as some people do, that every man has his double, but I do think that any white New Yorker can find among the city's three million males a number of men who are so like him as to defy a common stranger to tell them apart. Identification can never be absolute; all of us have had the experience of passing a man on the street and hailing him as an old friend and being repaid with a puzzled nod.

"In the matter of names, there is hardly a name in the city that is unique. You can imagine that I have my troubles when I am told to go out into the streets and bring back the heirs of some man who died a hundred years ago. People drift about and change so. I'm likely to find the lineal descendant of some old and haughty patroon pushing a broom in the street-cleaning department, and perhaps the worthy street cleaner has no record or memory of his high descent. Sometimes I follow a dozen false trails. Sometimes I am puzzled to determine which one of three or four likely claimants is the true heir. Imagine trying to find the living heirs of one John Brown who died one hundred or one hundred and fifty years ago, and being confronted by a whole regiment of Browns, none of whom, possibly, can trace his family history beyond his grandfather.

"Here now is a name that should have been easy to follow—Arkmutty!" The office boy had set a thick sheaf of printed slips before Quackenbush, who went to leafing them over

"This bundle here is an abstract of title; it is the history of the ownership of the Arkmutty farm. There's a diagram of the old farm; you see that it is a tract of about seven acres, bounded by Church Street, Vesey Street, Fulton Street and the Hudson River. A very nice piece of property. It is not the choicest on the island, but it would be a good buy at a million dollars an acre.

"Our solicitor sent for me about six months ago; I found him with this abstract before him on his desk. 'Quackenbush,' he said, 'this company has been asked to insure title to one of those Hudson University leaseholds over on Church Street. The man who is applying for the insurance is going to take a twenty-one-year lease from Hudson University, a lease of a small house for which he is going to pay two thousand a year, and he wants us to guarantee that Hudson University owns the property before he puts his money down.'

"'He must be a stranger in town,' I said smilingly. 'Perhaps he doesn't know that Hudson University has twenty-five thousand students and a foundation of seventy million dollars. The university should be pretty good security for a lease at two thousand a year.'

"'That's the common opinion, at any rate,' nodded the solicitor. 'That is why we've never had occasion to examine the title to this property before Would you be surprised to hear that the university's title is doubtful?'

"'Doubtful?' I repeated. 'That's hard to believe. Why, Hudson University has been in possession of that Church Street property ever since—ever since ——'

"'Since the year 1757,' said the solicitor, glancing at the abstract. 'James Arkmutty, merchant, conveyed seven acres, including the property in question, to Queens College, of the Province of New York. The deed was dated September 4, 1757. As you know, Hudson University is the present name of old Queens College. But look at this clause in that old deed.'"

And Quackenbush turned the abstract so as to present a particular page of fine script to my not particularly intelligent gaze.

"There," said Quackenbush, "is the clause that startled the solicitor. Beginning here: 'It is understood and agreed, however, that at all times hereafter at least one-half of the board of trustees or governing body of said Queens College shall be Presbyterian in religious practice and belief'

"'The treasurer of the university was here an hour ago,' said the solicitor to me. 'This provision for a religious qualification for trustees was a surprise to him. He insisted that the university has been in uninterrupted possession of this property for one hundred and sixty-seven years, and that he has never heard of a religious test being applied to trustees. He happened to know the religious denominations of most of the trustees, and he said that he was quite sure that only three of the twelve trustees were Presbyterians.

"'I have looked into the collateral history of this deed,' continued the solicitor, 'so as to arrive at what was in James Arkmutty's mind when he made it. There seems to have been at the time a widespread fear in the province that an established church would be introduced. That church would, of course, have been the Church of England. Church of England adherents moved to take over control of the newly erected Queens College, and that move was opposed by the body of Presbyterians; they stood for complete religious freedom. James Arkmutty's motive in requiring that half the trustees be Presbyterian was not one of sectarian intolerance, but was liberal: he wished the control of the college to remain with the champions of religious freedom and of separation of church and state This interdenominational feud was forgotten after the Revolution had banished forever the possibility of an established church.

"'The religious test for trustees of Queens College – now Hudson University—was let lapse; people forgot that a religious test had ever been applied. The university never sold any part of the Arkmutty farm; it let the land to tenants and no one ever thought of questioning its right. The Arkmutty farm is very valuable land today – I should say values over there run from twenty dollars to one hundred dollars a square foot—but the original defect in the title persists. I'm afraid this company must decline to guarantee that Hudson University owns that property.'

"'You think that clause,' said I to the solicitor, 'constitutes a condition subsequent so as to divest the university of its title to the property upon its failure to observe the condition of the deed?'

(Continued on Page 117)

"'What Does He Look Like?' Eddie Pondered the Question, But Could Not Answer It. 'Hey, Milton, What Does Mutt Look Like?'"

SIR DUB THE KNIGHT

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

An Air of Importance in His Face, the Sheik Cleared His Throat

THE parade was coming. Up the street, a couple of blocks away, the line already had turned the corner by Doc Bealsby's pharmacy, the fife-and-drum corps from the shoe works leading, and its members resplendent in brand-new uniforms—frogged navy-blue jackets, visored caps and neat cotton trousers piped with scarlet tape. "Blam, blam!" thudded the bass drum, marking time. Four squares ahead was the public green, its bunting-draped reviewing stand crowded with the town's selectmen, their wives and families and other notables; and spanning the street between Tebo's hardware and the bank, the huge muslin banner flung to the wind by the Ladies' Auxiliary flapped and fluttered. "Hail, Exalted Potentate! Hail, Knights of the Mystic East!" it read; and as the parade neared it, the marchers glittering in their new regalia, Luke Dilge, the drum major, turned and with a flip of his wrist spun his gold-tasseled baton high into the air. At the signal, crash! the whole fife-and-drum corps burst into martial music, the crowd lining up along the sidewalk echoing it with a wild huzza.

Stirring restlessly, Thed Garford raised his head to listen. Thed was not a Knight, it seemed. Mured in a back room of the bank, Thed hung stoop-shouldered over a ledger spread open on the bookkeeper's desk. For three hours now, while all Daggett made merry, he had been grubbing over the ledger's columns, hunting high and low for something that seemed amiss; and neither a Knight nor, much less, any sort of potentate, Thed was merely the bank's general utility man—clerk, bookkeeper, teller, and, by turns, even janitor. It was in Thed's duty, at any rate, to sweep up every night after the others had gone, these being Mr. Boles, the president, and Lem Tweedy, the cashier and active manager. There was also Miss Leet, the stenographer and assistant bookkeeper. Miss Cora, Thed called her.

Thed was older than the cashier. Tweedy, his superior, was brisk, breezy, thirty-four; a smart, well-dressed fellow, popular both at the bank and in the town. Thed, however, was merely thirty-six—not much else, one might say in fact. Obscure, self-effacing, as well as a little shy, there were perhaps good reasons why he had never become a Knight of the Mystic East. One reason, maybe as good as any, was that no one had ever asked him to.

The back room of the bank looked out on the rear of Blodgett's tin shop. Heaps of rusted scrap filled the yard; and convenient to Blodgett's back door, the surroundings were further ornamented by a tall mound of discarded stovepipe, battered kitchen ware, a couple of abandoned stoves and other similar *disjecta membra* of the tinware trade. Among these prowled a gaunt alley cat, its look evil as it hunted provender; but it was neither the cat nor the other features of the view that caught and held Thed's eye while with his head raised and his nostrils fluttering he peered through the bank's back window. An angle of the building at the rear had captured and flung down to him the strains of the march step the shoe-works band was playing, and as he listened he raised a finger and beat time raptly to the stirring measure:

Way, way over yonder,
Where they make the thunder,
Shine on, oh, shine on,
The Knights of the Mystic East!

He was not a Knight, no. At the moment, though, had one peeped inside the bank, he might have read in Thed Garford's uplifted, transfigured face and rapt expression a story, a little drama.

It was at six o'clock that morning that Thed had risen and dressed. The day, to be sure, was a holiday, the selectmen in honor of the parade having declared it so; but to Thed holidays not infrequently were just like other days. Somehow, at any rate, he never seemed to catch up with his work at the bank; and often, especially toward the end of the month, when the depositors' pass books had to be balanced and their monthly statements must be mailed, he would linger over the work late into the night. Not that he himself ever seemed to mind, of course—that is, outwardly; though let that go. The day celebrated, first, the annual convention and parade of the Knights of the Mystic East; and having assembled in Daggett from every section of the state, following the parade, the shrines would hold their yearly election, the elevation to office of their commander, the Most High Exalted Potentate, Sir Caliph. However, even this seemed to make no difference to Thed. It made as little difference, too, apparently, that the cashier, Lem Tweedy, was local candidate. Although rivalry for the coveted honor had grown feverish between the towns, and though Daggett expected every man, whether a Knight or not, to do his utmost, a few days before Thed had chanced on something amiss in the books over at the bank. And as Thed told himself, business before pleasure.

The bookkeeper had in fact a little store of just such maxims. Another was "A penny saved is a penny earned." True, so far it seemed to have benefited little his estate in life; though never mind that now. His home, the same for many years, was a furnished room in what the town called Disbrow's Rent. The house was up School Street, facing Rublee's smithy; and behind it was the town livery and feed. Thed took his meals downstairs with the Disbrows; though never mind that, either. Having dressed, then tidied up the room as was his wont, he went to the window and threw it open.

The day was perfect. The sun was shining out of a cloudless sky; a mild air from the west breathed through the town; and even the gaunt, weathered stable and sheds of the livery seemed at the moment less gaunt, less malodorous. Thed, however, gave them only a glance. A rapt expression stole into his eyes; and turning from the window he went slowly, almost hesitantly, toward a corner between his bed and a high wardrobe that stood there. A trunk occupied the space. The trunk, somewhat like its owner, was dingy, a bit battered; but as Thed neared it, a faint pink stole into his sallow face. His eyes, too, had in them a look queerly timid, not to call it secret. After a quick glance, though, toward the door—a glance as if to make sure of his privacy—he leaned down swiftly and unlocked and opened the trunk.

In the tray on top was a long narrow case of chamois skin. The case obviously contained a sword, for a gilded guard, the sword's handle, protruded from it; and laying it on the bed, he delved deeper into the trunk. From its depths he produced in turn a braided military jacket, a pair of trousers and a cap. He was already dressed, yet that did not deter him. Hastily he threw off the clothes he was already in; and lanky in his underclothes, the shirt and drawers displaying a variety of repairs, their wearer's own handiwork with the needle, Thed hurriedly donned the things taken from the trunk.

The cap glittered with gold braid, its visor shiny patent leather. The coat was still more gay. It, too, was resplendent with gleaming braid, a dangling loop of it festooned over one shoulder and hanging halfway to his waist. As for the trousers, they were a deep, gorgeous crimson, sewed down the seam with a broad stripe of black. Attired in this magnificence, he stripped the chamois covering from the sword and buckled the weapon to his waist.

Head high and shoulders back, Thed strode across the room, the shiny scabbard flashing in the light. Near the window was a bureau, a mirror set above it; and, his pale face flushed, a light almost that of exaltation in his eyes, he pored on his image in the glass. The next instant the bookkeeper's heels clicked together; there was a clang as the sword leaped from its scabbard; and facing his reflected figure, he threw up the sword point in a quick salute. Then his lips moved in a reverent whisper.

"Hail, Sir Knight!" Thed greeted himself.

A story, yes. It was a drama too; a comedy that though ludicrous was perhaps a little tragic too. He was not a Knight, no; and though once, indeed, the bookkeeper had bolstered up courage enough to make his longing known to Lem Tweedy, the cashier had smiled lightly, then hemmed and hawed. Thed a Knight? Well, Tweedy would see about it.

Tweedy hadn't, of course. The joke of Thed's aspirations had been good for a laugh between the cashier and his friends; but that was all. Meanwhile, his heart fluttering between hope and doubt, the latter a fear of his own unworthiness, Thed awaited the call that had never come. The cap, the coat, the trousers and the sword he long ago had purchased from a mail-order house that made a specialty of such trappings; and often donning them in his furnished room up at Disbrow's Rent, the bookkeeper, as often, had rehearsed the moment when the call, that glorious summons, came and he, too, should receive the accolade. That was his secret.

"Rise, fraternal brother, I dub thee Sir Knight!"

II

THE parade came on. The fife-and-drum corps now had neared the bank, the fifes shrilling, the snare drums rattling like rolling musketry, the cheers of the crowd filling the air with reverberating sound. Out in front

Luke Dilge's baton flashed, scintillating like the spokes of a revolving wheel, Luke himself striding past, his bearskin shako high, his breast outthrust like a pigeon's; while behind him the fifers and drummers strutted, their ranks, four deep, stretching clear across the street, and the bass drummer, both arms going like flails, leaning far backward, his face apoplectic from his exertions. After the band a line of open vehicles followed, these comprising a dozen automobiles and the hack from Tarbell's livery.

The hack came first. Four horses drew it; the four, as it was seen, the big-fetlocked grays from the sash-and-blind works. The horses, too, were led by a costumed slave, a Numidian janizary. The reuring Sir Caliph, Potentate, occupied the hack. Clad in full canonicals—turban, burnoose and damascene scimitar—he lolled back in stately pomp, a cigar clenched in the royal jaws. The cars following likewise were dazzling with their array of costumed high officials, the Grand Viziers of the visiting lodges—these and the ladies of the associate order, the Daughters of the Desert Sands; and in magnificent, eye-inspiring numbers, a horseman at their head, the host of marching Knights came then, a good hundred and eleven strong.

The horseman was Lem Tweedy, the bank's cashier. As befitted his high estate, that of Eminent Most Noble Sheik of the Sahara, Daggett Tent No. 4, the cashier's mien was proud and stately. Ex-officio, he was also grand marshal of the parade; and splendid in Bedouin robes and red moroccan boots, he bowed gravely to the right and left, acknowledging with august dignity the homage of the crowd. As he reached the bank, however, Mr. Tweedy's air changed slightly. The shade was drawn in the wide plate-glass window, the bank looked silent and blank; but as the cashier glanced toward it, all at once a hand pushed aside the stiff holland curtain and a face peered out through the slit.

The face was Thed Garford's face. The fife-and-drum corps at that instant had switched the march step it was playing into the air's familiar rallying refrain:

When in distress, turn toward the west,
And make the mystic sign!

And as the bookkeeper heard it, unable to restrain himself, he had swung around from the desk and scuttled to the window out in front. His eyes were dancing, his lips were parted in a smile; and a fitful scowl for an instant twisted the cashier's brow. Why Mr. Tweedy scowled was perhaps a question; but, be that as it may, his were not the only eyes directed toward the face peering out from the window. As the bookkeeper showed himself, across the street two slouch-hatted men loitering at the door of Tebo's hardware nudged each other sharply, their gaze fixed upon him. Thed, it seemed, didn't see them, however. Tweedy was still scowling at him; and as the bookkeeper caught the scowl—as his eyes, too, met the cashier's—he shrank back consciously, almost guiltily, one might have said. That, too, wasn't all of it. The blood for a moment ebbed out slowly from his face; and though the parade had still to pass, the shade dropped abruptly from his hand, hiding him from view.

Still scowling, the cashier rode on. The scowl, however, did not linger long. Cheer after cheer now was rising on the air; and as the din grew and the popular Sheik heard his name shouted wildly by his host of followers, the shadow faded from his eyes; and, once more smiling, again he began bowing dignifiedly to the right and left. Meanwhile, back in the bank, the bookkeeper, turning from the shaded window, had trudged slowly into the other room; and his shoulders sagging and their stoop more drooping than before, once more he had draped himself over the desk and the ledger spread upon it.

His face was moist, his eyes rolling and uneasy. The ledger he studied was the one containing the accounts of the bank's depositors; and for a long half hour he hung above it, the beads gathering on his brow as his glance ran up and down the columns. What he saw there was a question, also.

He did not hear the front door when it opened; he did not see, either, the person who had entered. A sigh, a wheeze, rather, had just escaped him.

"Oh!" he cried; then, "Oh!" And as the young woman, the one who had just entered, heard him, she stopped short and stared.

"For goodness' sake, Thed Garford," she ejaculated, "whatever in the world's the matter?"

Startled, he gave a jump. Then he saw her.

"Miss Cora!" he exclaimed.

It was Miss Leet, the bank's stenographer.

Like the crowd outside, she, too, was in holiday dress, a new spring hat with a knot of cherries at the side topping out her gay attire. In fact, as she stood in the doorway, Cora Leet looked still young, almost girlish, one might have said. A little tide of color pinked the bookkeeper's cheek as he peered at her. For her part, though, the young woman was frowning.

"You're not sick or anything, are you?" she demanded. And when Thed stammered "No; why, no, Miss Cora," she gave him another quick, searching look. "Then why aren't you outside?" she questioned.

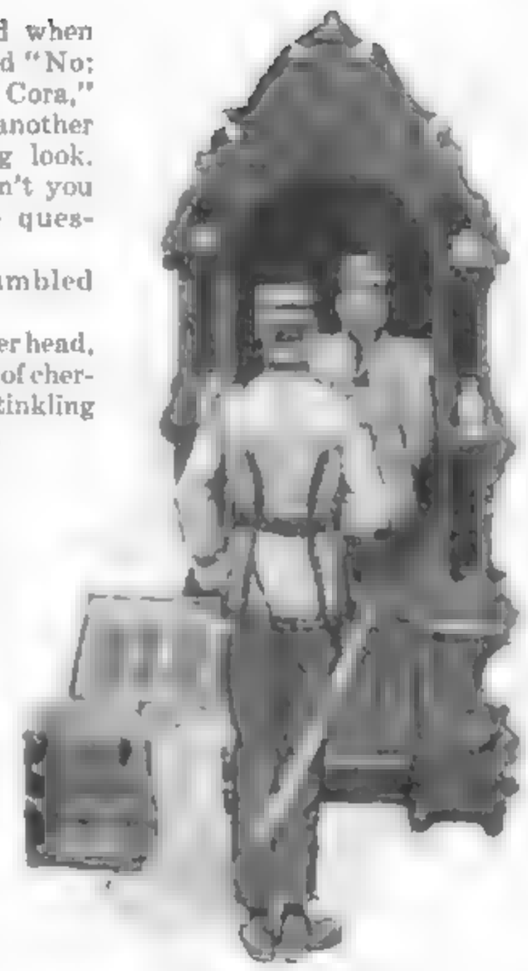
"Me?" mumbled Thed.

She bobbed her head, the little cluster of cherries on her hat tinkling with animation.

"That's why I came back," she returned; and, her voice commanding then, she added, "You just quit work, do you hear? And come along now!"

The bookkeeper's face went pink again.

"With you?"



"Hail, Sir Knight!"

He looked at her as if entranced. How neat she looked in her new hat and Sunday dress! The dress was not quite so new as the hat, perhaps, and it was long familiar to Thed Garford from having seen it so many Sundays up at the First Congregational; but having been done over for the occasion, its neatness enhanced by an edging of new silk braid and a knot of lace at the throat, he thought it the height of tony style. And clad in all this fashion, she had invited him to become her escort! He gave a sigh.

"I only wish I could," he mumbled.

Cora Leet eyed him a moment.

"You mean you won't, Thed?"

Thed shook his head; and she shot another look at him, the look curious.

"Look here," she said abruptly, "what's wrong, Thed? Is anything the matter with the books?"

"The books?" His look was startled. "Why—why d'you ask?" he stammered.

"I was just asking," she replied; and, the color gone from his face, Thed gazed at her.

"Why?" he asked—wheezed, rather.

She shrugged her shoulders aimlessly.

"I don't know. It's just something I saw. Then, too, when I want you to go with me you won't leave them."

"Something you saw?" repeated Thed.

She nodded

"Well, if you want to know," returned the girl, "late last night I was up at the hall helping decorate—it's for the banquet lunch the lady Daughters are giving; and when I started home there was a light here in the bank. I thought it was you, Thed; so I figured I'd come in and ask you didn't you wish to come to the lunch this noon. Every lady can invite a gentleman friend, you know; only you weren't in here, Thed. It was Mr. Boles, and with him were two men I'd never seen before. They were going over the books—the ones you have here on the desk," she added.

Thed was looking at her fixedly.

"Two men?" he repeated. "Mr. Boles too?"

Again she nodded idly.

"I thought it funny too. I guess Lem Tweedy did, besides."

"Tweedy?" said Thed.

"Uh-huh. He had his Sheik's costume with him in a couple of suitcases; and he aimed to leave them here so's he could dress early, in time for the parade. I was looking in when he drove up in his auto." She gave her shoulders another shrug. "He didn't go in, though. He drove me home instead."

"He drove you home?" inquired the bookkeeper.

There was a little shadow in her eyes.

"That was nothing. It was what he said. He warned me I mustn't say anything about the two men, the bank or anything. People would talk and it might make trouble for today."

(Continued on Page 166)

The Parade Came On. Out in Front Luke Dilge's Baton Flashed, Scintillating Like the Spokes of a Revolving Wheel

HEART OF THE HOSTEL

By William Reade Hersey

THE hottest soups are the most expensive. Consommé and bouillon are cool limpid trickles compared to purée of mushrooms; oxtail is hot, but green turtle is the caloric wonder, when and if a few dollars' worth—say, a cupful—of this epicurean joy gets spilled on your bare arm. This discovery, coming by accident, after the manner of all world-shaking theories, will not, however, yield me any acclaim until that happy time when cooks have their way with waiters and hot turtle soup, externally applied, becomes a part of the penal code.

They came to me—the burn and the idea—at one and the same instant during my first three hours in the third of the six kitchens of a hotel which may or may not be the greatest hotel in the world, but is certainly the loftiest; a hotel whose pinnacles outpyramid the Pharaohs, and from its last upreaching stack the steam plumes are married to the clouds. Such expresses, perhaps, a bit of the homage to which the merest spectator is impelled who looks at a great New York hotel from the outside.

At the Crisis Hour

BUT he can never know the intricacies of its being nor understand that it is a hotel within a hotel, a cavern within a cavern, until he has worked in a dozen capacities within its very heart. I was beginning the dozen and had stood duty for two hours at the Mary bath, ladling costly soups with silver ladles into terrinelles, for creatures who cloaked the hyena beneath the dress suit and carried the terrinelles to fulfill their destiny before the gods in the Louis Quinze room.

It was the crisis hour of the luncheon service, exactly 1:45, and the caverns roared, crashed to the cataract of dishes sliding into the washers, rumbled to the diapason of exhaust fans and dinned to the united might of a hundred people talking all at once.

Perhaps they were not talking; just doing things to all the languages of Europe, and each one appeared so earnestly occupied with his own proficiency in cursing no one in particular as to be deaf to all insults that came his way. Nevertheless there are gibes that strike home, and when one waiter called another a species of spinach grown in a sewer and whirled around to emphasize this ultimate insult nose to nose, the green-turtle soup on his tray overturned.

Monsieur Lac de Genève Has That Air of One Who Loves His Mother

Wherefore I am able to set it down that if your feet ache from standing in one place for two hours, all you need is a scald at the other extremity to forget all about your feet, and that a time of crisis in the day's undertakings is what puts the pep into certain industries where others are deadly dull.

A mill that spins is that and nothing more. It plays a single tune. But those that serve the famishing throngs that crowd the big hotels may be likened to the performers of the opera—they come by hours of toil to a definite, thrilling climax, and success depends upon the perfections, the multitudinous perfections of all that has gone before.

Consider merely the soup and the Mary bath—*bain-marie*. Mary herself is no ordinary steam table. She is thirty feet of silver-topped gleaming counter, with boiling arteries hidden in her volcanic interior, among whose coils are sunk pot holes of porcelain, where wait the fragrant potages. Along her inner edge are set trays of jewel-cut croutons and bits of pastry, the largest not more than ten carats, each sort destined by tradition for some particular soup. No one could know the least little bit of the history of those soupy pools and their accompanying titbits without glimpsing the course of this studied perfection.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

When the word went forth a week ago today—and the maitre d'hôtel is always a week ahead in his bookings—that oxtail à l'Escoffier and cream of mushrooms should on this particular date be the soups *du jour* as distinguished from the soups that are always with us, such as bouillon and cream of chicken, the matter was merely one of bookkeeping, a sending of orders hither and yon, to stewards and to chefs. Oxtail à l'Escoffier was in the news, but not in the kettle

Yesterday it began to come to earth. Oxtails, trays of them, were steam-cooked a quarter of a mile away in a corner of the great general cuisine at the other end of gangways, corridors and elevator shafts. The oxtails, steamed until tender under a blanket of chopped shallots—pearly onions of an aristocratic mildness—and being cooled, were sectioned by a chef with a scimitar. All the choice meat was reserved, the rest going as per schedule to the region dedicated to the soup caldrons, certainly by seven o'clock last night.

And here, in order to unite two streams of effort and of broth at the proper moment, other previous and scheduled operations have been long going forward. A copper caldron like a seven-foot egg, one of a whole phalanx of its kin, reveals by its indicator that it has been kept at 210 degrees Fahrenheit all night, declares by its time card that its inner pot of silver holds eighty gallons of court bouillon with appropriate seasonings for an oxtail potage, and that it is in charge of Monsieur Lac de Genève.

To go back days and days to trace the court bouillon, that sublimest of foundation broths, to its several sources is to include beef and veal and all manner of fowl, even to pigeons, with a long array of vegetables, not omitting fresh mushrooms, that gave up their last wow of flavor to this burnt-amber fluid day before yesterday.

Just now, the chefs not having arrived, things merely stand ready in the guardianship of second cooks. They are only deacons and acolytes, breakfasting earlier in the Cooks' Room, three floors removed from the Chefs' Cafeteria.

But by eight o'clock, oxtail à l'Escoffier is in the hands of its celebrant. Monsieur Lac de Genève does not disappoint us as merely one who shrugs, pops his eyes and tastes with pursing lip and noisy inhalation. He is lithe, small, a pale brunet, and has that air of one who loves his mother.

Off come all the floating bunches of chervil and parsley, tomato and celery that have just scarcely boiled all night.

Nevertheless There are Gibes That Strike Home

One acolyte does this, standing on a pretty little ladder. Another draws from the spigot a sputtery half cup of the broth. He holds it till it cools. Monsieur will taste nothing while it is boiling hot. At last he samples the brew.

"By the holy name, no!" Follows a high-speed exhaust of Swiss French.

The Nuptials of Oxtail Soup

TRAYS of dewy fresh herbs and of newly squshed tomatoes are brought. He writes an order for four ounces of blade mace. Trimmed lemon peel goes in. The flavor must mount and it is a quarter to nine. Monsieur strolls on to other full-bellied caldrons. He has twenty for his morning's work.

By ten o'clock, under high steam pressure, the broth has attained the fundamental zest. Out it comes, via the lowest spigot, into a silver tank on wheels that travels to another kettle, where it is to be married—yes, married—to be united forever and ever with a thickening element, to take on its able-bodied character and reveal its true self as men and soups so usually must by marriage.

For your Lac de Genève does not thicken his soup. He soups his thickening, after the exact kind of reversal that marks the French cuisine. And this oxtail thickening contains, besides flour and plain broth, the dry-spice seasonings. They carry best in this way and disperse themselves as the whole body of the thickening is taken up by the court bouillon. These prime spices have been adjusted by weight to the volume of thickening after Lac de Genève's own formula, divulged to no one. There is among these dry ingredients one peculiar essential to all oxtail concoctions that is a secret. But it won't be more than a minute more. Dare I tell it? Yes, I dare—ginger!

A super with a silver spatula, which is a cross between a spoon and a six-foot oar, works the tide of thickening back and forth as the bouillon goes in. Our chef is satisfied that the prime spices are just right; the volatile flavors—walnut catchup for one—will not be in evidence until the last moment. He orders the men with the boiled barley, just arrived from Kitchen Number 4, to stand by, and the barley is added.

Purring Sauces

PROMPTLY at 10:30 fourteen porcelain drums, the all-but-final containers, are dragged before the caldron. Another truck accompanies the drums, a sort of tea cart, whose shelves bear trays of the choice oxtail meat and minced parsley and water cress. These he apportions deftly into the waiting drums, which bear each its label showing the name of the dining room it is to serve. Each great jar is wheeled beneath the spigot to receive at last its share of the potage which now has reached its maximum of fragrance.

Monsieur gives to each an exact amount of his parting blessing—in the form of two ounces of a dark catchup. It is a decoction of green walnuts and truffles made from his own formula. An acolyte detailed for this holds the bottle and graduate glass exactly to his hand. This he compounds in the laboratory way up on the sixteenth floor. He follows the drums to the elevator shaft, scattering in a final dash of salt as they leave him.

It is here that I, as the seventy-seventh cog in this oxtail business, come in. I have been scheduled to receive six of these drums for the Louis Quinze kitchen and to see that they and forty other drums of soup relapse safely into their appointed places in the Mary bath.

Once in place and each pot hole covered, a gigantic cover goes over the whole *bain-marie*. Everything in the whole kitchen is under cover and most of the cooks have gone to their own dining rooms. Sauces purr in a hundred little *saufoirs* in a hot-water bath on the long range, below the sign, Chef Saucier. Forty feet farther along, past many a volcanic blue-flamed fire hole, stand the big fry kettles, their locality labeled Chef Friteur. The grill, awaiting chops and steaks, shows dull red under twenty feet of gridiron. At that point the sign reads, Chef Rôturier.

All is deserted—waiting. It is to get its scalding bath, from ceiling to floor. Not a crumb or a speck of all the preparatory cooking shall be in sight when the service—profound word—begins.

Men in blue gingham take possession. Scalding water from fire-hose nozzles, wire mops that would skin an elephant at a stroke are brought into play. You would think these demons were putting out a fire and playing hockey all at once. The general cloud-burst drains toward the center of the tiled floor, where is a removable drain. The steam subsides. Dry cloths rub and polish every inch of exposed surface. The ventilating fans roar terrifically, carrying away vestiges of vapor.

The place relapses into silence and a conscious surgical spotlessness awaits the return of the chefs and the immediate onslaught of waiters.

Such, as a fact, would be the ideal progress of those oxtails from the butcher's stall to the billionnaire's corner of the grillroom. We have neglected to mention the accidents, delays, feuds, neglect, intentional or otherwise, or the cussedness of steam valves and gas cocks, which may have infinite possibilities of combination as conspirators to send a four-hundred gallon volume of potage streaming into the sewer.

The dénouement of such a tragedy is worth an orchestra seat at a speculator's price. It is noisiest when it involves the *chef soupier*, his undercooks, a plumber, a steamfitter and their assistants; but it is the most affecting when it is a matter of a fatal alteration of flavor. An assistant went off to his locker to read a love letter and left the cream of mushrooms in a critical half hour of their stewing—to overcook.

Later a clinic of three chefs with superpalates and a quartet of protesting helpers do a truly operatic turn to the theme of the Lost Aroma.

Preparedness and technic, always interplaying to produce a thousand sublimated viands, each at its appointed time, are the twin genii of the great hotel cuisine, as one comes to discover with the slightest experience. Limiting one's observation at first to the kitchens themselves, leaving out the administration which pulls the wires and sends the orders, the technic of the actual cooks demonstrates something so entirely apart from the methods of the usual home kitchen, with its frantic spurts of activity, its hundreds of lost motions, as to make one wish diplomas in hotel cooking might be awarded to eligible flappers and that all the colleges were in league with the hotels to teach the true technic of the cuisine.

The Art of Poaching Eggs

CONSIDER the humble poached egg, which to the chef is far more than a plain breakfast order, which figures as the basis of eggs à la Mornay and fifty other mouth-watering entrées.

Of course the chef does not have in mind the kind of poached egg you took upstairs to your wife as your culinary miracle the day she wouldn't get out of bed, nor the sort they gave you when you were getting over the measles.

Those sloppy sunbursts prone upon a water-logged section of toast, those mere rubbery half-opaque blobs of random cookery are not the poached egg as it is in heaven and should be upon earth.

The poached egg that looks like a little snowball, has a melting interior and a rind as soft as cream, is by the method of its making another tribute to Gallic genius.

Some chef long ago discovered, even if he was not able to explain, a law of physics which has to do with the cooking of albumen, for while these poached eggs go into the kettle by the dozen—the more at one time the better—they come out such perfect ovoids as would fool a hen, and the whole process is exactly the opposite of our home method with its shallow skillet. For the chef uses a very deep casserole—everything is a casserole to him that is not a caldron; what you and I call a casserole, a covered

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She Loved the Sinks—Hung Over Them Like Narcissus Gazing at Himself

CONTRARIWISE

By W. HORNE

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

"Well, What a Surprise!" He Exclaimed. "Right on the Dot! I Thought Your Kind of Girl Would Make a Fellow Wait an Hour at Least. This is Fine!"

POETS have sung of the tender glory of moonlight on lovely Biscayne Bay; word artists have described, quite fully, the tropical splendor of the dawn over its Southern Florida waters. But they were rank amateurs, where Captain William Starm was a professional.

It was dawn now, a luscious April dawn, which Captain Starm was surveying from the after deck of his smartly trim sailing yacht, the Yellow Fay. His expression was one of disillusioned critical disfavor. "Red an' streaky," he muttered severely.

When it came to the subject of moonlight he was even more professional; witness the sign which stood on the pier in front of the Yellow Fay. This sign was a handsome, attention-compelling thing, five feet high, painted in red and green. Drawn around it was a border of flamboyantly fanciful fish, who sported playfully about the lettered announcement: "Try Captain Starm's Famous MOONLIGHT Sailing Parties, with MUSIC; $2 per person. Also Fishing Excursions and Day Trips to the GULF STREAM; $1 per person."

The exploiter of moonlight, after shaking his head at the cheerfully colored morning sky, gazed impatiently at the shallow green waters of the warm bay. There a myriad dancing boats of all descriptions rode swellingly at anchor, from the palatial yachts of millionaires to the ugly utilitarian dredges which kept the narrow ocean channel free of sand. The Yellow Fay was tied to the far end of the amusement pier, which terminated with gay ribaldry the main avenue of that newest of winter-resort cities, Miami. An amusement pier in the very early morning is deader than crab bait. With a shudder we will attempt to ignore it until a livelier hour, merely explaining that the bay end of the pier tapered into a quite narrow boardwalk, either side of which was lined with pleasure craft for hire.

It was not quite breakfast time yet, and Captain Starm, who could not endure even the shortest unoccupied wait, climbed to the pier and went ashore for tobacco.

His departure, however, did not leave the Yellow Fay entirely desolate. From the pleasure boat's small forward cabin floated the pleasant aroma of coffee about to boil, for there the captain's daughter, Medicena Starm, was preparing their pleasurable breakfast.

Medicena, a diminutive bright fluff of a young lady, with a determined mouth and dancing eyes, adored the life of a pleasure yacht. She and her father stayed four summer months in Atlantic City with the Fay, and six winter months in palm-fringed Miami. One spring month, May, and one fall month, October, were spent with her invalid mother in a little house in Baltimore. Medicena sang as she cut a grapefruit in half and sugared it. She had two bright yellow braids of hair that hung not quite to her waist; and her small lively form was at present adorned by a blue swimming suit.

When the breakfast table was all arranged she left the bow cabin for the open stern, which contained a semicircle of cushioned seats for the moonlight parties. Medicena looked down the pier to make sure her father was not yet returning; he was not. Then she scanned the clear inviting water of the bay, noting with accustomed eyes the movements of the boats near by, and a meditative pelican watching her from a post. A speed boat was out curveting on her right; she smiled. From the left a tug was bearing down the channel toward her, chugging and churning the water, already pulling a barge full of sand from a dredge.

Medicena made a face at it. "Those horrid things spoil the bay!" she exclaimed to herself.

She slid a rubber cap over her shining hair, poised a moment on the stern, then dived into the water. This, her short before-breakfast swim, was usually made out to a near-by buoy marking the channel, and back. She started for the bobbing thing, with lazy enjoyment of the warmish salt water. When she had nearly reached it something horrible happened! Her outstretched arm encountered a nasty thick slime instead of water. Though she immediately tried to back up, the stuff treacherously had closed around her, clinging greasily and blackly to her sun-tanned limbs, and radiating on the water the rainbow colors of oil in a puddle. She was swimming in a surface pool of dark oil!

The girl, furious and loathing, swam under water a few seconds, reappearing, to breathe, at the buoy. A rim of the black slime adorned it at the water line. Medicena, struggling and slipping, managed to clamber up the buoy, with the intention of reconnoitering and considering her position from its elevation.

As she paused, panting, something loomed big on her limited horizon: the oncoming garnet tugboat she had before noticed.

The tugboat's captain seemed to be gesticulating with surprise, and now he took up a megaphone, and pointing it toward the buoy, yelled, "Is anything the matter?"

He was a slight, dark-eyed young man of medium height, with his cap rakishly on one side. Add to this a broad grin at the sight of Medicena spread out like a grimy little fly on the buoy, and the fact that the dredges he worked for were responsible for the oil on the water. The girl vehemently shouted "No!" and shook her head violently to correspond.

Captain Starm

The captain of the tugboat took off his hat, disclosing abundant black hair, scratched his head, and whistled. At last he raised the megaphone and inquired, "Why don't you wash your face, then?"

The furious girl tried to turn around on the buoy so that she would not be obliged to look at him, slipped, and recovered herself only by a feat of gymnastics more desperate than dignified.

"Look out for that banana skin!" yelled the tugboat's master in a gurgling voice. "Stand by and we'll take you aboard!" He shut off power, and hailed the engineer from the stern to help him.

The girl climbed higher on the buoy. "Don't you dare!" she called. "I won't have you rescue me! If you think I'd even set my foot on your dirty tug, that gets this wretched oil into the bay —— You go on!"

"Don't be a fool!" said the tug's master sharply. "We'll drift by you in a minute, and it'd be hell trying to turn here with a barge in tow. Jump now, and I'll catch you! Be a good little acrobat!"

"You'll do nothing of the kind! I'll have a decent boat rescue me or I'll wait till your horrible oil floats by."

"Decent boat!" sputtered the tug's young captain. "For a lead nickel I'd leave you here! One useful working tugboat is worth every silly pleasure boat on Biscayne Bay—remember that! Jump and be quick about it."

"I won't!" shrilled the girl. She made a defiant gesture. A swelling wave rocked the buoy unexpectedly, and Medicena slid down the slippery sides with startling rapidity into the oily water, marking the spot with a magnificent splash. When she came up, two arms seized her and unceremoniously hauled her into the tugboat.

She stood where they deposited her on the narrow utilitarian deck; dazed, haughty, undecided, and loathing oil.

"You're welcome," said the tug's captain kindly, as the engineer returned to the stern. "It's a pleasure to rescue pretty, grateful girls. What's your name, my dear, and where do you hail from?"

"You can take me over to the amusement pier," Medicena commanded as rudely and offensively as she could.

"I can't keep a date with you now," objected the dark young man with gentle remonstrance. "I'm busy. Besides, you don't look ——"

"I live there!" interrupted the girl tremblingly.

"No!" exclaimed the tug's master admiringly. He steered for the pier, slightly out of his course. Medicena stood there, scorning to touch any part of the hated boat unnecessarily, but she stripped off her oil-covered bathing cap and dropped it overside.

The prettiness of her sharp-featured delicate little face was totally obscured by oil smudges, but her blond hair glittered alluringly.

The tugboat's captain, staring at it in surprise, wondered if he had been a trifle too funny.

"I hope I haven't hurt your feelings," he said handsomely. "You've got pretty hair, and I dare say underneath the—the make-up, you're really quite "

"Look where you're steering," advised the girl tensely, "because when you look at me I consider it an insult!"

"That's all right," said the utilitarian young captain sympathetically. "I'm not one to like a girl for her looks The best men never are. But just the same, if you want me to lend you my handkerchief to take a little of it off —— You haven't the excuse that it's natural with you." He sighed, and murmured plaintively, "I shall never get used to the queer ways the girls make up their faces nowadays. And being a sober-minded man, a case like yours upsets me." He took out a quite clean handkerchief, but she struck it wrathfully aside.

"Well, that's one way of looking at it," agreed the dark-eyed young captain amicably. "Probably you're sensible enough not to want to be beautiful. Or maybe you have the fatal, Cleopatra-like beauty that's best covered up I begin to suspect that's it, you're so haughty! Well, listen, Cleopatra. Personally, I prefer plain girls. I have a girl now, and she's plain, nice and sensible. Girls are like boats, to my mind. I'd rather captain one good steady tugboat than any flighty pleasure craft on the bay! Pleasure boats spend all a man's money on paint and trifling repairs; frivolous girls spend it even more uselessly. I like a good plain girl that urges a chap to save his money, and be serious. Gosh!" he added, apropos of nothing, "but you have got the brightest yellow hair, Cleopatra!"

"All that glitters is not gold," replied the girl sharply. "Of course I want to reward you for saving me, and if you'll give me your good steady girl's address I'll send her a bottle of my peroxide. Oh! There's dad waving to me! Trust him to recognize his offspring in any disguise, evidently! We're almost in. Don't trouble to come closer; I don't want you to scrape any of our paint off with your horrible tug. The water's clear here, and I'll swim. Stop your engine and I'll leave you."

The tug's engine obediently ceased, and Medicena prepared to dive. The young captain watched her with a feeling of gentle melancholy. "There goes a girl that will never dote on me, if I'm any judge," he murmured as he mentally registered the identity of the Yellow Fay. Just before the tug got up steam again he called, with exaggerated sentiment, to Medicena's bobbing blond head "I'll keep that date with you on the pier tonight, Cleopatra Don't be late!"

Medicena swallowed a few mouthfuls of salt water while grinding her sharp little teeth

It was at this point that the watching pelican flapped off his post and went about his business for the day. When the bird at last returned, with a full stomach, to meditate upon his vantage point, the sun had set back of the palm trees The lights began to pop out on boulevards and mansions along the shore, while the myriad boats sprouted lights at bow and stern, marking them through the gathering dark

The entrance to the amusement pier from the street was brilliantly lit, and topped by a colored electric sign representing a gentleman and lady vigorously, if somewhat jerkily, engaged in dancing. The ghastly greenish glare of a photographer's palace showed beneath, and past this was a gay engaging vista of shooting galleries, orangeade stands, hot-dog lairs, and booths containing gentle come-on games where you took fantastic chances of winning a Kewpie doll or a box of self-conscious cigars A burst of particularly hilarious laughter came from the crowd around a booth where toy tin horses were racing.

A dark-eyed young man in a seaman's white-topped cap, a pipe in his mouth and a rather heavily built, plain girl upon his arm, sauntered fascinatedly near the entrance to the pier. He was the captain of a garnet tugboat He halted in the unflattering gleams of the photographer's lights, knocked out his pipe and slowly put it in his pocket.

"Oh, Bob!" gasped his companion. "You're not going on the pier, surely!"

"Don't you want to, Eliza?" he asked curiously.

"Certainly not!" replied Eliza, vigorously shaking her neat head, whose brown hair was rigidly incased in a net. "I'm not one to want a man always to spend money on me Those people are robbers in there. I'd much rather sit in Royal Palm Park and listen to the band for nothing Besides, it's more refined."

The captain of the tugboat gazed unseeingly down the ribald vista of the pier, trying to pierce the night beyond, where the moonlight sailing boats were waiting. "Let's simply walk through, just to see it," he urged. "I certainly am simple too," he thought, aware that his mind was preoccupied with the mental vision of Medicena's blond curling braids of hair

"What's got into you, Bob?" inquired Eliza impatiently She was the efficient stenographer of a real-estate firm by day

"Oh, come on!" he said abruptly, and began to pilot the ungracious girl resolutely along the crowded pier. The shooting gallery drew his unwillingly fascinated eye "That might be fun," he murmured.

"No, Bob!" exclaimed Eliza. "Don't be foolish!"

"You're right, of course," he admitted. "It's a waste of time and money "

They reached the end of the roofed-over amusement booths, and now the pier became a boardwalk open to the sea and sky, and strung with garlands of electric lights The white graceful pleasure yachts, lit by the famous moon, rocked gently alongside on tiny waves The young captain's eyes glued to the Yellow Fay, from which a gangplank now ran up to the boardwalk. There stood Captain Starm talking, sirenlike, through a megaphone

"We leave in ten minutes, folks. Don't be left! Sail out into the moonlight with your sweetheart to the accompaniment of music. The thrill of a lifetime! Two dollars only. See the bay in all its beauty! We stay out two hours, and leave in ten minutes. Don't be left!"

"It's a pretty view from out here, isn't it?" came the trite voice of Eliza into her escort's ear.

"Liza," said the tugboat's captain, in a strained, tormented voice, "let's try that moonlight sail, eh?"

"But—that would cost four dollars!" cried the astonished young woman.

Then it occurred to her that her steady's unusual perturbation might very well spell—romance. If he were working up to a proposal, and it seemed so, why—that

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"Medicena and I are as Different as Day From Night. She's All for a Good Time, and Spending Money Going Around, While I——"

EXILE

By HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

AT THE summit of the harsh ascent, where High Street always seemed to turn its back upon the frowzy huddle of Frog Hollow and to look out along the rim of the hill above the town, Elwood Bishop stopped to shift his valise to his left hand and to resent for the last time the wide lawns and gardens that filled the intervals between the big houses with early leaf and blossom and smooth reviving turf. As always, there was something hostile in this extravagance in frontage; it seemed a needless, intentional enlargement of the distance between Frog Hollow and the trolley line that coasted down the hill at the farther end of High Street, as if the prosperous people whose carriages spared their own steps had tried to lengthen the daily walk for Elwood Bishop and his kind.

Today the weight of the old satchel, tugging spitefully at his arm and hampering the swing of thigh and knee at every step, at once lent force to this illusion and lessened its offense. The walk would seem wearier than usual, but he was through with it forever! He drew in his chin and filled his lungs deep as the thought warmed him; the valise seemed a little lighter and the ache of his wrist and fingers dulled. He glanced at the broad smooth street under its arch of elms, at the rank of proud houses beyond their parade of idle wasted lawns, with a sense of conquest, triumph.

They had never noticed him on these daily passages of his; always they had seemed to gaze out past him at their prospect, above the roofs and trees of the lower town, infolded in friendly arm of the lake, to the farm-patterned hillside that lifted to the sky line from the farther shore, as if they were taking pains not to see Elwood Bishop, as if they were afraid he might presume on old and intimate acquaintance.

He knew them; knew them better than the people who were welcome at their gracious fanlighted doors and in their high-ceiled parlors; knew them from behind the semblance they turned so carefully to their friends. He knew their kitchens and the narrow halls of the upper stories, the shabby furniture banished to back rooms, the faded carpets and dingy paper that were left unchanged because nobody would see—nobody who mattered. He knew them in undress, just as he knew how Mrs. Trescott looked when she had taken off her creaky silk and Aunt Libby, her mouth pinched shut on its row of pins, was fitting queer pointed scraps of cloth over monstrous bulges of bare yellow skin. No wonder they tried not to see him! They hadn't forgotten, any more than Elwood Bishop had forgotten, the days when Aunt Libby had to bring him with her when she came to sew.

His thought moved unwillingly to Aunt Libby herself. There was something unfair about this; two weeks hadn't given him time to realize that she was dead, and yet he'd already begun to be sorry, to forget how he had hated her and to be ashamed because he hadn't loved her instead. He told himself impatiently that nobody could have loved her, with her buttonhole mouth pinching off the ends of her everlasting complaints and her forehead twisted into that perpetual scowl above the ugly steel-rimmed glasses. No matter how much you owed a woman like that, you couldn't help hating to hear her telling you about it every day of your life:

"Worked my fingers to the bone to keep you out of the asylum, and all the thanks I get for it ——"

He resented a dim persistent sense of regret and reproach, telling himself impatiently that he'd thanked her well enough, working as desperately as she did from the time he was big enough to carry papers, quitting school, bringing home every penny right up to that last Saturday when ——

In spite of him his memory eluded his constraint and slipped back to something he had almost forgotten, something that came suddenly fresh and clear as if it had been yesterday instead of fifteen years ago. He seemed to be that big-eyed silent little boy who could hardly reach up to Mrs. Trescott's fat hand, standing beside her in the folding door and staring at the Christmas tree in the bay window. He hadn't said anything at all; he'd waited till they were back in the sewing room and Mrs. Trescott had gone, and then he'd only said, "I saw a lot of canes made out of candy—big enough to walk with, Aunt Libby."

It was funny that he'd never guessed, all this while. He could see it plainly now. It hadn't been just imagination, that smell of peppermint that had seemed to hang about Aunt Libby's old cape as they walked home to Frog Hollow. He understood why she'd been so sharp with him next morning when he'd wondered out loud where she'd bought the incredible thing that was hooked over the footboard of his bed. She'd sneaked in that afternoon and stolen it off the tree for him, of course; made a thief of herself.

He frowned. It wasn't fair, remembering that one thing, when there was so much to set off against it, so much that he had to bring back by force of will. There was something like malice in the willfulness of his thoughts, as if they wouldn't let him be glad that he was done with it all, free, his own man, with six hundred dollars pinned inside his shirt and the whole world waiting, beckoning.

A Girl With Kind Deep-Blue Eyes; a Tall Girl, Slenderly Strong and Straight and Sweet

He glowered at the High Street houses to remind himself that he was getting away from them forever, that this was their last chance to stare out over his head with windows that were like contemptuous, avoiding eyes. He felt an impulse to shake his fist at them, withdrawn behind their gardens like supercilious ladies holding back their fineries to give a passing beggar needless room.

He dropped his arm in midgesture and swung the valise clumsily over to the grip of the clenching fingers, his ears warm and tingling at the thought of how silly he must have looked to the two people who came down the walk toward the new horseless buggy by the carriage block.

Tom Parmalee and Jennie Marvin, home from college. He remembered playing with them in this same garden, while the whir of the sewing machine came down from the upper windows. Afterward he'd learned to keep out of their way so that he wouldn't hear the difference in their voices when they gave him gracious greeting. You could get across the street, usually, if you saw them coming, or pretend to be looking hard at something else if you hadn't time to dodge. Lately it hadn't been necessary to dodge very often. They'd both been away at school and college and on vacation trips in summertime. He hadn't even seen Jennie these last four or five years; a fellow wouldn't be apt to see her, he thought, on his way to and from a job in the foundry office.

His sense of escape revived in him; he was done with them, with everybody else who'd remind him of those ugly years. After today

"Hi, Elwood! Where you going with that bag?"

The cheerful hail startled and angered him. Tom couldn't even let him get away without this affectation of friendliness that was so much worse than forthright affront. He did not turn, but a hand dropped on his shoulder, pulled him back.

"Hop up on the back seat and give your old feet a good rest. Take you where you're headed for. We're just giving the machine some exercise."

"Just going 's far 's the trolley," Bishop's voice creaked. "Don't bother ——"

He moved his glance quickly from an involuntary encounter with Jennie's, nodding stingily in response to her smile. The gauzy blue veil bound over her hat and under her chin made her look sort of pretty, he admitted grudgingly. He kept his eyes fixed on the other side of the street, resisting Tom's tug at the handle of the bag.

"Come on; it's safer than a horse any time."

Bishop lifted the valise to the tilted footboard of the back seat and scrambled up over the wheel. That was it, eh? Wanted to make out he was afraid to ride in the contraption so that they could laugh about it afterward? He braced himself, opposing a certain uneasiness at the unexpected height, the absence of anything to keep him from falling out when the thing started. It would be safer on the front seat, where you faced forward and had the curved dashboard to keep you from taking a header.

He sat stiffly, staring straight before him, while Jennie was helped up to the seat at his back and Tom tugged at a mysterious crank in the side of the body which sent a coughing throb throughout the spidery superstructure, a tremor that smoothed into effortless, gliding motion, touched with the magic unreality of dream flight.

Against his will Elwood Bishop's wary hostility lowered its guard; he was interested, excited; he hoped that Tom Parmalee wouldn't take him at his word and drop him at the trolley tracks. He must have been wrong about Tom all this time; Tom wasn't trying to show off his new horseless carriage; he was just friendly, that was all. Sort of a pity Bishop had never found this out till now, when it wouldn't do him any good to know it.

"Station, Elwood?"

Tom steered expertly into the long slope of Battle Street, throwing the question over his shoulder. Elwood Bishop forced a disingenuous protest, knowing that it would pass unheeded. The light car coasted smoothly in the tracks; you could hardly feel the motion of it.

"Going to be away long?"

Funny that he'd always thought Jennie Marvin stuck up; there wasn't any condescension in that voice; she asked as if it mattered to her whether Elwood Bishop stayed away a week or a year.

"For keeps, I guess," he said. "If I can get a job in New York anyway."

"Really?" He was quite sure now that there was regret in her tone, and something else, something more mystifying, a quality that made him understand somehow that she was sorry for him because he was going away from Laniston. "What a shame! Just when it's so lovely here!"

Lovely? Laniston? He repressed a chuckle; probably it wouldn't look that way to her if she'd lived in Frog Hollow and worked in the foundry. Glancing upward, his eyes dwelt on the receding prospect of High Street, spread out along the rim of the hill, the houses dwindling behind the great rank of elms. Sort of sightly, he conceded reluctantly. He tried to fix it on his memory, and wished absurdly that he'd taken more notice of it on those daily passages. In the distance the houses seemed to be looking at him at last, even to be smiling like grave, benignant old men, sorry to let him go and hoping he'd remember them kindly.

Again he felt a sense of injustice. It wasn't fair, all this pretense of friendliness; now that he was getting away, at last, they might let him be glad of it instead of trying to fool him into being sorry. He crowded his thoughts back to the stuffy little rooms in Frog Hollow, the dreary office, all the years of dull hopeless work, of bitter pinching thrift. That was what he'd better think about.

"You'll come back," Jennie was saying behind his shoulder. "One of these days when you've made your fortune we'll be telling people how we drove you down to your train, Tom and I. You'll come home when you've succeeded."

"Guess that's a long time off," he said harshly.

Home? Laniston wasn't home any more; it hadn't ever been home for Elwood Bishop—not what Jennie Marvin meant by the word anyway

"Oh, you'll get on." She seemed quite certain. And somehow Elwood Bishop understood that she was right. He didn't answer, but he dealt, not quite scornfully, with a thought that some day he might come back and let her see that she'd been right. It would be different then; he'd be able to laugh at people who'd turned up their noses at Libby Bishop's boy. A doubt overshadowed the picture. Perhaps they hadn't turned up their noses, after all; perhaps he'd been wrong about the others, just as he'd been wrong about Tom, about Jennie

He was startled to find himself at the station, resentful again at the stupid self-pity that wouldn't listen to reason. There was no sense to this queer ache in his throat. Wasn't he getting what he'd wanted, years and years before he'd ever dared to hope for it? Home? The word had never held any appeal, had never meant anything except the three rooms in Frog Hollow. Even if it could be stretched now to include all of Laniston, to endow him with some possessive right in High Street and the curving drive along the lake, to connect him with people like Tom Parmalee and—and Jennie Marvin, there wasn't any excuse for being sorry to leave it behind him. A dormant association stirred and woke in his mind: wasn't there a piece of poetry about being banished from home? Friday afternoon and Arlie Blaine reciting on the platform—something about Catiline. Rome, though, not home; but it fitted, just the same

Banished from Rome? What's banished but set free
From all I l-l-loathe?

That was precisely how Elwood Bishop ought to feel, how he would feel when he got over this silly notion. He thanked Parmalee for the lift without humility, thanked him as if Elwood Bishop had already got himself a horseless carriage of his own. For an involuntary moment his glance met Jennie Marvin's. He looked away before he nodded his good-by; it was better to go on thinking of her as plain and stuck up instead of letting that blue veil fool him into the notion that she was pretty, friendly. When he watched the little car starting back toward the hill he was angry at himself for wishing that he was still on its high rear seat, for envying Tom and Jennie because they didn't have to leave—home.

By the time the train had left the town behind and slid with unfriendly speed along the edge of the lake, he had stopped opposing the thought of coming back. Of course he'd come back; there wasn't any reason for going into exile to get rich unless you could bring your success—home! He found himself trying to fix the picture of the hillside on his mind, a smiling hill, checkered in green and gold, that he'd seen a thousand times and yet had never seen till now. Later, when the countryside was unfamiliar, he shut his eyes and tried to bring back an image of Jennie Marvin with the blue veil framing her face, tried to remember the voice that told him he'd surely conquer and come home. He dismissed, with an angry, shamed sense of involuntary profanation, a crazy thought that perhaps Jennie might be waiting for him when he came home; might Somehow that seemed to blur and tarnish the shining vision. No matter what Elwood Bishop might be or bring when this exile ended, he'd never be worthy of —— Again he shut his mind against the blasphemy of that hope.

II

ELWOOD BISHOP didn't notice the girl at the desk in the tiny book-lined cubbyhole. It had become almost a matter of habit to look at women without seeing them a sensible habit for a man who had no time or money to spend on anything that didn't materially advance his single, definite purpose. He named a book on banking audits that he'd almost resigned himself to buying rather than wait his turn at the public library.

"I'm sorry, we don't carry anything but current fiction." The voice, remotely familiar, brightened suddenly. "Why, it's Elwood Bishop! Don't you remember me?"

He saw her now, and knew her. Emily Nairn. He nodded thriftily, displeased at finding her here. It seemed like a kind of trespass on his rights that there should be another exile in New York who thought of Laniston as home. He disliked the use of his first name too; he'd got out of the habit of hearing it, and her manner revived an old distrust of the cordiality with which she had treated everybody in the church, even Libby Bishop and her shabby nephew a friendliness he had always thought was professional.

"How d'you do?" he said stiffly. "About that book your sign says you'll get it if you haven't got it. Doesn't say anything about fiction."

"I must change it. You see, there's so little call for anything but novels ——" The voice became businesslike. "Have you read The Masquerader? You'd like it."

"I don't waste my time on stories." He denied an insulting imputation. "If you don't want to make good on that guaranty, all right. I thought there was a hole in it."

"There isn't." She spoke evenly. "I thought that you'd like something to read in the meantime. If you'll give me that title I'll order it for you, of course." She wrote at his sullen dictation. "I'll have it for you day after tomorrow."

He nodded, wishing that he hadn't insisted. He didn't want to see her again, even to get the use of a three-dollar book for five cents.

"It's so nice to see somebody from home," she was saying. "There can't be many of us here. You're the first I've met in over four years." She seemed to reflect "You've been here longer than that, haven't you?"

"Six."

He wondered why he didn't go It was almost time for him to be starting that audit upstairs.

"Yes; you left when your aunt died. I remember Father often spoke of missing her at church." Her voice seemed to flatten. "I suppose you heard that he died—four years ago."

He shook his head.

"I'm sorry. I hadn't heard; I never get any Laniston news" He hesitated. "I guess you could tell me a lot of it."

She told him a good deal, mostly about people who belonged to her father's congregation. He listened, afraid to prompt her too significantly. She gave him an opening when she mentioned Tom Parmalee, who had succeeded his father in the bank.

"Glad he's doing well," he said. "Always liked Tom. Drove me down to the station the day I left, in that funny little car he had—turned up in front like a sleigh—remember? Jennie Marvin went along." He tried to speak carelessly. "Suppose she's married long ago."

"No." Emily's voice warmed. "But she's prettier than ever—stunning."

He tried to resist the glow of relief, of crazy, presumptuous hope that the news woke in him. Six years—Jennie would be twenty-four now—and she'd waited! He realized the absurdity of the thought, but he clung to it. Emily's word puzzled him, however. Perhaps Jennie Marvin was stunning, but that wasn't the quality that described her. No word that dealt with the surface would express Jennie. He hardly heard the rest of Emily Nairn's gossip; a discovery, at once enlightening and mystifying, absorbed him, competing, when he had begun his work upstairs, for a measure of the close attention he preferred to dedicate even to simple audits like this one

He found that something had refreshed and sharpened his mental picture of Jennie Marvin, had filled in details of which till now he had never been consciously aware. He could see her more nearly and distinctly than when he had stood on that platform at Laniston, trying not to look at her—a girl with a filmy blue veil wrapped about her head, a veil that tried to copy the soft, cool kindly color of her eyes. He wondered why he had never realized that her eyes were blue, why he had never seen her with this certainty that she was tall and slenderly strong and straight, why he had never felt this compelling need for a word that would express her.

In his ugly room that evening he sternly put down revival of that old, blaspheming dream. She wasn't married, but that had no possible bearing on Elwood Bishop's future. He allowed himself a certain arithmetical indulgence over the total in his savings pass book, taking liberties with compound interest, with conceivable appreciations in the value of his cannily chosen stocks, foreseeing a partnership in the firm and estimating its possible profits as if they were already entered to his credit

"It's Your Business, of Course; But it's a Mistake, Living This Way. You've Got to be Uncomfortable if You're Going to Get On"

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BY ALL MEANS RETURN IT

By CLARA BELLE THOMPSON

HORRIBLY disagreeable woman in the lamp section of your store," said Eve. "I'll not trouble her again."

The store is not mine by a billion dollars, or whatever the total capitalization is. But my friends always acknowledge my hazy connection therewith by use of the possessive pronoun when they have a complaint to lodge.

"Tell me about it," I suggested, not too cordially.

A sad tale. Eve had ordered eight special shades, hexagonal shape. When they came she did not like them, took them back and had trouble in returning them.

"She said," concluded Eve, "that I should not have made a special order if I was undecided. Imagine people like that trying to dictate to me!"

I could have added with truth that I, personally, would not have taken the shades back under any consideration. But I could not forbear saying, "No wonder the lamp department has high returns."

"Oh, well," shrugged Eve, "stores are to serve the public."

Doubtless. But the service is not free. The public pays. And among other items for which it pays is the return of merchandise.

Returns

IT IS not the lamp section alone; in fact the store in general. All merchandising establishments have a very live problem on their hands under the head of merchandise returns.

At Present the Word "Shopping" Is Quite as Frivolous as "Chatting" or "Dancing." All Three Sound Like a Pleasant Way to While Away an Unoccupied Afternoon

Since the close of the war—for returns were stopped by the Government as a war measure—every year sees an increasing volume of goods coming back to the stores from which they have been sold. They come back in crates, boxes, cartons, by parcel post, by express, by freight, by hand. In such a steady stream they return that some departments see one out of every four dollars' worth of merchandise sold, back for reselling. A number of factors is responsible for the condition.

In most houses the sales totals have a direct bearing on the salary of the salesman. That is right and proper. The establishment expects to show a profit in cash. The value of the individual, then, varies in proportion to his money-bringing-in proclivities.

The salesman wants to make sales, the higher and more numerous the better. And if he feels that the customer will stand a little pressure, he applies it.

"I do like this frock," I heard a woman say as she touched an evening gown of madonna with sheik trimmings. "But I am afraid it will clash with my hat. I hardly know what to ——"

"Why not take it home and try it?" suggested the saleswoman soothingly. "It may be an effective contrast. Then if you cannot use it, you can always return it."

The woman, still doubtful, left with the dress under her arm.

"Oh, what a darling slip!" exclaimed a young girl at a table of pink-and-white tub silks. "How much is it?"

"Seventeen-fifty," replied the saleswoman.

The young woman sighed.

"I can never afford it. Have you anything around five dollars?"

We had, but the seventeen-fifty sale would give a better showing. After a slight verbal skirmish, the darling slip left in company with the girl.

"I know it is a beauty," she agreed; "but I ought never to be so extravagant."

She was not. In a day or two back came the slip, and this time the girl did not want any at any price. Likewise, back came the dress which clashed with the hat. Both women, away from an atmosphere of overpersuasion, had quietly solved their own economic problems.

But how does this procedure help sales commissions? The answer is that there is always a sporting chance that the article will stay sold, also that the returned sale may not be connected with the original saleswoman. The customer may fail to bring back her sales slip and she may forget from whom she made the purchase.

I was passing leisurely through the hat department one afternoon.

"There she is now," a large, overdressed woman wheezed, bearing down on me.

She paused in front of me. "Don't say you have forgotten me."

"No," I answered tentatively; "no."

"And I want you to know that the hat does not suit my husband at all. I told you that I thought it was unbecoming, and you said ——"

"Pardon me, madame," I replied, "I could not have said anything, for I have never sold a hat in my ——"

"And you said," she continued, without regarding my interruption, "that if he did not like it I should return it, and here it is. I know you don't want to lose the commission, but don't try to tell me that you did not sell it."

I did not try.

Akin to overpersuasion, and actuated by the same motive, is approximation of customers' orders. . . .

"Send me four pairs of navy blue socks, size ten and a half," ordered a man. "I have been paying $2.75 for them."

"Certainly"—from the salesman, and he took the address.

But when he went to fill the order there were no more ten and a half.

"Oh, well," he said philosophically, and he sent out four pairs of size eleven.

"Have we any more of those lace squares?" asked one salesgirl of another. "We haven't? I guess I will send Mrs. Brown a dozen of these oblongs. I thought we had quantities of the squares."

And the socks and the oblongs, in nine cases out of ten, are brought back with noticeable lack of enthusiasm on the part of the recipients.

But it is not at the saleswoman's door that all responsibility for returns must be laid. In fact, they account for but a small portion more than the wrapping and shipping departments.

When I see how many times and how rapidly merchandise must be handled, I am divided between admiration for the wrapping division for being able to tie anything securely enough to weather the hard knocks that are surely coming to it, and for the shipping division for being able to record, dispatch, sort and deliver by a simple twist of the wrist—or rather by a series of simple twists. Naturally, with both sections working under a high-speed pressure, there are times at which the merchandise pays the penalty.

An inspector-wrapper fails to put quite enough cut-tissue padding around a bottle of toilet water. An hour or two later, when the parcel sails through the air on the way to the delivery truck, there is a resultant tinkle, accompanied almost immediately by an aroma of lavender. The toilet water is not coming back. It cannot, for it is distributed impartially on tissue, corrugated paper and wrapper. But the broken container will return—to the inspector's grief.

Saleswomen's Troubles

OR A DRIVER will neatly and firmly put a box of nails on a hatbox. When the packages reach their destination there is a saving of room space. The nails have sunk gradually into the hat compartment. But such compactness has done little if anything to improve the hat; at least if customers are to be given credence.

There is also a small percentage of returns due to misunderstanding.

"I wanted these gloves for Thursday and they did not come," said a nervous little woman as she held out a pair of white kid gloves to an aisle manager.

"And they failed to reach you?" he asked.

"Yes, I wanted them for a party. I had to leave at three. They did not arrive until five o'clock. They are valueless to me now."

"I suppose you told the saleswoman the time you would need them?" was the tactful query.

"I do not remember all my conversation," was the helpful reply. "I know I am not going to keep the gloves now at any rate."

And of course she did not.

Another customer stopped me with a belligerent gleam in her eye.

"You work here?"

I pleaded guilty.

"Well, you can send out for your place cards and favors any time you want. I will never carry them in to you."

I had not been expecting anyone to carry any favors to me, but I did not share my thought. Instead I made a sympathetic sound.

"Yes," she agreed, "I call it an outrage to promise and fail to deliver. It almost ruined my party."

We connected with the saleswoman.

"Certainly I remember your order. Didn't it reach you Tuesday? What a shame!"

It was a shame, because the saleswoman had taken for granted that any article sold on Monday would be delivered on Tuesday. And this order, of all orders, had met a slight delay in the credit department. There was no sign on the sales slip that there was need for haste, so the merchandise made its appearance on Wednesday morning. And it was brought back by the shipping department the following Tuesday.

The higher cost of commodities is an unwitting factor in some returns.

I was talking to a hosiery manufacturer recently. Labor, dye costs, overhead and increased price for raw material have made a pair of stockings that sold at one dollar before the war bring three and a half dollars now. With what

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MARK TWAIN AND THE EXPORT BUSINESS—By J. R. Sprague

NOT long ago I heard a gifted public speaker announce that travel would bring about world peace. He stated that if more people would go about in foreign countries and spread the gospel of geniality and good fellowship, all petty differences would soon be lost in an overwhelming sense of mutual respect and love. He stated also that trade follows travel; that every person who goes abroad is in effect an unofficial salesman for the products of the farms and factories of his home land. This sounded noble indeed; but spending a season in England and seeing the way the British and their visiting colonial cousins manage to irritate one another, one is inclined to doubt. Speaking generally, international travel might help to bring world peace and good business if the travelers would take their native tact and good manners along with them; if they were not so inclined to an aggressive patriotism.

We Americans can learn something from the little family spats of our Anglo-Saxon relatives. During the past year the big government exhibition at London has brought colonials from all known parts of the empire and from other parts never heard of outside the colonial office. It is interesting to mix with these people and hear them tell how much bigger, better and finer things are back home.

The Derby this year was run under somewhat depressing conditions, in as much as it rained torrents all day and the half million people present were wet, uncomfortable, and most of them unable to see anything through the forest of umbrellas and automobile tops. To cap the climax some of the bookmakers seized the opportunity to run away just before the big race, carrying their clients' money with them. In the midst of it all a large and exasperated gentleman from New Zealand who had paid three guineas for a seat on top of a double-decked omnibus sprang to his feet and declared himself in a voice evidently intended to reach the royal pavilion half a mile away. "If a show was handled this way in Auckland," he announced, "everyone connected with it would be pinched!"

A story was told me by the head of a London exporting house who said that one day he was transacting some business with a client from Australia who had brought his wife with him, and evidently the lady was not having the good time she had expected. The Londoner, in an effort to be agreeable, asked the lady if she had been to the Olympia horse show. She replied that she had, but that the horses did not compare with those in Australia. Then he remarked that he knew she must be interested in the London theaters; to which she replied that the stock company in Melbourne had spoiled her for anything in England. Persisting in his attempts to be pleasant the Londoner suggested that she would probably enjoy looking over the shop windows, and if she would amuse herself among the Regent Street department stores for a while and come back when her husband's business was finished they would all three go for afternoon tea. The lady accepted his suggestion, returning in less than half an hour.

Colonial Amenities

"I'VE looked at the shop windows," she said. "They're nothing to compare with our shops in Melbourne and Sydney."

Sometimes it requires considerable ingenuity for a foreign traveler to prove his superiority and to put the native in his place. Another Londoner told me of an incident that occurred recently when he happened to encounter a colonial gentleman and his wife who were coming out of the British Museum after making an exhaustive study of the statuary.

Choosing her time when there was quite a crowd of English people within hearing the lady passed this remark: "It's all very beautiful, of course; but I must say it is rather disgusting. We wouldn't allow such an exhibition in Capetown!"

One day at the Wembley exhibition my attention was attracted to a young man who was going from one display to another with the air of one who felt he must look at the various objects but finding little of interest, and at last the secret came out.

"They call this a good show, do they?" he demanded in a loud voice. "All I've got to say is, they ought to come to Toronto just one time and see what a real show is."

Last summer in one of the London tourist agencies, which happened to be crowded at the moment, a tall, immaculately dressed Englishman with spats and monocle was taking up considerable of the time of the attendants in planning a tour, apparently oblivious of the other people waiting to be served. It really did appear as though he thought the office was there for his individual use. A colonial gentleman in the rear stood it as long as he could, and then voiced his precise opinion of the characteristics of the inhabitants of the mother country.

"An Englishman," he remarked, "never says he is the lord of creation. He doesn't even think he is the lord of creation. He just knows it!"

The English are a sophisticated race, used to the vagaries of outside peoples, but it must not be supposed they always take the criticisms of their colonial brothers in a passive spirit. One day in a Piccadilly restaurant a gentleman from Australia made something of a scene when he learned that he could not get Australian wine with his dinner, and took occasion to give the waiter a lecture on the subject. Among other things he stated positively that no English wine was fit to drink; that French wines were a little better, but even the French had to import the Australian product to mix with theirs in order to give body to the product. Whether the gentleman was in the wine trade himself or whether his lecture was merely demonstration of a loyal chamber-of-commerce spirit did not appear; but it evidently aroused some antagonism in the mind of an elderly Englishman sitting with a friend at a near-by table.

Waiting until the lecture was finished and the clatter of the restaurant had momentarily stopped the Englishman remarked blandly to his companion, "Windy fellows, these Australians, don't you think?"

The wife of a prominent New Zealander described to me a conversation she had heard in a London omnibus. It appears two English girls were talking about a mutual friend.

"You know, I suppose," said one of them, "that Constance is married?"

"Why, no, I hadn't heard of it," said the other. "Whom did she marry?"

"You will hardly believe it," said the first, "but Constance married a man from New Zealand!"

The friend raised her eyes to heaven in a gesture of utter amazement. "How ever could Constance have done a thing like that!" she ejaculated. "I always thought she was a refined person."

It was in the office of a London railway company that a party of colonials just arrived from Capetown were making complaint about their luggage, which had gone astray on the trip from Southampton to the metropolis. They expressed themselves rather forcibly on the subject of English railway methods and did not hesitate to state that things were managed much better in South Africa, where, according to their conversation, the railway coaches are vastly more comfortable, the engines much larger and the conductors more courteous. Standing near by were two tall Englishmen, one of whom was considering a trip around the world and trying to decide on his itinerary. The other was advising the future traveler where he should go.

Shop-Window Lessons

"CERTAINLY I wouldn't advise you to touch at Capetown, old chap," the friend said, looking disapprovingly at the South Africans through his monocle, "because you wouldn't see any real English people there. Only blacks, you know, and colonials!"

All these things are, of course, merely family tiffs which have little meaning except to prove that people who live in different countries have a tendency to rub one another the wrong way when they go visiting. But with Americans in England the case is different. We left the colonial class in 1776, since which time we have made considerable progress. When we go back to the old place and find fault the situation becomes more serious because we are so big and so successful. Besides that, England owes us money, and a creditor must always step carefully if he wants to hold his debtor's good will.

No one knows this better than the business men who are trying to sell American goods in England. Commerce is governed by sentiment to an extent hardly imagined by anyone not actually engaged in it, and there is, to put it plainly, a certain undercurrent of antagonism in Great Britain toward goods made in the United States. One has only to notice the shop windows to sense this feeling. In America we are used to seeing the merchants actually feature the fact that certain articles are of English production. But in all England during a stay of several months I have seen only one place where the word American was used as a sales argument, and that was in a shop in Whitechapel, London, located between a Chinese laundry and a sailors' lodging house. From the nature of his surroundings one wondered how the proprietor could get enough clients to maintain him in his chosen profession. The sign read thus: "Ladies and Gents clothes cleaned and pressed by American method."

More significant was the example furnished by two shopkeepers in Oxford Street during one week of the past summer. In the show window of one establishment was a tremendous display of clocks of all descriptions—little nickel alarms that sold for three shillings.

If Travelers Would Take Their Native Tact Along With Them

(Continued on Page 64)

SOPHISTICATION

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

His Rubber Soles, With a Hole in One, Had Brought Him Here, and He Was Hearing Strange Things Where There Should be Nothing to be Heard

ERMYNTRUDE came pattering among the vines and leaped against Stukely's chest with a certain violence of emotion that sent him tottering as he crouched. His equilibrium vanished while Ermyntrude clung to his shirt, and he sat down on several tomatoes just discarded as too ripe for commercial use. So he spoke loudly to Ermyntrude, and Joe Fancher lifted pale eyebrows on the moist chocolate of his summer complexion, drawling, "Oh, brother! Words such as those weren't meant to be used on Sunday!"

"I think being a mother excites her too much," said Stukely, over one shoulder, while he batted Ermyntrude aside and tried to see the devastated regions of his cotton trousers. "Ever since her kittens, she's been frivolous. Oh, go drink some milk, Ermyntrude! Get out of here! Go on!"

"Women are always excited about such stuff," his brother-in-law assured him. "Look at this triflin' Norah I'm married to, takin' the kid to sorta display him all around Long Island. That littybitty tooth he's got ain't no more excitin' than any tooth. But look how she went on. You Ermyntrude, go stay with your babies, or nex' time you want cream off my oatmeal you don't get it. . . . How hot it is," he pondered, staring up at the golden sky so that his turquoise eyes held each a little gilded star. "How hot! . . . Offa me, Ermyntrude! You're gettin' too gay for a preacher's cat. Aroint thee, wench!"

"It's bad luck to quote Macbeth."

Stukely yawned.

"It's all of Macbeth I ever knew or will remember," Joe drawled; "nor would I have knew so much but that grandmamma once carried me clean to St. Louis to see some actor look foolish in it. I was young then, 'bout ten to eleven, an' Jasper Whibble gave me a very superior kinda mud turtle he'd found in the creek, and about when the witch lady says 'Aroint thee, wench' was when the turtle crawled outa my pants onto grandmamma. And superstitions are bad for you, kid, an' you oughta be ashamed. Gimme a smoke. That pretty silk purse Norah made me to lug tobacco in has a leak in it 'cause your mamma didn't raise her to sew decent. I can sew better'n her myself. . . . Offa me, Ermyntrude! . . . When I was young in the Marines I got so's I could sew a button on under shell fire without ——"

He paused the mellifluous surge of his drawl to watch Ermyntrude commit herself definitely to a policy. With her best malignant expression she jumped into a crate of scarlet tomatoes and began to knead them heavily, persevering even when Joe had gripped her sulphur tail, and bringing with her in passage much paper from the lining of the box.

"That," said Stukely wearily, "is too much on a hot day! Swat her!"

"She's very s'phisticated. She wants a piece of milk," Joe decided, arising to an exact six feet with Ermyntrude pendent from one brown fist. "Very well, woman! Only I and Cousin Stukely run this farm for his poppa to make money. You'll be butchered to make a Roman's holiday whenever next I catch you doughin' a tomato thataway."

"You're very literary this morning," Stukely mentioned.

"It's Sunday. Mechanical, kinda," Joe Fancher brooded. "On Sunday I always get very virtuous an' sorta sad. Daddy always useda try his sermons on me Saturday nights when I was young down in Gawgia an' he could find me out around. About seven to nine on Saturdays I begin to get sad, sorta, an' awful damn refined. I'd ha' went to church with the Reverend Kent but these tomatoes have gotta get packed before tomorrow. Uh-huh! Your daddy would have had my shoulder to sleep on in church but tomorrow's when we ship this stuff. I never saw a preacher didn't sleep in church when he wasn't preachin', but they always do it sorta sedater than most. . . . Look at that cat leave us now! And after makin' so joyful a cry for milk! It comes of callin' her Ermyntrude, ace. A cat named Henrietta or Shellback woulda stuck to the point an' had her a dish of milk. But Ermyntrude tries to be temperamental, like what your fool sister named her. What would have become of the poor louse if we'd consented to Melisandy, like Norah wanted?"

Ermyntrude made two sides of a sharp triangle across the dooryard and then fled in a yellow flurry straight to the stable where her newest family was somewhere obscurely quartered, for she seemed a distrustful cat, and her children appeared only when able to walk alone. Stukely sat on an end of the crate and ate a tomato thoughtfully. He was rather afraid of Ermyntrude. There had never been cats at the rectory of St. Philip's Church in New York, and a year of Ermyntrude had not endeared her. Certainly a thirty-acre farm needed a cat; but not, in his speculative consideration, many cats.

He asked, "D'you think she suspects we chloroformed those last kittens? She seemed perfectly contented with the four we left. But she's hidden this batch very thoroughly. I haven't heard a squeak."

Joe Fancher rolled his eyes and raised both hands to heaven, moaning, "Come, lightnin'! Suspect? Oh, child! An' you close to twenty! There's no cat ever lived three years ain't wiser'n any of King David's kids! All cats are s'phisticated.

"Milliners turn into cats when they die, an' so do drummers an' quartermaster sergeants an' persons that own pool rooms. A cat ain't ever innocent like a calf or a dawg is. They're born all fulla corruption an' sin. When daddy preached out in Eutropius, Missouri, we had a cat named Agag that useda be very prominent in town. On Sundays he'd sit in the church door, an' many would blush to pass him by because he was the exact image of old Newt Lefferts, that kept bar down by the railway. An' whenever Butch McCune or Johnston Wales ever came to church, Agag used arch up his back an' laugh like he'd laid him an egg. And when Johnston got shot for ——"

"Go on," said Stukely with a grimness; "pile it up, Joe!"

"I'm only tellin' you what happened, Stuke! Anyhow, when Johnston got shot for whatever he got shot for, Agag came right along to the cemetery with the pallbearers an' stood by the grave weepin' for a good customer. Very often he useda go round by Newt Lefferts' ol' bar an' sorta spit at the fella that then owned it. Grandmamma couldn't abide Agag, an' he had to sleep in the woodshed. I've always suspected it was how he met his latter end. 'Cause the first thing she run over when she bought her a car was certainly Agag. I and Jasper Whibble buried him in the cemetery alongside Newt Lefferts, an' a littybitty catflower tree sprung up d'rectly. Only grandmamma was very shocked about it. But Agag wouldn't of sprouted inta lilies, like I an' you will."

He strolled off, humming, toward the white farmhouse, and Stukely looked after him with a real reverence. The limber figure in its soiled and patched denim retired up the

steps of the kitchen, and melody came flooding back through the heat after the screen had slammed:

"Lawd Lovel he stood at his castle-gate
Combin' his milk-white steed;
An' around pranced the lady Nancy Bell,
To wish her lover Gawdspeed—eed—eed,
For to wish her lover Gawdspeed."

The lid of the ice box crashed heavily between the stanzas and Joe's wailing tenor came thickly, as through food:

"Oh, where you goin', Lawd Lovel, says she,
Oh where you gonna go to, says she
I'm goin' abroad for a year an' a day,
Strange countries for to see—ee—ee,
Strange countries for to see."

Ermyntrude's delicate but insistent purr came from Stukely's feet and he looked down absently into her viperous eyes. She had deposited before his rubber soles one utterly black and still sightless kitten that wriggled helplessly with its carmine paws in air and made thin trivial sounds under the lift of Joe's ballad.

" . . . an' he rode for a year an' a day,
Till he came to London town,
An' there he heard the bells ring out,
An' the people all mournin' aroun' -aroun' -
And the folks were all mournin' aroun'."

Stukely shifted one foot in the loose dirt of the tomato vineyard and rolled a cigarette nervously, pretending that Ermyntrude didn't know how he hated the next verse of the drowsy song:

"An' who are you buryin'? Lawd Lovel, he asked,
Oh, who are you buryin'? says he.
It's a pretty gal died of a broken heart,
An' they called her the Lady Nancy—cy—cy.
They called her the Lady Nancy. . . .

"Lady Nancy she died, as you might say, today,
Lawd Lovel he died on the morrow
Lady Nancy she died of pure, pure grief
Lawd Lovel, he died of sorrow—of sorrow,
Lawd Lovel, he died of sorrow. . . ."

Ermyntrude gave Stukely a nod and then rushed busily through the vines toward the stable. The boy stooped to look at the black kitten, and it tried, rather badly, to sit upright, and then collapsed, shocked by the slamming of the kitchen door.

"They planted 'em both by the churchyard gate
Right next to the church's spire,
An' outa the lady there sprang a red rose,
An' outa Lawd Lovel a briar—ire—ire.
An' outa Lawd Lovel a bri . . ."

The song slid down into a basso murmur and then stopped. Joe paused among the vines with an angle of pie in his hand and gazed with sapphire eyes at the kitten, his round face empty as a hoop. Then he yelled, "Take that outa this patch, you Stuke! G'on! Right away take it down to the branch an' heave it in!"

"And who was kidding me about superatitions?" Stukely scoffed, touching a thumb to the kitten's rounded belly

"Don't touch it! Lot's wife was turned to salt for less! Draw you'self a circle an' spit in it! The tomatoes'll get spotty an' the cows'll get the plague! Don't you know that's worse'n burnin' a spider? . . . Looka there! She's fetchin' another one! Go on from here, you cat! If I could catch me your husband I'd slaughter him!" Ermyntrude halted in the wired gate of the garden and glared at Joe Fancher, with the next kitten in her teeth. Then she seemed to consider the balanced segment of pie, and then she retired backward, step by step.

"And you'll be twenty-four in October," said Stukely

"Uh-huh! An' I'll always be four years an' a month older'n you, ace! I'll burn peanut shells an' look at the new moon through glass an' throw my hat on a lady's bed! But black cats I wul not have around me!" Joe declaimed, waving the pie. He permitted his eyes to resume their natural turquoise, and ordered, "Take that crawlin' reptile outa these tomatoes. Give it back to Ermyntrude, if you ain't man enough to heave it in the creek! Only take it away from me, quick!"

Stukely cuddled the kitten against his brown cotton shirt and strolled past Joe with a sniff. Ermyntrude watched him, not affectionately but with a sufficient tolerance, and led him in a stately pace to the concrete garage beside the eastern barn. On its sill she paused and then indicated that the little car would do as a nursery by leaping into the rear seat and dropping her child on a rug.

"Your mistake," said Stukely. "That's a motor. We go riding in it. Here's this basket on the bench. Perfectly good, and has some rags in the bottom. Bring that brat here, and here's this one. . . . So!"

He smiled at Ermyntrude timidly while she kneaded the rags of an old sweater in the basket and twitched her ears concessively but without pleasure. It would do, but it wasn't what she liked. She wasn't grateful, and the tip of her tail drooped as she roamed off under the white fence that joined the barn to the stable. Her whole motion was that of a matron badly seated at a smart wedding by an ineffective usher, and Stukely felt that he was to blame. He made a cigarette and watched the two kittens wriggling against each other on tattered wool, while he cleaned tomato from a thumb nail. Life for these blind writhers and yappers was merely milk and rest and rest and milk. They hadn't any obligations. Their father's tomatoes weren't ripe and their cook hadn't gone to Boston yesterday. They only dozed and drank. Perhaps they recognized Ermyntrude, somehow, when she brought a third relative, whose voice had developed already into a tremulous, full soprano. But they would simply think of her as a reservoir.

The tall boy yawned and wondered what Joe would cook for lunch, and whether his sister and mother were hot at Southampton with Uncle George Stukely, and whether his

(Continued on Page 146)

The Man Came Lurching Out of the Chair With a Queer Long Cough, and Then Was Not a Man But a Scarecrow Loosed From Its Stake

A WOMAN'S MONEY

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

Gladys Strolled Out, Carefully Repowdering Her Nose From Her Vanity Case

SHE came stepping daintily, confidingly into my office, a slim, gray-haired little lady around fifty, exquisite as a piece of rare old Sèvres, with a gay and innocent face. One of the sheltered ones, beloved, guarded from every harsh wind that blew—I gathered that right away. Her deep mourning revealed her plight and why she was out breasting alone the rough blasts of the business world. She sat down, told me a few facts about herself, then fumbled with her pretty fingers in her bag and with a sweet, confiding smile handed me about the worst list of securities that I have ever seen outside of a bucket shop. It was bad from every angle—marketability, income, increase, diversity. It broke every investment rule. I tried not to groan out loud.

"Is—is there anything the matter?" she demanded nervously, watching my face.

"Everything!" I said, but I said it in my heart.

"You shouldn't have concentrated so much money in that moving-picture concern," I replied gently. Twenty thousand dollars they'd chiseled from her bank account. "And they should never have sold you common stock. There's too much risk. Who advised you on this?"

"Such a nice young man!" she exclaimed. "He came around to see me and explained all about the company. He was investing his own money in it, and his mother's too. He had the sunniest smile!"

"No doubt," I said dryly. Still, twenty thousand dollars was an excessive price for a smile—even a high-grade, sunny smile.

"Why didn't you get some advice before you went into this? Why didn't you ask your bank to investigate?"

"Oh, he said that wasn't necessary."

"Not from his point of view, but highly necessary for your own safety. How could you tell whether he was telling you the truth?"

"I—I—he made everything so clear," she faltered. "He seemed such a nice young man."

Specialists

"HE'S not a nice young man at all," I said bluntly. "He's a nice young scoundrel, if you like, with a winning smile. This is a very bad business. I'm afraid you've lost that money for good."

Her face went white.

"But how could I know?" she gasped.

"You couldn't; not possibly. There wasn't a chance in the world for you to understand. You're too inexperienced. That's why you should have said simply, 'No, no, no!' to everything he said. Let me explain." And then I gave her what I call Lesson Number One for Beginners. "This whole business of investing money in stocks and bonds is extremely complicated and it's becoming more so every year. It requires an expert, a specialist to advise you what's best to do. It's as much of a specialized occupation today as that of medicine or the law. You wouldn't go to a lawyer if your son were down with scarlet fever, because that's not a lawyer's specialty; and you wouldn't pick up the first pedestrian in the street and ask his medical aid. You're too intelligent to do that. And yet you will take financial advice from a perfect stranger, with no credentials except a winning smile. What you are actually doing is paying twenty thousand dollars for that smile, and that's too high to pay for any smile. Whereas, if you'd go to a reputable specialist you'd get your advice free and he'd charge you only a nominal price for buying good, sound securities."

"But who are they, these financial specialists? I never heard of them in my life."

"Banks."

"Oh-h!"

"Also reliable trust companies and investment houses. They specialize in money and investments, and if you go to them they'll give you advice free. Why didn't you consult your bank?"

"Well"—she hesitated, flushed and looked embarrassed—"I—I hated to bother them, and whom should I ask for? What should I say? And why should they trouble about my affairs?" I saw that her shyness, her modesty were real.

"But that's what they're there for; that's what I'm here for; that's our job; we're specialists, trained to help the public invest its money wisely, just as the doctor takes care of you in sickness and the lawyer advises you in law. Of course, there are bad financial advisers just as there are fake doctors and shyster lawyers; but if you go to a big reputable bank or trust company or investment house, they'll give you honest, reliable advice. For they have a fund of specialized knowledge that you or any private individual hasn't got. There are ten commandments for women investors, and the first commandment applies particularly to inexperienced women like you: Thou shalt not buy stocks or bonds or have any financial dealings whatsoever with any salesman or promoter who calls around saying that he has a fine business proposition to sell."

"Never?"

"Never, no matter how slick he talks, no matter how winningly he smiles. Just keep on saying, 'No, no, no,' and get him out of the house as soon as you can before your determination wilts. Now let's analyze that situation a bit. What brought that smiling young man to your door? His own self-advantage. Not advantage for you, but advantage for himself. He wanted your money. But you have as much right to defend your money as he has to take it away from you."

"But he promised me 9 per cent interest."

"Of course he did. And if you'd been experienced, that in itself would have shown you how shaky his whole proposition was, for the highest grade securities only pay 4 and 5 per cent. Why? Because they're absolutely safe. There's no danger, no risk to your capital. But the minute you take a risk with your capital the rate of interest goes up; and the higher the rate, the greater the risk of losing everything you put in. The average woman doesn't seem to see the direct connection between the risk and the rate. They can see the high rate of interest, but they don't see the high degree of risk of losing their whole capital outright which goes hand in hand with it. I don't say that a woman should never take a risk; but I do say that she ought to realize that risk, walk around it, investigate it, think it over, take advice and decide whether she can afford it or not. If she's inexperienced or dependent on her income, she'd better leave it alone. And if she has children"

"I have one son," she interposed softly. "He's fourteen. And that——"

She hesitated and looked down at her bag, clutched tightly in her hands.

"And that?" I prompted gently, for I saw by her sudden breathlessness there was worse to come.

"What I really stopped in to see you for——" Her glance fell on her wrist watch and she sprang up in haste. "Oh, I didn't realize——" she stammered; "it's late; I'm wasting your time."

Poor innocent little easy mark! Had somebody else sold her a gold brick and she was ashamed to tell?

A Borrower in Disguise

"THIS is my easy day," I lied. "Sit down." She put her bag carefully on the table and sank back, twisting her rings. "Now go on."

"I have a friend," she began in a low, hurried voice, "a very dear friend—a woman. She has a son. He's in business."

"And this son wants to borrow some of your money?" I said dryly, for I had heard stories like this before.

"Oh, no, not borrow! He's going to invest it for me."

"In his business?"

"I—I think so. He's absolutely honest. At—at least, his mother is. I—I don't know him very well."

She stared at me, wide-eyed and rather white.

"I see," I said gravely. "And maybe he's honest too. We'll give him the benefit of the doubt. But even if he is, that's no reason for turning over your money to him without investigation. How much does he want?"

"He wanted thirty thousand."

She wet her lips and smiled a blanched little smile.

"You never gave it to him!" I cried, startled, rising from my chair.

"Please Don't Look Like That! You—You Frighten Me." I Stared at Her in Silence. I Suppose I Did Look Savage

She shook her head. "That is, not all I just couldn't. It was so hard to decide. So I drew out fifteen thousand this morning ——" She broke off and said in a voice that shook despite herself: "Please don't look like that! You—you frighten me."

I stared at her in silence. I suppose I did look savage.

"Well, you frighten me," I retorted grimly. "Women like you simply scare me to death."

Twenty thousand for a smile! Fifteen thousand for fear of hurting the feelings of a son of a friend! Why hadn't her husband tied up her money? Well, it wasn't too late to salvage the remnant. I took down the receiver and spoke to the information desk.

"Send in a messenger," I said. My client watched me in surprise as I scratched off a note.

"I'm going to give you a letter to a friend of mine in a national bank and trust company who specializes in attending to the affairs of women in your position without business experience. The bank is one of the largest in the country and its trust department is famous. But don't take my word for that."

"Of course I shall!" she cried indignantly.

"No, no, please. You're too trusting already. Go to your own bank and check up what I say. Then, if you're satisfied, present this letter and talk over your affairs frankly with my friend. It's possible he may be able to get back some of your money. Anyway, they'll investigate and in future you'll have some of the best financial brains in the country to counsel you."

"And you think my friend's son is dishonest?"

"I don't say that. But I do say that it's very rash for you, a widow with a child, inexperienced in business and dependent on your income, to invest a single dollar of your capital without a thoroughgoing investigation by a reliable house."

She rose, smiling.

"Very well, I shan't give it to him," she stated firmly, nodding her head. At my stare of astonishment she laughed softly and tapped her small black bag. "All in there!"

"But—but ——"

Next!

"YOU see, I just couldn't make up my mind. I'd been feeling uneasy two or three days. I hated to distrust anybody, and yet —— Well, finally I drew out the money and then decided to stop off first and talk with you."

"Thank goodness you did! But how did you find us?"

"I ran across your ad in the paper."

I groaned again. Just like that!

"But don't you know," I suggested mildly, "that unscrupulous investment houses and all kinds of swindlers and bucket-shop people advertise in the papers too? They put in big advertisements about 'our' house, 'our' firm, 'our' standing on the exchange, 'our' integrity and the unlimited capital 'we' control. And you could have checked up on us at your bank. But I'm glad you came. Our messenger will accompany you so the bandits won't get you, and after you've talked matters over with my friend in the trust company, ring me up."

She beamed on me gratefully.

"I'd like to invest something with you too," she murmured, and made a motion toward her bag.

"Heavenly powers! Keep that bag shut! Get out! Shoo!"

She departed, laughing, a charming fifty-year-old child. I glanced at the clock. Half the morning gone.

The next client entered, sat down moodily and stared at me in silence for a space, evidently trying to size me up. She looked sensible but angry, flushed yet somehow darkly triumphant, as if she had been through a scrap which hadn't been exactly her own Waterloo. Victory mingled with wrath still sat upon her brow.

"Well," I smiled finally, "what can I do for you?" For I gathered she had not come in merely to look at my beauty, which isn't of a nature to sink a thousand ships.

"I don't know whether you can do anything or not," she snapped back.

"In that case ——" I slanted an eye at the clock.

"Mrs Sands sent me to you," she vouchsafed. I waited. Mrs. Sands was one of my best customers.

"Dave is Pushed to the Limit of His Strength by the Creative End of the Business"

"Can—can I talk frankly with you?" She relaxed and drew a deep breath.

"You may and you must, if I'm to help you. Just put all your cards on the table and let's see where you are."

"I've always done business with the Blank National," she began, still with that ground swell of wrath. "I went to their bond department for advice; to a young ——" She gritted her teeth in fresh rage, choked and broke off.

"The Blank National's all right," I said soothingly. "It has a very good bond department. But of course it's a big place and some of the young salesmen don't use the best of judgment in dealing with women."

"Best? Mine didn't use any. But I'm through!" She brought down her fist on the table like a man. "I'm through!"

"What's the matter?"

"Everything."

I laughed.

"Oh, come now, you don't look to me exactly like a ruined women. Let's get down to brass tacks. What was the squabble about?"

She began to thaw.

"Mrs. Sands said you were one of the rare people who put the advantage of your client before your advantage to yourself, and weren't always trying to sell house specialties that you made a fat commission on. That was my fight with Jones. He was absolutely determined I should buy the securities he wanted me to buy and no others, and it got to be a stand-up encounter between us every time I came in. You'd have thought it was his money, not mine."

"Let me see your list."

She had been holding it in her hand. I glanced it over while her sharp eyes devoured my face. She was right; all her holdings were concentrated in two companies. The Blank National was recommending those securities, and undoubtedly Jones received a special commission or bonus for boosting them. Probably Jones was some keen, green young salesman who had set himself a goal to sell so many securities each month and he was cannily fitting her into his own little private scheme. I hastened to reassure her.

Diversification

"THESE securities are all right. The Blank National is standing behind them and that speaks for itself. Nevertheless, this is not a good list."

"Why did he keep on stuffing that particular bond issue down my throat?" she demanded. "It's like asking the waiter for spinach and having him serve you beans. Suppose you don't care for beans? Beans! Beans! I'm tired of beans! I told him to buy me something else. He argued against it. I began to get scared of him. What's the matter with the list, if the securities are so safe?"

"Your financial adviser ——"

"My ex-financial adviser," she corrected tartly.

"—— has broken one of the ten commandments of investment, and it's a big one too. That commandment says, Thou shalt not put all thy eggs in one basket, no matter how strong the basket, nor if it is carried with ever so steady a hand, even as steady as that of the Blank National. Diversify your investments, scatter them out. If I had ten thousand dollars to invest for a woman, and that was all she possessed in the world, I'd buy her at least ten different kinds of safe securities, for you never can tell what will happen. A security that's absolutely gilt-edged and solid in one year may, by a combination of unfortunate circumstances, go slithering away downhill the next. Let me give you an illustration. Here's a certain interurban electric-railroad bond issue backed by a bank I know. Last year it looked like a fine proposition. The bank, after an exhaustive examination, had loaned it money and recommended the securities to its clients. But along came a jitney company and began to cut into the interurban's profits by offering cheap rates, until now the railroad has a hard time to pay its current expenses, not to mention interest on its loans. Unless it can come to terms with the jitney people, or render competition unprofitable, it has a period of hard sledding ahead.

"But who could foresee that a jitney company would come in and take the interurban's customers away? Suppose you had all your capital tied up in the securities of that company and an emergency arose where you had to have immediate cash, where would you be? Undoubtedly

(Continued on Page 73)

IN THE COW COUNTRY TODAY

By Chester T. Crowell

Making Plans—an Important Event in Ranch Life

THE larger American ranches, as you probably know, are gradually disappearing; and not so very gradually either. I can think of seven that I have seen, containing from 60,000 acres on up to 250,000, that have been cut up and sold to farmers within the last ten years. It is generally assumed that this is an inevitable change. Obvious economic reasons for it are cited—rising prices for land, better markets for farm produce, higher taxes, pressure of increasing population—all that sort of thing.

I had never questioned the fundamental soundness of these explanations, for they are also accepted in the cattle country, where I was reared. But recently I talked with a man who earned his first dollar as a cowboy at the age of sixteen and is now one of the directing heads of one of the largest ranches in the world. He thinks otherwise; he believes the very large ranch is a sounder economic unit today than ever before in the history of this country. The ranch he knows most about contains more than 600 square miles. It is very difficult to argue with a man who has the facts; the best strategy is to listen. So I listened.

A Mail-Order Business in Cattle

THERE is no such thing as a typical cowboy or a typical ranchman. They are and always were as different as the individuals in the American Army immediately after the draft. This man has what a banker or manufacturer would call vision; he is a business executive of outstanding ability. When conditions change he adjusts his methods accordingly; in fact, he pushes on the reins. Change doesn't give him a headache. This quality seems to mark any man as unusual, in spite of the widely known fact that all sorts of conditions are always changing.

He discussed the cattle business in terms of beefsteak and sight drafts. That is his point of view, although he has also driven herds over the long, long trails leading up from West Texas, and has seen thousands of Indians. Oddly enough, I met this pioneer in lower Broadway, not far from Wall Street, where the buildings are so high that the men and women who work in them are called cañon fodder. He has a New York office. The financial end of cattle raising is important; few cattle are sold under the age of one year. The beef crop matures slowly.

"About 90 per cent of the people who buy cattle from us have never seen our ranch," he said, by way of explaining the business methods that make it possible for him to defy the trend of the times.

"You don't mean to tell me you are doing a mail-order business in trainload and car-lot shipments of livestock!" I exclaimed.

"Yes"—very casually. "Why not?"

"Have you been doing this long enough to know it is a success—say, six or seven years?"

"Yes, much longer than that."

Unless the reader knows something of the customary method of buying and selling cattle he will not readily understand that hallowed traditions are trampled upon by such a revolutionary change as selling sight unseen. Time-honored custom dictates that the buyer shall go to the pasture with the seller; there a herd of young steers will be rounded up. If the buyer is in the market for 100, he will probably see not less than 200. The seller will then cut out 100 head of steers which measure up—in his opinion—to the standard he has promised to deliver. The buyer then has a right to what is known as a 10 per cent cut; that is to say, he can decline to accept one out of every ten of the steers offered. Others must be substituted. This custom is so old that to a person familiar with cow-country business etiquette the very suggestion of violating it sounds illegal.

The 10 per cent cut and haggling over substitutions provide the buyer with the natural arena for display of his knowledge of the business. During the negotiations he proves whether he is a good trader. The old-time cattleman vastly enjoyed these sessions and sometimes spent days negotiating.

Eliminating the Old 10 Per Cent Cut

"WHAT takes the place of the 10 per cent cut?" I asked my friend.

"Our own standards," he replied. "We know cattle just as well as anyone else, so we begin by being honest with ourselves. We set a very high standard and do our own cutting. We have two managers; one looks after sales policy and the other attends to production. When the selling manager selects cattle he is representing the buyer as well as the ranch. He can pick out 1000 blooded steers that look in a group as though they had been turned out of a butter mold. Any thoroughly competent ranch manager can do it. It is nothing more than applying to a ranch the one-price system with a standardized product which is now so well known in the merchandising field. It saves the buyers thousands of dollars and weeks of time. They are always welcome to visit the ranch, but they get no 10 per cent cut there either. When the cattle are offered, the buyer can accept them or not as he pleases. They are just like shoes or automobiles or typewriters; they bear our brand and the quality is uniform."

Anyone can see what a system of this sort adequately administered means to the selling end of the business, but he may overlook its bearing upon production. Whenever cattle are rounded up they lose a certain amount of weight and growth. The effect of one round-up would be negligible, but in the course of a year there would be a difference between the

Chasing a Yearling on a Wyoming Ranch

condition and growth of two herds one of which had been disturbed very little and the other frequently. When I remarked on this, the cattleman said, "We sell nothing by weight, either actual or estimated." So there went another hallowed tradition of the cow country.

"Everything is sold by the head," he continued. "With the right breeds of beef cattle, weight is not important at the age of one year or thereabouts. Our steer calves are sold to the feeders, who prepare them for market, and their breed is what tells in the final reckoning. We are dealing in a standard product and we know what it will be when properly matured. Weather conditions affect the weight of calves; a wet season, for instance, shows lighter calf weights, but they will mature according to their blood. Weight used to be important because it was an indication of a possible good strain of blood, but it has no bearing on our stuff. Our standard calves at the time they leave the pasture on their way to the feeding belt, usually average 375 to 400 pounds. In transit they will lose up to ninety pounds; the shrinkage is always heavy. But with fair conditions they should recover all that in two weeks. The breed and blood are what count and we have no time to haggle over nonessentials."

Cowboys Branding Cattle

Though these details were interesting enough, they related only to one well-managed ranch and I wished to take a broader survey of the field. I called my friend's attention to the fact that every ranch couldn't possibly have the sort of sales manager who originally introduced the new and revolutionary methods just described. The manager in question, I learned, came from one of the large packing houses and must have been well paid. I wanted to discuss conditions as men of more nearly average ability would see them. Therefore I called attention to the fact that cattlemen have had much to say during recent years about bad conditions that they feel are beyond their control; in fact, many of them think they are engaged in a business that is destined to disappear from this country.

Cattlemen and Middlemen

"IT DEPENDS upon your definition of a cattleman," said my friend. "Most of the cattlemen I know are doing fairly well and some of them are getting rich."

"All right, then; we'll begin by defining the word cattleman," I agreed. "What is a cattleman?"

"He is a man who owns cows and bulls and calves," was the prompt reply. "He sells steers, but doesn't buy many. There are a lot of men operating in the cow country nowadays who don't own anything but steers. I wouldn't call those men cattle raisers, but they think they are. Everything on four hoofs that they own is for sale all the time. They are traders and speculators, but I wouldn't call them cowmen. They are middlemen. Most of them were brought up in the cow country and used to ride herd. Some of them still own land here and there, but for the most part they lease more pasture land than they own. The businesses they operate come pretty close to being liquid assets; they could close out almost overnight. The way these men operate is to range around and pick up yearlings here and there at attractive prices, stocking up leased pastures. If the market looks right they may try to fatten some cattle; if it doesn't look promising they sell at the first indication of profit.

"Naturally every guess they make doesn't register a bull's-eye; sometimes you'll find them $100,000 or more in debt and talking to themselves. The outlook suddenly appears very gloomy for the whole cattle industry. I've heard them say that it's only a matter of a few more years until all our meat will be imported. Well, I think that time is quite a few decades in the distance.

"Now a sure-enough cattle raiser has an entirely different sort of business. In the first place he doesn't get pinched for money; at any rate, his chances are much better at the bank, and for an obvious reason. Cows multiply. Steers don't. A cowman can certainly borrow 40 per cent of the value of his herd if he has any sort of standing as a man. If he has an excellent reputation for ability and business integrity, and his pasture lands—either owned or leased or both—will adequately support his herd, he can borrow more than 40 per cent.

"Next let us suppose that he has a whole season of bad luck—prices go down and the rainfall is spotty; he can't sell his cattle and he has to move them by train to better grass; then he has a hard winter and needs more money to buy feed because the grass is short. Meantime his notes are falling due. Unless the bank is pretty hard pressed by general conditions, it will be entirely willing to carry him through. You see, his security will be growing faster than the additional loans and the compound interest. He remains a good risk. After the hard winter his herd nearly doubles. He's all right.

"I can remember whole sieges of bad years in the old days. There'd be droughts and raids and thieves and Indians and sickness; then early snows, low prices, glutted markets and about everything else you can think of; but most of us came through. We had cows. Even in the earliest and worst days there was a lot of Scotch and English money invested in cattle loans in this country. The traditional rate on cattle loans is 8 per cent and that looked pretty good over in the British Isles. I can remember when English ranchmen were the favorite joke of the cow country. They were usually young men sent over to engage in the business for no other reason than to provide security for 8 per cent loans. They used to ask the cowboys some amazing questions and try out wonderful theories."

Changes Due to Speculation

"A REAL cowman who knows his business and has a fairly good pasture can make money today whether he operates on a large or a small scale. If he speculates—and nearly all of them do—he'll have the ups and downs that go with gambling.

"Speculation is now accepted as virtually an essential feature of ranching. As a result there are astonishing changes. Well, let me cite an example. Many years ago I numbered among my comrades a cowman whose standards of honesty were regarded as high even in those days when nearly everyone was rigidly honest. He brought up a son like himself. The verbal promise of either of them was worth whatever money they needed. Not long ago an officer of a cattle-loan company told me that the son had sold a small herd of mortgaged steers in flagrant violation of the criminal statutes. He was indicted, tried and acquitted by a jury on which other cattlemen sat. I am told that he goes about his business without having suffered loss

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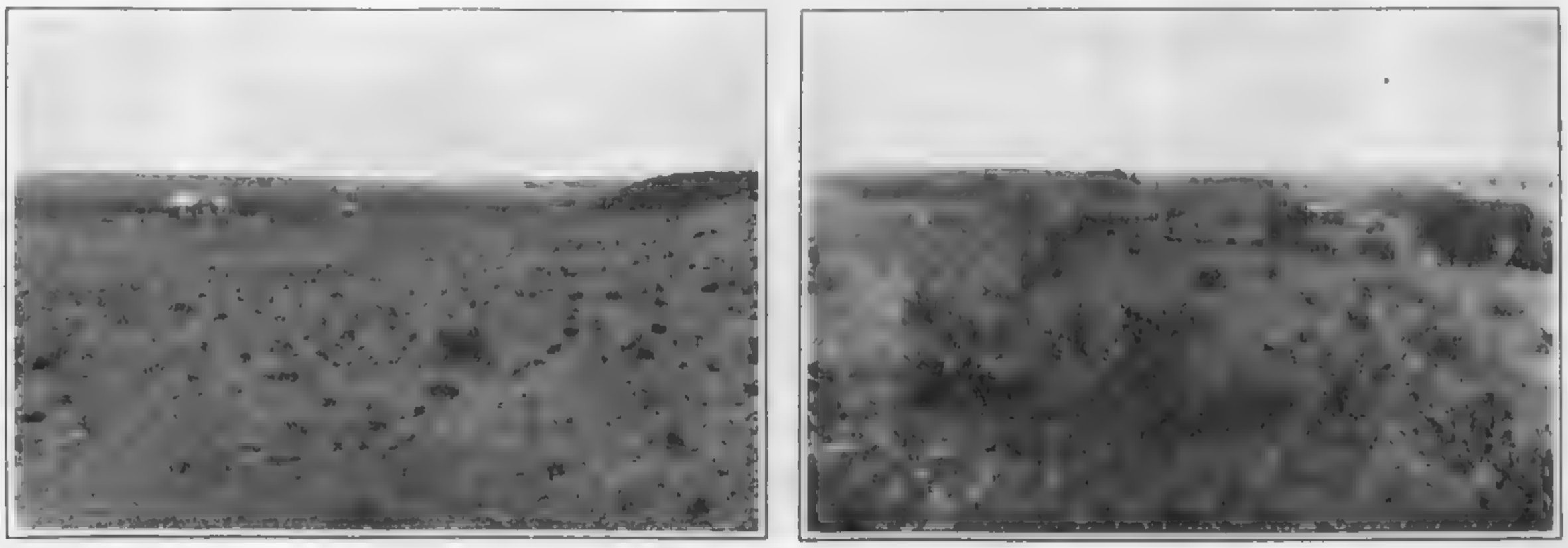

Cattle Ranges of the Southwest

THE BLACK CARGO

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

XV

I OFTEN think the dead in our town lie in a fairer place than the living. It is often so along our coast. They are on a high bit of ground, close to the harbor, so that you can see their resting places from the decks as soon as you pass the first buoy, and when you climb from the street the dunes and the ocean catch your eye, and there is hardly a tombstone that does not stare blindly out to sea. Even in midsummer the grass is brown about them, for it is a sandy place and swept by the wind.

It was quiet as I climbed up the West Hill that morning. The sun was already high and I was quite alone. It was beating down on the rows of slate headstones, making their inscriptions as clear as the letters of the judgment book, terse and austere summaries of vanished endeavors. In the days those stones were reared few people cared for pretense, and seldom strove to hide the grimness of the end of man. As I walked through the gate at West Street, life lay before me like a page to read as I liked between the lines. Up and up the hill they stood in silent rows, the last memorial of names already forgotten, of frail humanity that had vanished in the air, leaving nothing but a few letters surmounted by a skull and wings.

It was strange to think that they had once walked the streets below, and that their voices had echoed in the very houses that kept us from the rain; strange that they also had laughed and raised their hands in anger, that their eyes had also shone with hope and love—for of all of them nothing was left.

Deep as their names were carved, hardly one was more than a vague myth. Nothing they had done in their years of life remained to tax the memory.

I picked my way past their stones. The Nickersons, I knew, lay buried just over the rise of the hill. I remember I had just come to the first of the family—old Jacob Nickerson, who once had a mill on the marshes—when I heard a sound which made me stop. It came to me on the wind, the sharp ringing sound of a hammer. I moved forward more quietly until I could see farther down the slope.

Not thirty feet in front of me where the hill inclined more gradually, was an imposing tomb of brick with a marble top. A man was leaning over it, a man with a spotted blue coat. It was Mr. Richard Parton. He was bending over the tomb with a hammer and chisel in his hand. As I looked, he dealt the chisel a series of deft blows, and then bent closer to blow off the marble dust. I could see the wind blow a touch of it back in his face, so that he coughed and half-closed his eyes, but immediately he was at it again. I could see his profile contorted into an intent smile. Something in the hasty pecking of his chisel, something in the way he was smiling warned me it was better not to interrupt him then. I wished to move back, but I was afraid he might hear, so instead I sank down beside a stone, and continued to watch.

If Mr. Parton was not used to the stonecutter's art, he was an adept with his hands. Every motion he made was quick and sure, as though he had often rehearsed it. He must have been at work for some time, for the marble dust was heavy on his sleeves. As I watched him I could hear him whistling a little tune between his teeth, a tune which rose clearly every time he poised his hammer. Once, when his work seemed to strike him as peculiarly satisfactory, he even sang the words softly through his nose. I still remember them:

Three dozen niggers stowed safe in the hold—
Three dozen niggers—the rest was stiff and cold.

I must have watched him for ten minutes before he finished. Still whistling he stood up straight and dusted at his sleeves. Then he carefully dusted the tombstone itself. Then he turned and threw the hammer down the hill, and the chisel after it. He seemed content with the message he had left for posterity, for he picked up his hat and set it jauntily on his head.

I watched him make his way carefully among the graves until he had disappeared. Even after that it was some time before I moved. I had never seen before, and I doubt if I shall ever see again a man come back to examine his own tomb.

It was his tomb. There on the top in neat deep capitals was his name:

Sacred to the Memory of

RICHARD PARTON ESQ.

A Gentleman of Portsmouth Beloved by His Wife and Child
A Trader in the Pacific and Indian Oceans

Lost at sea April 18th, 1817
In the 37th Year of His Age

By His Former
Associate in Ventures of Trading
Elphalet Greer
This Monument is Erected

It was clear to see where Mr. Parton's chisel had cut. There were rough, hasty gashes and wavering lettering between the original lines, the result of an hour's or two hours' hasty work, scrawling, uneven tyro's letters, but legible enough, and permanent. Words had been crossed out, and others added with little thought of evenness or space. Nevertheless, though the memory of other sleepers beneath the sod was permanently gone, Mr. Parton had added enough to make his personality vivid as long as the marble slab lay face upward toward the sky:

Sacred to the Memory of

RICHARD PARTON ESQ.

A Gentleman of Portsmouth Beloved by His Wife and Child
A Trader in the Pacific and Indian Oceans

Marooned April 18th, 1817
In the 37th Year of His Age

By His Former Marooner and
Associate in Ventures of Nigger Trading
Eliphalet Greer
This Monument is Erected

RETURNED TO THIS LIFE APRIL 18, 1832
IN THE 52D YEAR OF HIS AGE

XVI

IT IS not my own story I am telling, and if it were I should not be telling it. What there is of myself in these pages relates entirely to other men. I wish I could draw back altogether, but I cannot. For, somehow, passages in my own life are parts of the story itself. I wonder if my father ever thought when he threw down his hand and left for other spheres, ruined and discredited, of the part that he was yet to play. I wonder what he would have written on his tomb if he could have returned as Mr. Parton did. I remember thinking of it as I stood ankle deep in the dead winter-worn grass, for he was lying not so very far away.

I must have been staring at Mr. Parton's tomb for some time, when I became aware that I was not alone on West Hill. Though Mr. Parton had hurried down the hill and out of sight, I knew I was not the only one watching by his grave. Quiet places possess peculiar properties unknown to frequented ways. They are unused to the sound of footsteps. The slightest variance of common sounds creates a discord which I cannot explain. Perhaps the discord is not even sound itself. It may only be a difference in the quality of silence. I knew I was not alone.

There was no difference in the noise of the wind. No shadow was cutting off the light. Yet I knew that things were different. Someone was behind me—not a ghost, not a memory, but someone as alive as I. For a moment I stood quite motionless. I stood quiet, but I could feel that I was trembling, and then I heard a sound, as though a garment had rubbed carelessly against a stone, but I did not turn around. I pretended not to hear, and put my hand in my pocket. My hand was over the pistol, the pistol I had taken to the island. It made my hand cold as I touched it. I moved my fingers over the lock. My thumb was on the hammer. The cap was in place. Slowly, very slowly, I drew the hammer back. I bent closer over the tombstone, as though I could not decipher the inscription, and my

I Had Been Right. Someone Had Been Behind Me, But It Was Not One of Elphalet's Men, Nor Was It Mr. Parton

fingers had closed over the trigger.

It was all the matter of an instant, but I could think quickly then. Eliphalet Greer had set someone to follow me, or Mr. Parton knew already, had seen me, and had rounded the hill himself. I bent closer, drew in my breath, and leaned my left hand on the marble. Then I turned, and drew my pistol as I did so. I was quick, very quick in those days. I had been aloft too often for my mind and body not to work together. By the time I was around my pistol was level, pointing straight to where I had heard the sound.

"Put up your hands!" I said, and then I stopped.

I had been right. Someone had been behind me, but it was not one of Eliphalet's men, nor was it Mr. Parton. I lowered my pistol and let the hammer gently down. Not four feet from where I was standing was Prudence Murdock. Her head was bare. Her hair was blown back from her forehead. A long gray cloak was wrapped about her, and she was holding it with both her hands. I remember I forgot in my surprise how strange it was that she should be there then. She had not started back. She was still as the stones themselves, still as some apparition.

"Put it back," she said, and smiled very faintly. "I can't put up my hands and keep my cloak on too."

As she stood with the wind blowing past, it did not seem strange that she and I should meet again. In the clear sea air she seemed a part of the day itself, as bright and as clear as the sunlight.

"You were a long way off," she said, "but I knew it was you walking up the hill."

Somehow, now that I saw her again, I felt strangely at rest. My dark thoughts grew clear; I felt where she was, nothing could be wrong. Though she was a part of it, though I knew she was a part of it, she seemed far removed from the whole drab story, something distinct and beyond.

"Why were you looking at that stone?" she asked.

And then I told her what I had seen, but she hardly seemed to listen.

When I finished she still stood quietly looking out at the sea, unmoved and not surprised.

"Let me see," was all she said, and she moved nearer, and the wind blew a fold of her cloak against me, and the touch of her cloak was like the touch of a friendly hand.

"Yes, it's true," she said; "though he needn't have carved it here."

She spoke quietly, as she always spoke, wearily almost, as though the matter was of small importance.

"How do you know it's true?" I asked. "What have you to do with a thing like that?"

She was still examining the altered lettering of the stone, and did not look up at my question.

"More to do with it than you," she answered listlessly. "He told me. He told me long ago. He had to tell someone."

"Eliphalet Greer told you!"

She nodded, and before I could speak again, before I could say what was on my mind to say, she turned and looked up at me, and I saw she had grown very pale.

"I couldn't stay down there," she said, "when I saw you weren't going. Aren't you going to go before it's too late?"

She had raised her hand to my arm and her voice was low and pleading.

"You see where it's going to end. What have you to do with a quarrel like that? He never meant what he said to you this morning. I won't let him say a word against you. He won't. I promise you he won't. Only you must go. Please, please tell me you're going."

"Did you come here," I asked, "to tell me that?"

She turned away, and in that moment's silence I felt a strange elation. I could not see her face, only her hands groping at the folds of her cloak. She did not speak, and yet I knew. I seemed to know everything then. All knowledge seemed close to me, very close. Sometimes I think even now that I knew more then than all the lessons the world has taught me since. I have wondered since at the futility of life, but once I knew its secret. Once on that wind-swept hill I knew the reason of being and of death, and it was clearer, far clearer than any conclusion that philosophers have reached by their logic of points and lines. They were all in their right relations then—what had been, and what had ceased to be. They all had some unity and direct relation which is vague and contradictory now, but I knew it then. I knew it in the way she turned her head. It was written in the sunlight on her hair, in the whiteness of her hands. Perhaps she never knew it, but once she held the secret in her slender fingers.

"Prudence," I heard myself saying, "Prudence."

"Won't you go?" she said. "Won't you please go?"

What was it I saw in that slender girl with the frightened eyes and the pale drawn face? I see it now, but it is more than I can tell. I see it now in all its old radiance, just as I saw it then, when she asked me please to go.

"I won't. You know I won't," I said.

"Won't you?" Her voice faltered. "If I ask you? Won't you because I ask you?"

I wonder what my father would have thought if he had been hovering about his headstone. Up in the West Hill burying ground I was holding Captain Murdock's daughter in my arms. I could feel her body, slender and yielding. I could feel her hair against my face, and her breath on my cheek; and all the world seemed very far away and yet very close about us both. Yes, before I knew what I had done I was holding her in my arms, speaking strangely, incoherently, words which I never dreamed were in my power to speak.

"Yes, I'll go," I was saying. "Anywhere you say, I'll go; anywhere the rivers run, anywhere there's tide. I'll go to Java. I'll go up to the ice—anywhere, if you'll go too."

She was smiling, though her eyes were wet and though her lips were trembling, and for a moment she did not speak or move.

"It shouldn't be, but I'm glad," she said. "Now let me go. I shouldn't have seen you. I shouldn't ever have come, but I'm glad I did. Nothing matters so much now. Please let me go."

I Could Not Go. I Could Not, Though No Living Man Should See Another as I Saw Eliphalet Then

We were standing face to face beside Mr. Parton's tomb. Her cloak had fallen from one shoulder, and her hand was against her throat.

"I'm glad you never thought," she said.

"Dear—dear," I was saying, and still my voice did not seem mine, "what difference does it make, if you tell me you'll go too?"

As I spoke, I seemed to be out of the dark, and my way seemed very clear. I knew that I had always wished it so. I thought it was destiny then. Yes, I knew the reason for my being, the reason of all loneliness and discontent. There was a radiance about her then like the radiance of some vision in a dream, a brightness like the sun upon the water, like the sun upon the new leaves of the spring. The cloak she wore was no longer a cloak made by the hand of man. She was not wrapped in mortal raiment then. Now that the light is waning, now that I have lived through a drab span of even years, I know there is a time when all of us touch the robe of immortality, when love and hate and fear are melted in some crucible into an alloy which is life and more than life. Yet it can never be framed in words. It is slight and beyond all thought. We touch, and it vanishes beneath our fingers.

Even then it was going, faster, much faster than the sand in the glass. Even then it was going, and love and hate and fear were back. The light was going. I could see it dying from her eyes. She was trembling. I put my arm around her, and she drew away. It was gone, and we were back in the world again. She had turned her head away. She had covered her face with her hands.

"Don't!" she cried. "Don't ask me again! I mustn't! I mustn't! And if you ask me, you'll make me!"

"Make you ——" I began.

She looked at me, and her face was wet, and her eyes were gentle and deep and soft, like the water in the early morning just as the mist clears before the sun.

"Oh," she said, "I never meant to hurt you! I know I should never have come. Don't you understand? We're both a part of something else. How could I come with you? How could I, without even a name, and a life like mine?"

"You know it makes no difference," I began. "What about my own name ——"

"But it will," she said. "It will. You'll know it will tomorrow. Don't! Ah, please don't look so! You can't throw everything away. Don't you see—oh, don't you see it's all because I care?"

She was pointing down the slope past the wall where the land of the dead ended and the town of the living began, toward the square brick houses and the elms.

"Don't you see," she said again, "there's where you belong?"

I was looking beyond the houses down toward the wharves. They were far away, but I could see the men at work on them, like the distant figures in a picture. I could see Eliphalet Greer's wharf with its white pilings and the gray-slate roofs of his warehouses.

"I can't leave him," she said, "when it's all like this."

And then I knew why she held back. He was back again. He was never far away.

"You can't leave Eliphalet Greer?" I cried hoarsely.

"I knew you'd take it so," she answered wearily. "You'll never understand. No men ever know that other men have different sides. Ever since I can remember, he's been kind to me, the only one who ever has. Ever since I

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 11, 1924

Mr. Coolidge and the Constitution

MR. COOLIDGE neither minced words nor strained truth when he declared in his speech at Baltimore that a deliberate and determined effort is being made to break down the guaranties of our fundamental law and that it has for its purpose the confiscation of property and the destruction of liberty.

These attacks upon our "ordered liberty," upon the Supreme Court and upon the Constitution of the United States are an old story. Within the last year or two it has been told with new variations and in shriller tones, but it is still the same old tale. Disgruntled reformers, radical agitators and framers of jerry-built legislation sorely resent the limitations imposed upon Congress by the Constitution; and they are always ready to vent their wrath upon the Supreme Court when that body of interpreters and guardians of the Constitution defends it from their encroachments. So bent are they upon having their own way, right or wrong, so little care they for the liberties of the people as a whole, that they would gladly tear down the whole fabric of our rights as citizens for the sake of making into binding law a few unsound measures they have fathered and others they would like to father should it ever become possible to override the fundamental law of the land.

Mr. Coolidge truly said that the Constitution of the United States has for its almost sole purpose the protection of the freedom of the people. The Constitution guarantees to every citizen more than a score of fundamental rights, and the Supreme Court is ever ready to see to it that the Government's covenant is carried out to the letter and that no private person or law officer or legislator or corporation or inferior court infringes those rights with impunity. In the last resort the Supreme Court, and no higher human tribunal, stands between every American and his oppressor or accuser.

The enemies of the Supreme Court would sweep away the mighty defenses that hedge the liberties of their fellow citizens. Let them have their way by giving full effect to an act of Congress that, after having been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, has been again passed by Congress, and the Constitution becomes a scrap of paper, a contract with seals and signatures torn away.

Those who attempt to whittle away the President's defense of the Constitution do not, so far as we are aware, offer to explain the inevitable consequences of the adoption of the proposals for shearing the Supreme Court of its present powers. They do not, for example, make it clear that Congress might invade all our basic rights at will; might sanction the requirement of excessive bail, the imposition of cruel and unusual punishments, the unwarranted withdrawal of the privilege of writ of habeas corpus, the denial of the right of accused persons to public and speedy trial. They are silent in regard to many oppressive powers that Congress might exercise, such as allowing accused persons to be put twice in jeopardy of life or limb, enacting bills of attainder and ex post facto laws, requiring accused persons in criminal cases to testify against themselves, denying the right of peaceable assembly, abridging freedom of speech and of the press and setting up religious tests as a qualification for holding public office. They say not a word about the possibilities of depriving citizens of life, liberty or property without due process of law.

Those who attack the Supreme Court rarely do indulge in such embarrassing revelations; but it would be as idle to censure them for their reticence as to blame the cuttlefish for bringing his ink bag into action at the convenient moment. No doubt they would pooh-pooh the very thought that Congress would so play the tyrant. They forget that liberty is a possession too precious to trifle with or to leave unguarded.

"Unless we can maintain our institutions of liberty unimpaired, they [the common run of people] will see their savings swept away, their homes devastated and their children perish from want and hunger. The time to stop those who would loosen and weaken the fabric of our Government is before they begin. The time for Americans to range themselves firmly, squarely and uncompromisingly behind American ideals is now."

We commend the President's solemn warning to every citizen, to every patriotic American, regardless of party affiliations. It is based upon principles too elementary, too vital, too thoroughly American, to be colored by any tinge of partisanship.

The Peace That Russia Promotes

THE treaties of peace imposed drastic restrictions on the military forces of the defeated countries. This was done to prevent wars of revenge and to make enforcement of the provisions of the treaties less difficult. This was supposedly all in the interest of peace. But it is gradually becoming clear that Russia was left out of the calculation, and Russia now employs the situation to disturb peace.

The Soviet Government of Russia apparently has the policy of stirring up insurrection in all European countries, the red Internationale being the instrument, applied through the communists of each country. In some countries the disturbances are purely domestic. But in other countries international friction is the objective of the disturbances.

Hungary and Bulgaria furnish two illustrations. Communists in those two countries, obviously acting according to program, instigate and commit outrages across the frontiers of the surrounding countries. The governments of those countries have small standing armies, largely voluntary, and small police forces. They are not strong enough to cope with the continually shifting disorder. The governments of the offended states protest to the governments of the offending states, demanding suppression of disorder and indemnification. The governments reply that the disorders are not nationalistic, but are communistic; that military and police powers are not in position to suppress them. This was earlier the situation in Hungary; it is now the condition in Bulgaria. The provocation is communistic, originating in Russia; the result is revival of military nationalism, a menace to the peace of Central Europe and of the Balkans. Thus the Internationale, determined to extirpate small political nations, employs their very nationalism to encompass their destruction.

Now in these countries are factions that are not averse to stirring up nationalistic strife for selfish reasons, for party politics. There are Hungarians who agitate against Rumania, Bulgarians who agitate against Jugo-Slavia. The opposing governments may have honest differences of opinion as to the responsibility of communists or nationalists in the agitations and disturbances. This confusion only makes the situations the more difficult. Clearly, however, the initiative lies with the communists who exploit the tension of the exaggerated nationalism of the new states.

Elusive Security

ONLY those who stop to reckon up such changes can appreciate the advance of investment intelligence in the last fifteen or twenty years. Not only do far more people concern themselves with bonds and stocks than formerly, but the methods of analysis are better understood and there is an appreciably greater body of data to work with. It is true, no doubt, that many who consider themselves wizards of the market place are such only in their own conceit, but average financial intelligence is unquestionably higher.

But the essentials of security, which are integrity and ability, still remain an occult secret, not only to the masses but to the chosen few in many a tragic case. Mortgages, trust agreements, indentures, protective committees, syndicate managers, statistical departments -these and all the other devices of financiers vanish like the morning mist if the managers of an enterprise are commercially stupid and incompetent, or are rascals at heart.

It is said that scientists have a mechanical device which detects lies, much as other instruments measure weight or blood pressure. Cannot the same principle, if there really be such, find its way into company promotion, and stock and bond sales? Business insurance is one device for reducing hazards, but incompetence is not so much to be insured against as avoided. The ignorant may suppose that ore or oil in the ground is equivalent to dividends, but as a discerning engineer who has studied the great mining properties says, "Companies fail and succeed with the ebb and flow of intelligence controlling their destinies. Mineral in the ground is not an asset unless possessed by an organization which can extract it profitably in the face of keen competition. The most modern plant is worthless in the hands of incompetents. Such axioms are the merest platitudes, but are often overlooked in the abnormal psychology of the search for buried treasure."

If incompetence can, in a few years' time, wreck a mining company, whose business is merely extractive, it works even faster with the great miscellaneous group of manufacturing and commercial enterprises. Perhaps it is asking too much, but why doesn't an alert investment banker alter the tiresomely stereotyped advertising of his craft by inserting the following paragraph in his next offering of bonds or stocks?

"While we do not guarantee the assertion, we confidently believe that President John Smith of the Amalgamated Sugar and Rubber Combining Corporation is not the kind of dumb-bell who will buy fifty million dollars' worth of raw material the next time the market reaches the highest point in history, even though he did nearly ruin the company, and our reputation besides, by doing just that in 1920."

What we need for the protection of investors and bank depositors is a closer touch with the realities of life. Why shouldn't the directors of dubiously solid banks, in seeking to enlarge their deposits, really tell what is in their minds? There are cases—fortunately very few in the aggregate of all banking institutions, but hard on the victims, for all that—where the advertising might well read as follows:

"We, the directors of the Eighty-first National Bank, know very little about making loans, but we are willing to try. We hope that our assistant cashier won't prove a defaulter, but we are not sure."

Absurd! But why? There are enough passed dividends, failures, receiverships, reorganizations, bad loans, defalcations and other evidences of business and moral fallibility to make such a wording of stock offerings and prospectuses strictly accurate. Its adoption, however, is not to be expected. But surely the hope is not unreasonable that those who urge the public to invest and to deposit savings will in course of time emphasize competence of management as well as the character of product and potentialities of market.

HOW A TARIFF IS MADE

By William R. Green

CHAIRMAN COMMITTEE ON WAYS AND MEANS

THE national elections of 1920 resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Republican Party, and everyone understood that upon its accession to power the tariff would be completely rewritten. The Republican Party had advocated and maintained in its platforms that wherever necessary a duty should be levied upon imports of articles for the production or growth of which this country is adapted, and that such duty should be sufficient to equalize the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad. It is not intended in this article to discuss whether this principle is correct or economically sound. For its purpose it is sufficient to say that the last tariff bill, commonly called the Fordney-McCumber Bill, was prepared in accordance with the principles of the Republican Party as understood by those who framed it.

In the preparation of this bill they were largely aided by the Tariff Commission, composed of both Democrats and Republicans. Its chairman at the time was Mr. Thomas Walker Page, a Democrat, and an exceedingly capable and fair-minded gentleman, whose personal work was of great value to the committee in giving it the necessary information as to how the bill should be framed to accomplish that which was desired; although if he had been writing the bill himself, it would have taken quite a different form. Many have thought in the first instance that such a bill should be prepared by the Tariff Commission, but this is quite impracticable for reasons which have been set forth in the previous article.

Under the Constitution, all revenue legislation must originate in the House of Representatives; and all revenue bills must, under the House rules, originate with or be referred to the Committee on Ways and Means of the House, which has charge of all revenue legislation for that body. Bills are usually considered by the full committee; but owing to party differences as to the basis of a tariff it has always been the custom, no matter which party was in control of Congress, for the members of the political party which had a majority upon the committee to frame tariff bills apart from the minority.

Difficulties

IN ACCORDANCE with this custom everyone in Washington knew that the Republicans on the committee would write the bill without consulting their Democratic associates. At first this may seem strange to an outsider, but a little thought will show that this practice is absolutely necessary; otherwise the committee would never be able to agree upon a starting point and would spend its time in useless discussion without making any progress.

The hearings on the bill are conducted before the full committee, for it is always recognized that the minority is entitled to all the information as to facts which the committee can obtain. After the hearings are had, the majority members go into what is called executive session, by themselves, to prepare the bill; and when the bill is prepared it is then presented to the full committee for a vote as to whether it should be reported, although this is a foregone conclusion. When ordered reported, some member, usually the chairman, is directed to prepare a report for those favoring the bill, and the minority usually presents a report giving its reasons for opposing the bill.

It should not be thought by reason of any of the preceding statements that the present law was constructed in a haphazard manner. On the contrary, no bill was ever presented to Congress which was given so much attention or prepared with so much care as the Fordney-McCumber Bill. A year, nine months and fourteen days elapsed between the time when the hearings were commenced until the act was finally approved. The hearings occupied thirty-eight working days, the drafting of the bill eighty-four working days, the House debate nineteen working days. It was before the Senate 338 working days and in conference eighteen working days. In the meantime Congress passed an emergency tariff bill on agricultural products, and also a bill completely revising the revenue laws, all of which engaged the attention of the Ways and Means Committee. The time which elapsed was to a considerable extent caused by the unusual difficulties which were encountered by the Ways and Means Committee of the Sixty-seventh Congress in framing the bill.

As the Sixty-sixth Congress drew near its close an extremely serious situation developed with reference to our foreign trade, which in turn was seriously affecting our domestic business. Rates of exchange became demoralized and it was easy to lay down foreign goods in American ports at a price that prohibited American competition. The extreme poverty of Europe also led to what is called dumping of products regardless of cost. American factories were closing down and more and more men were going out of employment. In the Sixty-sixth Congress, beginning with the sixth of January the committee had hearings until February sixteenth, more particularly with reference to farm products and the farm emergency tariff, but also with reference to a large number of other matters. In the interim between the Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh Congress the Ways and Means Committee met and continued work on the tariff bill.

Legislative Agents to the Fore

AT THE opening of the Sixty-seventh Congress it was announced that hearings would be held for the purpose of revising the tariff. At the previous session, during what might be called the preliminary hearings, more than 1000 persons had applied for permission to be heard; and when it became known that a general revision of the tariff would be made along protective lines, additional applications descended upon the committee in a veritable flood. They were from all portions of the country and all classes of citizens, from individuals, associations and corporations.

Nearly every kind of business and occupation has at the present time its legislative agents in Washington. Many of these were anxious to make a showing justifying their employment, and all were determined that the particular interests they represented should, as the expression went, be taken care of in the bill. Some were prepared to give the committee valuable facts, others were mere advocates, claiming everything they could think of; and when corrected by members of the committee, were surprised to find the committee knew more about the matter than they did themselves. When finally printed, the reports of the hearings comprised 4466 pages exclusive of the index. All this had to be gone over, the correctness of new statements verified or their error made manifest, and in general the wheat separated from the chaff. It will be easily understood that this in itself was no small job.

At the conclusion of the hearings the Republican members of the committee were organized into subcommittees for the purpose of framing the bill. It would be impossible here to make mention of all who took an important part in preparing it. The chairman, Mr. Fordney, had been a member of Congress for more than twenty years and had taken part in many a tariff contest. He was a vigorous debater and had

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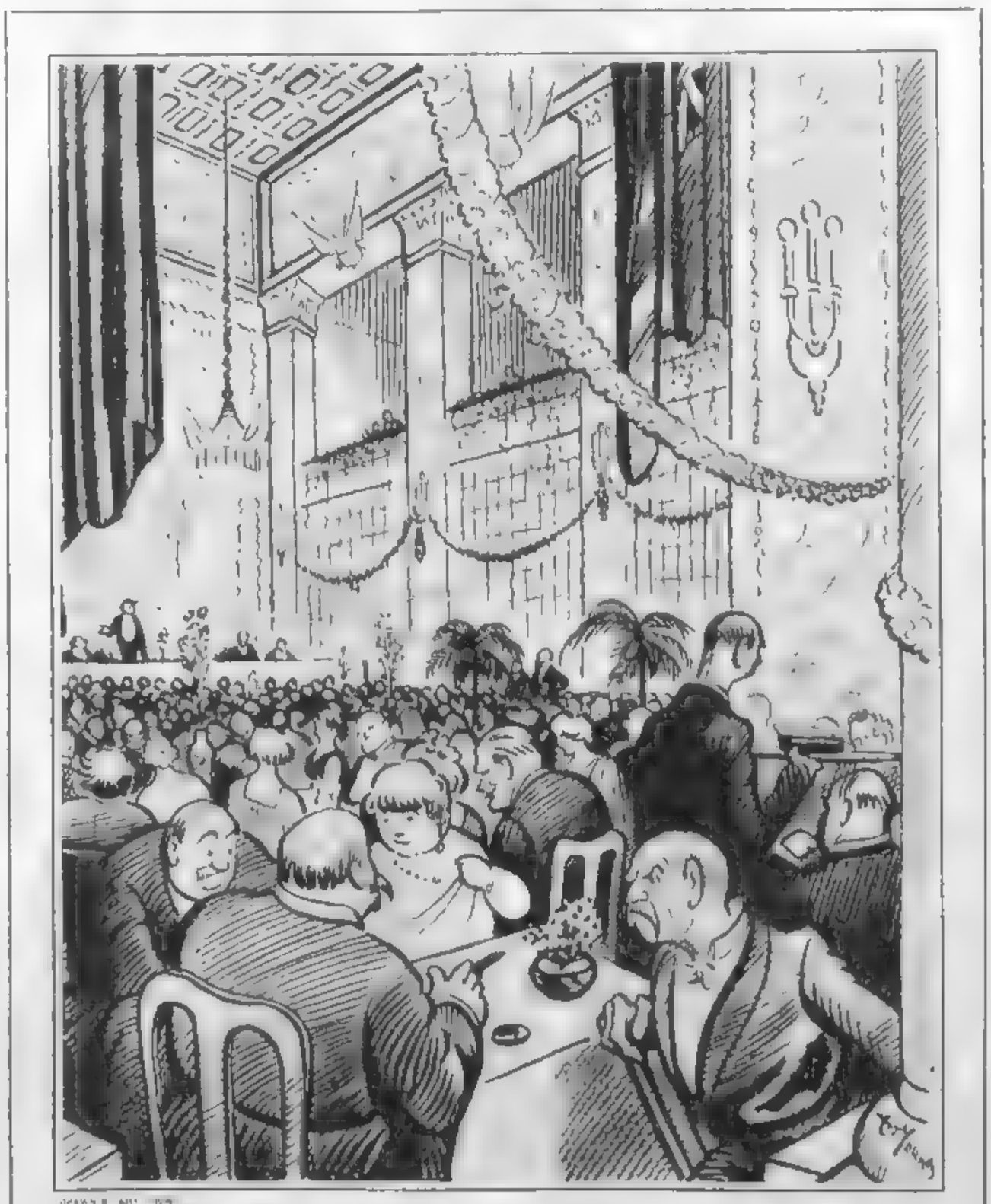

THE POLITICAL BANQUET

The Man Paid $10.00 for a Seat at the Banquet to Hear His Favorite Statesman:

"It Gives Me Great Pleasure . . . Your Chairman Has Said . . . I am Reminded of the Man . . . But Speaking Seriously . . . This Broad Land of Ours . . . the Reason is Not Far to Seek . . . I Yield to No Man . . . Our Party's Policy . . . Constitution . . . Destiny . . . Forefathers . . . L-i-b-e-r-t-y . . . I Fear I Have Exceeded the Time Allotted to Me . . . I Thank You From the Bottom of My Heart. . . ." [*Applause*]

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Ballade of the Private Citizen

SOON there will sound upon the air
The orator's exuberant tongue;
There will be eloquence to spare,
Appeals to both the old and young;
The ancient changes will be rung,
For all our ills, sure antidotes;
What mean these sounds toward heaven flung?
Just votes!

Bright lights will flame and flambeaus flare;
Exhorters of the leathern lung
With din will drive us to despair;
Gay streamers will on high be hung;
Loud pæans will be said and sung,
There will be flags; there will be floats;
Why, why this tumult on us sprung?
Just votes!

Oh, what a bluster, what a blare,
The country's hills and vales among!
Think of the buncombe we must bear
At us poor patient listeners slung!
Our weary withers will be wrung,
We who herd with the lambs—or goats;
Why with this torment are we stung?
Just votes!

ENVOY

Friends, this is strictly our affair;
We crane our necks, we strain our throats,
But do they get us anywhere
Just votes? —*Clinton Scollard.*

What Posterity Missed

IF THE confession magazines had been printed in the long ago, we might have had:

Why I Took My Celebrated Ride—by Lady Godiva.

Three Nights in a Fish—by Jonah.

My Twelve Stenographers—by Julius Cæsar.

Outwitting a Wolf—by Red Ridinghood.

Should They be Told Anything?—a symposium by Solomon, Brigham Young and Henry VIII.

Knocking Out Goliath by David.

Was I to Blame?—by Rip Van Winkle.

The Athlete Goes to the Country Club to Get Some Exercise

Who Was My Husband?—by The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe.

Pearls and Vinegar for Reducing—by Cleopatra.

—*Roy H. Fricken.*

The Polliwog

OH, THE Polliwog is woggling
In his pleasant native bog,
With his beady eyes a-goggling
Through the underwater fog,
And his busy tail a-joggling
And his eager head agog
Just a happy little frogling
Who is bound to be a frog.

Arthur Guiterman.

Why I Never Married

FIRST there was Arthur. He was everything a woman could desire rich, handsome and passionately fond of me—but alas, he wore buttoned shoes with his business suit.

Then Elroy. Why, all the girls were crazy about Elroy. He looked like Ramon Novarro and had the most wonderful barytone voice. Nothing tenor about Elroy. I believe his voice, rich, deep, vibrant, and throbbing with feeling, was the most fascinating thing about him. He could sing O Sole Mio with a repressed sob in his chest tones that would wring your heart. Whenever he was asked to sing, he always would. And if he got an encore, he would sing two more. But you see I had lived in California, where the mocking birds practice all night to sing all day.

Herbert was considered a perfect genius for business. I knew that the girl who got Herbert could turn in her car for a new one each spring, but he would stack his food on the convex side of his fork.

Fred was an old peach, just a sweet, homy boy, who would always be wild about his wife and kids. He liked nothing better than a good quiet family game of bridge, but he snapped down the corners of his tricks and would bid "One Spidoodle."

Charlie was an exceptional man. He knew Alice in Wonderland by heart and could tell you where any line of Shakspere occurred. He played by ear, read palms, wrote

(Continued on Page 88)

"Now Put 'Em Up, Buddy—Quick!" "Sh-sh-sh-hut Up! I Think I Got Cuba!"

"What's the Matter Now?" "I Just Brushed My Teeth With My Shaving Cream"

If you like good beans it's worth insisting on

Campbell's

12 cents a can, except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Slow-cooked **Digestible**

EAST OF THE SETTING SUN

A Story of Graustark—By George Barr McCutcheon

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

"Come With Me, Karina," She Said, an Ineffable Tenderness in Her Voice. "Don't be Afraid, Dear"

XII

THE crash came on the twenty-third of March. Axphainian hordes invaded Northern Graustark, sweeping down through the supposedly well-guarded mountain passes with the resistless force of a tidal wave. By nightfall of that memorable day many farms and villages were in the hands of the invaders, the fortress and city of Ganlook were besieged. The attack had come with the swiftness, the unexpectedness of a lightning bolt—a bolt out of a clear sky, at that.

Wires were down; means of communication with Edelweiss had been destroyed by scouting parties that had stolen down from the mountains sometime in advance of the carefully calculated assault. Subsequent developments revealed the fact that these stealthy agents had secreted themselves in the dense forests several days before the sudden coup was to be undertaken. Their plans were so skillfully and so effectively consummated that hours passed before news of the invasion reached the capital, scarce forty miles away. Small but adequately armed bands of Red soldiers appeared from nowhere, springing up out of the earth like overnight fungi, to bar the highways and to tear up the railway tracks of the single line that ran through Ganlook to the heart of Graustark.

It was on the night of the twenty-third that Pendennis Yorke, at a certain hour, presented his pass to the guardian of the postern gate of Edelweiss Castle and was admitted to the private gardens immediately adjacent to the huge brilliantly lighted structure. He came alone in a hired car, and he was wearing the despised silk hat and his carefully doctored spiketail coat. For this was the night of the long anticipated and secretly dreaded dinner. He felt like a boy going to his first real party in his first Tuxedo as the car passed the portcullis and swung around the circular driveway up to the great carriage porch, where a pair of resplendent footmen were stationed.

As he stepped down from the car he was startled almost out of his pumps. Standing in the shadow of one of the columns was Sharpe, his valet. Now he had left Sharpe in his rooms at the Regengetz not ten minutes before—yet here was Sharpe nonchalantly loitering under the very doors of the castle royal. How the deuce had he managed to get there ahead of him, and what was he doing there, anyhow? Then suddenly the solution came—or at least the mystery was partly solved. He remembered that Sharpe was a secret-service man, which, in a sense, accounted for the fact that he betrayed not the slightest sign of having recognized his master—his pseudo master, as Yorke was pleased to describe himself in the amusing circumstances

Yorke was too full of his own affairs, however, to devote further speculation to the shadowy, ubiquitous Sharpe; he was not to know for full many a day that the fellow had merely obeyed orders from Baron Gourou when he joined several other men who had been detailed to act as a special guard for the American on this particular occasion. And most certainly Yorke had had no suspicion at the time that the touring car which followed him so closely almost to the castle gates and then shot through ahead of him contained men whose eyes searched the pavements for a lurking, sickly looking stranger who might be keeping his right hand well concealed inside the breast of his overcoat. These men knew the postures of street assassins.

Pendennis shortly found himself mingling with a brilliant throng in the Hall of Nobles, time-honored waiting room where generations of Graustarkian rulers had received their banquet guests. He saw but few familiar faces—four or five beautifully dressed young matrons and as many men in whose company he had at one time or another dined at Pingari's. The gay set, he classed them, and with but one or two exceptions not of the nobility. These erstwhile merry acquaintances greeted him in a disheartenedly ceremonious manner. They were at ease, however, and perfectly at home in surroundings where he was lost.

A somewhat charitably inclined young widow, whose husband, Count Boske Danke, had lost his life in the war, attached herself to him. He had met her twice at Pingari's, and had found her gay and amusing, and pretty as well. She undertook to point out the notables to him; she was guarded, however, in her manner and in her comments. There were perhaps fifty people already in the room, and more were entering all the time. No one was seated

It was a striking assemblage, and a stately one. There were startlingly beautiful women and smart-looking men, many of the latter in the full uniform of the army. There were red-ribboned shirt fronts; there were shimmering decorations and diadems; there were old men and old women who looked more like monarchs than Robin or Bevra, there were radiant young women but not one of them could hold a candle to the sisters who came out of Dawsbergen. A band was playing somewhere off in the vasty recesses of the castle a Czech band playing the jaunty, fantastic gypsy airs that stir the senses and put life into the most sedate of feet.

"Good Lord!" reflected Yorke "Call this a dinner party?"

A banquet, that's what it was going to be—and he loathed banquets. This wasn't at all what he had hoped for; nor, as a matter of fact, was it what he had rather conceitedly expected. Catching a glimpse of himself in one of the long mirrors set in the walls, he felt more out of place than ever

He had the uncanny notion that he must have grown many inches since entering the room—and most assuredly he had become uglier. He hadn't by any means been so homely as all this when he surveyed himself in the glass just before leaving the Regengetz. Indeed, he had rather prided himself on his physical appearance; and besides, that lying Sharpe had gone out of his way to encourage the delusion.

All around him were dark, vivid, clear-cut faces; vivacious, semi-Oriental women in vivid gowns, with gleaming shoulders, red lips and soft, alluring eyes; lithe, medium-sized men who carried themselves like soldiers all. Above them all protruded his pallid, bald, characterless visage—an alien weed in a bed of flowers. He searched the assemblage for the familiar face and figure of Captain Sambo, whose good six feet would have been a welcome relief to him in his peculiar isolation. He caught a glimpse of a very tall white-haired man on the opposite side of the room—Count Quinnox, commander in chief of the army but he was too far away to be of much use; and besides, he possessed a face that would have caused his own to pale into even more ignominious mediocrity.

"These affairs bore me almost to death," the countess was saying, even as he regarded himself ruefully over the top of her sleek black head. "Once a month in the season they pull off something like this at the castle."

"Pull off?" murmured Yorke, who thought he had not heard aright.

He was conscious of a strange, grateful warmth stealing through him. For the first time since he entered the room he felt that he was not hopelessly alone. It was good to hear his own language spoken.

At this juncture the boom of a deep melodious gong was heard. Once, twice, thrice it sounded, and an instantaneous hush fell upon the company. Every voice was stilled and every eye was turned toward the upper end of the room, where two lofty doors were slowly swinging open.

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The test before buying: *make sure it's Premium*

WHEN the experienced housewife buys ham, she counts it no small advantage to be entirely certain of the wisdom of her purchase. Before she buys she makes sure it's Premium.

She looks for the Swift name printed on the wrapper, for the words "Swift's Premium" on the label, for the blue tags attached to the wrapper and to the ham itself. When buying just a few slices she sees to it that the dealer cuts them from a ham which has the words "Swift's Premium" stamped on the rind.

Label, wrapper, tags, and brand—these are the signs that tell, before the tasting, that the ham she has bought is ham of unusual tenderness, ham noted for its delicately mild flavor.

Swift & Company

Premium Hams and Bacon

Continued from Page 36

"Sh-h-h!" warned the countess under her breath. Then in an almost inaudible whisper "Face the door, Mr. Yorke."

The backs of two score men suddenly were bent and two score women sank into a deep, graceful curtsy as if controlled by a single mechanical device, manipulated by some unseen operator. Yorke, being a trifle slower than the rest and considerably higher—allowed his gaze to rest for an appreciable length of time upon their serene highnesses as they appeared in the massive gold frame of the doorway. Then he also lowered his eyes, conscious of his transgression

As suddenly, the masculine backs straightened to military erectness; the curtsying figures, to the accompaniment of the swish and rustle of silk, rose like a many colored wave. Then from every throat issued a subdued, almost toneless salutation, reminding Pendennis of nothing so much as the passive, indivisible responses of the Episcopal Church. Translated, the salutation was "God be with your highness."

Prince Robin and Princess Bevra, moving with stately tread, crossed over and took their stand under a golden canopy

Close behind them followed Princess Virginia and Prince Hubert of Axphain. They remained slightly apart from their serene highnesses and in the background.

Yorke started. The thought flashed through his brain that here at last was confirmation of his fears. Was this to be the occasion of a public acknowledgment of Virginia's betrothal to —— No, that was most unlikely. His mind worked rapidly. The announcement would come from the castle in Serros. Still, there was something vitally significant to be derived from the inclusion of Hubert in the royal party.

"The princess looks tired, doesn't she?" the countess was saying in lowered tones.

He swallowed hard before replying, somewhat hazily, "I think she looks—radiant" He was referring to Virginia.

"She is worn out with all her charity work, her interest in the soldiers' hospitals, these tiresome audiences and state dinners. But isn't she beautiful?"

"Su-superlatively," muttered Yorke, his eyes on Virginia.

"I am speaking of Princess Bevra."

"To be sure—to be sure," said he hastily. "Superlatively beautiful."

He fell to contrasting the royal couple with the delightfully unassuming pair he had known under far pleasanter conditions. An incredible metamorphosis had taken place. Could it be possible that this imperious, dignified young man in the brilliant court apparel was the same unconventional chap with whom he had hunted, the same fellow who had appeared in the princess' boudoir in a slouchy golf suit and pumps, and who had stood with his hands in his pockets and a pipe in his mouth on the threshold of the sacred throne room? And was this regal creature with the jeweled coronet on her head, the ropes of pearls about her neck, the same as the charming, vivacious young person who, in a filmy blue gown, had given him tea and cigarettes, and sat with her legs crossed in a low rocking-chair, revealing more than a shapely azure ankle?

He realized the truth. Now he was beholding these young people as circumstance had shaped them and not as God had made them—happy, light-hearted, insouciant mortals who loved life and love.

The company, strictly observing the rules of precedence, began to file past the royal couple. The countess gave whispered instructions to Yorke:

"Watch what the others do, and do thou likewise. Remember, one does not shake hands with royalty. You are not in America, Mr. Yorke, where, I understand, everybody shakes hands with your President. Do not say 'Good evening. I hope you are well, prince.' Do not say to the princess 'How charming you are looking this evening,' or 'And how are the kiddies, my dear?' No, Mr. Yorke; nothing like that. Being a stranger at court, it would be proper for you to bow and say 'I am conscious of the great honor your highness has conferred on me by ——' You will get no further than that; the next person in line will bump you along in the middle of the sentence It's all very much cut and dried, you see. Prince Robin will not be paying attention to what anyone says. He will probably be thinking of the blisters he has on his hands from chopping down trees, and all that sort of thing. And the princess will be wondering if the children are asleep and haven't kicked the coverings off."

"Thanks. You are an awfully jolly guide, countess. I couldn't possibly have gone through it without you."

She crinkled up her pretty nose.

"How I loathe the sight of that man Hubert!" Then, with a mischievous smile up into his eyes—"If she were my wife, even on probation, I should —— Oh, dear me Mr. Yorke! Don't scowl like that! People will think you are angry with me!"

"Was I scowling, countess?"

"Diabolically," she assured him.

They moved along a few paces before he felt able to inquire, in a manner sufficiently casual to deceive her, "Do you suppose there is any truth in the report that she is going to marry him?"

Her face clouded.

"I wonder. This is the first time he has been included in the royal party on an occasion as formal as this Heavens! I would jump into the river if I were she. I'd sooner be married to a Congo ape than to that awful beast. Don't be uneasy. No one near us understands a word of English, Mr. Yorke"

"Thank heaven, handshaking is not required," was his fervent comment.

"You do not fancy the heir presumptive to your throne?" she ventured.

He glanced down at her humorously

"You have a wonderful imagination, countess," he drawled

Presently they were face to face with Prince Robin and the princess Yorke looked for the light of friendly interest in the former's eyes as he mumbled the words the countess had put into his head The smile with which the prince received the unheard little speech was utterly without warmth. It was the same perfunctory smile that one sees on the lips of the stage dancer as she turns her face toward the audience: a sort of stamped, rigid smile that had been put on like a mask for the occasion. It did not vary. It was the same smile that had greeted the countess and all those who had preceded her—the smile of a monarch on display, a Jarley Waxworks smile.

Yorke hoped for something different in Bevra's smile, something intimate, something real. He was disappointed. She held her head high and could it be true?—looked at him as if she had never seen him before in her life. He passed on, bewildered, and came to Princess Virginia. Here, at least, would be recognition, a friendly little smile, a word or two of - But there was not even the flicker of an eyelid! The same set smile, the same immobility of feature, the same flawless, unwavering graciousness that caused the blood to mount to his face Insufferable! From exalted heights they were looking down with tolerant eyes upon the men and women whose loyal hearts and hands kept their little kingdom safe for them. And the devil of it, mused the indignant Yorke—whose quick American pride was hurt the devil of it was that these subjects of theirs loved it all! Groveling sycophants!

And when the monstrous Hubert leered unctiously in his direction as if he were looking into space, he could have smashed his face with joy.

Out of the red haze of anger he groped. The countess was speaking:

"We must find our places Over here, Mr. Yorke"

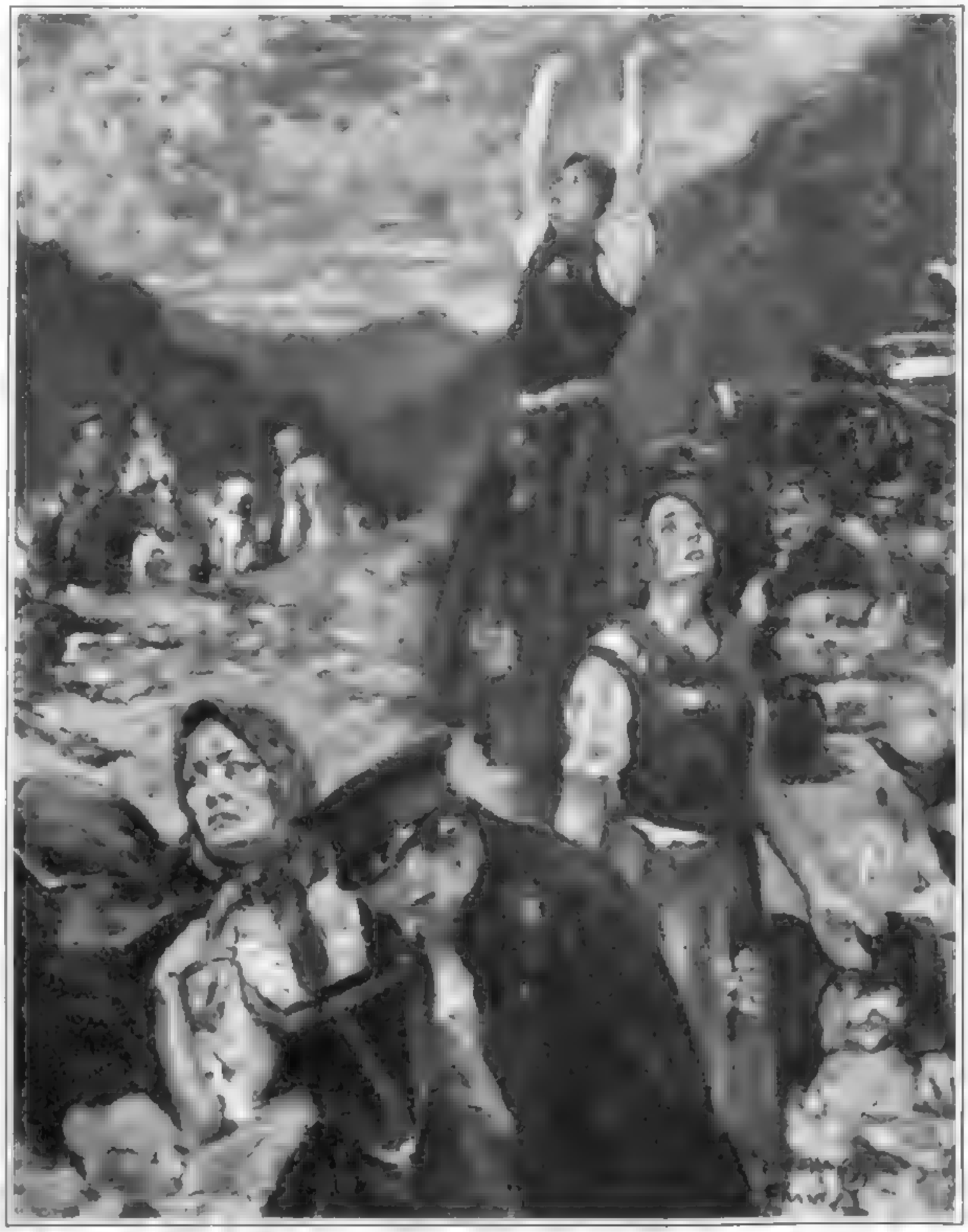
She laid her fingers on his arm and guided him toward a long table about which the guests were clustered.

"Wouldn't it be great luck," she cried, "if you were to take me in?"

"The best luck possible," he said, spurring up his gallantry. "What am I to do next?"

"I dare say all this is strange to you. Our customs are queer and primitive. You ask the man in charge for your ticket. On it you will find a number and the name of the woman you are to take in. The numbering begins at the top of the table, where their highnesses sit. If your number is 25R, you will sit in place 25 on the right side of the table, and the person you take in will occupy the next seat beyond, which is unnumbered. Run along now and get your ticket. I will wait here for you."

(Continued on Page 40)



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Better to Know Than to Hope

There are so many ways in which a motor car can be cheapened at later cost to you, that you can hardly afford to buy in the mere *hope* that all will be well.

It is far more comfortable, and so much better in the long run, to *know* just what you are buying—and that knowledge awaits you at your nearest Hupmobile dealer's.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 38

He edged up to the lacquered table behind which sat two ancient bespectacled men upon whose russet tunics was embroidered in blue the crest of the House of Ganlook. The countess explained to him later that they were pensioners who had served for fifty years or more in the office of the castle steward.

When Yorke gave his name, both the old men looked up at him quickly, squinting their eyes in a nearsighted effort to satisfy their curiosity. Then one of them extracted a card from the bunch he was holding in his hand, turning to it with unerring dexterity. In a low voice he called off the name of Pendennis Yorke, and his companion put a check mark against it on the table chart spread out before him.

Yorke glanced at the name and number on his card. His place at table was Number 5R, and he was to take in the friendly Countess Danke. When he showed her the card she uttered a little squeal of surprise and delight.

"Five? Who are you, Mr. Yorke? A great potentate in disguise? No one outside of the royal line ever gets nearer than ten or twelve. Oh, I forgot! You are a sort of unrecognized member of the family, aren't you? Will you believe me when I tell you that I have never been nearer than Number 11 before? Heavens, I am thrilled! I feel like Cinderella. Have you the glass slipper in your pocket?"

He was calculating rapidly. Virginia would most certainly be several seats removed from Prince Robin. He remembered the Countess Danke mentioning and pointing out at least three doughty-looking old duchesses and expressing sympathy for his highness. These *grande dames* naturally would be placed at the top of the table. Virginia would be sent down the line a few seats. It was not improbable that he would find her next to him, but he dared not hope.

He felt the countess' fingers suddenly, convulsively tighten on his arm.

"What can have happened?" she cried out anxiously. "See? Count Quinnox, commander in chief of the army, is hurrying out of the room. Look at his face, Mr. Yorke! Something terrible has happened. And Colonel Minchin and —— There! Do you see the captain of the Castle Guard speaking to Prince Robin? He would not dare approach his highness at such a time unless —— Yes, it is bad news! The prince's face is as white as chalk!"

And so it was that the news from the north reached the castle in time to spoil the feast.

There was but little confusion. The whispered word went round; faces blanched and then became grim and set; vacancies occurred in the resplendent throng; certain brilliantly clad men vanished; Prince Robin held up his hand at last and there was silence in the room. He spoke:

"There is bad news from Ganlook. Messengers have this instant arrived. They have been hours making their way to the city. Count Quinnox has gone to receive their report. I can only say that the news is disturbing. It is serious. We have been invaded. Thousands of armed men have crossed the border from Axphain. They have seized farms and villages and, if report be true, have invested Ganlook. So far, I am informed, there has been but little bloodshed. The attack was swift and found the people unprepared. Fighting has begun around Ganlook, however. Peasants who were able to make their way into Ganlook report pillage and destruction all along the border."

He hesitated a moment, and then resumed, a deep, solemn note in his voice:

"My friends, the starving people of Axphain have come to us for food, but they come with the sword and gun in hand. We shall drive them off and they will be but a little less hungry than when they came. Hunger and disillusionment have turned our neighbors into savage beasts. We shall kill many of them and they will kill many of us, I fear, before they can be driven from Graustark's sacred soil. We would not war upon those unhappy people; but our homes, our women, our honor must be safeguarded. In the circumstances I feel that none of us is in the mood to feast and make merry tonight. Most of us are needed elsewhere. I hereby release you, one and all, from any obligation to remain here, in the castle."

Then the prince, after a brief low-toned conference with the prime minister and Princess Bevra, strode swiftly from the room with the former. Pendennis Yorke felt his heart swell with a mighty fullness.

Not until then did the Countess Danke relax her grasp on his arm. He looked down at her. A deathly pallor had spread over her face. In a dull monotonous tone she repeated the news from the north.

Yorke had watched Robin as if fascinated throughout the little speech. He had not understood a word of it, and yet in those few tense moments all his false impressions were swept away. He dismissed the scornful judgment he had rendered against these royal snobs. He saw in a flash the vast gulf that lay between the commoner and this prince, descendant of a hundred rulers of men.

Now he understood why all these people humbled themselves before him; and why he, an American, was suddenly shorn of his belief that all men are born equal. He, with the rest of them, stood in the presence of a monarch. And the same astounding discovery embraced the two lovely young women whose heads were high and in whose serene eyes there was no alarm. They, too, had suddenly stepped outside the common fold into the isolation of queens. No doubt their hearts were beating as tumultuously, no doubt their consternation was as great as that of any woman in the room; if so, they had command of themselves. Fear, anxiety, alarm filled the eyes of the other women; the eyes of Bevra and Virginia, daughters of Dawsbergen, revealed only supreme trust in the everlasting strength of their forefathers.

"Would you like me to take you somewhere away from the crowd, countess?" he asked quickly, anxiously.

"No," she replied, with a calmness that belied her appearance. "I prefer to stay here as long as possible. I want to be with people." Her voice took on a strange hoarseness and she continued with difficulty, "My little boy is up there—with his grandparents—near the border above Ganlook. My father is Baron Brodrik. He is the burgrave of the province. The castle is directly in the path of the ——"

Princess Virginia stood before her, holding out her hands.

"Come with me, Karina," she said, an ineffable tenderness in her voice. "Don't be afraid, dear. God will not let anything happen to your little boy. Come, we will go up to my room for a while. It is terrible, I know, but I am sure it isn't so black as it looks, Karina. Good night, Mr. Yorke."

There was a strangely wistful light in her now troubled eyes as she held out her hand to him. He would never forget the gentleness with which she spoke to the countess.

"Good night, princess. I hope tomorrow will prove that the reports are exaggerated and that the trouble will soon be over. If there is anything I can do, countess, pray command me. When you are ready to go home ——"

"I intend to keep her with me tonight," interrupted Virginia. "There will be further news during the night. Let us pray that it will be encouraging."

"I know the Axphainians," said the countess, in a hard choked voice. "They are cruel. They are beasts."

"Not all of them, dear," said Virginia gently.

Yorke followed them with his eyes as they threaded their way among the seemingly petrified guests and vanished through a door at the upper end of the room. Hubert had already disappeared. Princess Bevra alone of the royal party remained. She was now speaking rapidly, earnestly, in a voice that carried throughout the room. The company listened in stolid silence until she concluded what she had set out to say, and then they broke into excited cries and cheers. As the princess retired by the upper door, a woman whom he knew spoke to Yorke.

"Do not go away, Mr. Yorke," she said in her poor English. "Her highness requests us all to remain as long as we please. There will be news from the north. It will be received here as it comes in and will be repeated to us. There will be bulletins in front of the tower down in the city. Those who wish to do so may partake of the food that has been prepared. But I fear no one will have the stomach for food tonight. Still, you are an American; you may feel that you have been cheated out of a good dinner. So in case you feel hungry you have only to ——"

"Thank you," interrupted Yorke courteously but dryly; "but like all the rest of you, madam, I am hungry only for news. You do my American appetite a grave injustice."

By this time the Hall of Nobles was in an uproar. Everyone was talking; shrill, high-voiced women and loud, excited men; a clatter and babble of absolutely unintelligible words. Pendennis found himself suddenly alone and at sea in this agitated throng. He was making his way somewhat aimlessly toward the door by which he had entered when he was confronted by an impassive footman.

"Your pardon, sir," said this well-trained individual. "I am directed to conduct you to his highness. If you will be so good as to follow me, sir."

A few minutes later he was admitted to the antechamber off the Hall of Nobles, where a small group of tense-faced men were gathered about the prince. Among them was Prince Hubert, whose cheeks were livid. Prince Robin greeted Yorke with a faint smile and a sober shake of the head.

"Well, Yorke, you are in luck after all," he said rather grimly. "Now you will have something really worth while to write about. You must have been born under a lucky star. Instead of a lot of dull, dry statistics to give your readers, you happen upon the most thrilling, the most important event that has befallen Graustark in a great many years. We are invaded. We shall have to fight hard to drive the invaders out. It is hardly necessary for me to tell you that the situation is serious. There are at least fifteen thousand Axphainians already on Graustark territory. Most of them saw service in the Great War. They are experienced soldiers. They have joined the Red army of Axphain and are commanded by capable and ruthless officers. Reports are far more complete than I have given out. Ganlook is cut off, the mines have been seized, peasants have been butchered, houses burned, farms sacked.

"I saw you were with the Countess Danke. Her father's castle has been taken and"—here his voice broke—"the inmates have either been killed or carried off as hostages. This is the outcome of failure, Mr. Yorke. The commune has failed. The Red terror is out of hand, unleashed, desperate." Then abruptly: "How long have you known Michael Rodkin and what do you know of his record in the United States?"

Yorke started.

"Rodkin? We were in college together, your highness. He was always a radical—I may even say, a potential anarchist. I had not seen or heard of him in seven or eight years until I ran across him here in Edelweiss. I don't believe he has had a hand in this move of Axphain's, if you would care for my honest opinion."

Prince Robin was not the kind to beat about the bush.

"I shall be perfectly frank with you," he said. "Prince Hubert has accused you tonight of being in league with this man Rodkin. He charges you with being in the conspiracy to overthrow this government. What have you to say to these charges, Mr. Yorke?"

Yorke remained cool despite the sudden fury that filled his mind.

"Do you, your highness, expect me to humiliate myself by denying these charges?" he asked, as he drew himself erect, his chin held high. "What would be the result if I were to say to Prince Hubert's face, here before you all, that he is a liar?"

"I can answer that question," boomed Prince Hubert, lowering his head and sticking out his jaw. "You would have to pay for it with your life."

"Very well," said Yorke coolly. "With your permission, Prince Robin, I take great pleasure in calling this man a white-livered liar. The cheapest way for him to get my life is to hire someone to shoot me in the back—and the safest, I may add."

Hubert's lips worked convulsively. His great shoulders hunched forward. He had convinced himself in one swift, wary look that Yorke was unarmed. He could crush this contemptible American in his mighty arms. But even as the will to do this flashed into momentary existence it was quelled by a restraining doubt. There was something in those cool gray eyes of Pendennis Yorke that caused him to hesitate; and besides, Yorke's shoulders were broad. He had not noticed before how broad they were. He took refuge behind a convenient deference to his host, the Prince of Graustark.

Drawing himself up, he said, as if his self-restraint were costing him a mighty effort, "This is neither the time nor the place; but at the first opportunity, Yorke, I shall break every bone in your treacherous body."

Yorke contemptuously turned his back on him.

"Your highness, may I be permitted to ask if you take this man's charges seriously?" he inquired, his face set.

"I do not," replied Robin promptly. "I have said as much to Prince Hubert. He is in no doubt as to how I feel about the matter."

"I have it from the most trustworthy source that this man Yorke is constantly in the company of Rodkin, sometimes openly, but as a rule under cover of secrecy," began Hubert.

He was curtly interrupted by the prince.

"I think we understand each other, Prince Hubert. If I have not made myself clear to you, I am sorry. I have the utmost faith and confidence in Pendennis Yorke. There is nothing more to be said on the subject. I had two objects in asking you to come to this room, Mr. Yorke. The first has been disposed of so far as I am concerned. The second is to grant you the privilege of accompanying our troops to the front. You will this night be presented with special credentials entitling you to every consideration at general headquarters. I am assuming, of course, that you desire this privilege."

"I do, indeed," cried Yorke eagerly.

Hubert stared at the prince.

"Do—do you mean this, Robin?" he gasped.

"Certainly," announced Robin rather sharply.

"I consider your action an unpardonable affront," exploded the other thickly. "You take the word of this adventurer in preference to mine. You discredit me; you hold me up to scorn and ridicule. You ——"

"One moment, Hubert. You have made your home in Edelweiss for many months; you have accepted Graustark's protection and her hospitality; you have found refuge here. It ill becomes you to question my judgment in this or any other matter. We are hereditary foes—you and I. Your misguided countrymen are ravaging my lands and killing my people today. And yet I would not ask you to seek refuge elsewhere. You are at liberty to remain in Graustark as long as you choose."

Hubert actually snorted.

"Remain here—after this? What do you think I am? I shall leave Graustark tomorrow. A haven is open to me in Dawsbergen. Before another night has fallen I shall be in Serros. Prince Dantan ——"

"As you please, Hubert," broke in Robin, his lip curling. "You will be safer in Serros than here, I apprehend. There

Continued on Page 58

VALVE-IN-HEAD

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Glimpses of Our Government

War and Peace—By William C. Redfield

THE late Ollie James, senator from Kentucky, was a big man in every way. His physical bulk would attract attention in any throng and his intellectual and oratorical powers were unusual, but he loved the movies. So one day he slipped away from the Capitol and sought entertainment at a motion-picture theater. Of course, during his absence there was a roll call which developed no quorum, and therefore messengers went out hunting absentees. It so happened that one of these messengers was a diminutive boy so small that when some years later he tried to enter the Army he acquired the necessary minimum weight only by partaking copiously of bananas and water just before his test. It was the fortune of this young fellow to find Mr. James quietly watching the screen, forgetful of all else. Fearlessly the youth went down the aisle and, tapping Mr. James upon the shoulder, said "You are under arrest, sir" Mr. James glared at the boy, said nothing and sat still. A moment passed; the boy waited quietly, then said he, "Mr. James, will you come peaceably?" Mr. James laughed and went.

The humor of this recalls to me a day in the House of Representatives when a bill was under consideration, having to do in some way with the personnel of the departments. In the course of the debate a member who was rather excited arose and insisted that the pending measure should provide "for embracing stenographers." It was not until the House dissolved its proceedings in a roar of laughter that the confused member saw the point and altered his language.

It is fortunate that incidents of this kind occurred from time to time to relieve the dark atmosphere of war with its misunderstandings and recriminations, for those who bore the responsibilities were more than once like grain between the upper and nether millstones of enemies abroad and opponents at home. Secretary Baker was that kind of pacifist whose first independent suggestion after assuming office was that aëroplanes should accompany the Pershing expedition into Mexico. Inquiries showed that we had but few aëroplanes and those very primitive ones. Mr. Baker asked an immediate appropriation to buy aëroplanes for Pershing's force and arranged to purchase as many as all the makers of such machines in the country could produce in time, which was probably not over twenty. This was the substantial beginning of developing an art of American origin which we had neglected. When war was clearly in sight Mr. Baker did not hesitate to incur obligations through the War Department for many millions, long before the money was actually appropriated by Congress.

No one can search the records of the War and Navy Departments prior to April, 1917, without finding that they prepared for coming events so far as the funds at their disposal made it possible to do so. This was the case in my own work. We were not blind to the future in producing optical glass and chemical porcelain before we entered the war, nor was the Council of National Defense purely academic in its work during the winter of 1916 and 1917. Of course, for lack of war appropriations, we had to proceed on a peace basis, but if I may judge others by myself we all had a subconscious sense that war was coming, and our work was influenced by this even when outwardly it was of a peaceful character.

Pressure From All Sides

THERE were no pro-Germans in the cabinet, no conscientious objectors after Mr. Bryan left, but the President was long under fire from several sides. Pressure to act with Allies came from Page in London, reënforced by some thoughtful American opinion, chiefly in the Eastern part of the country. Similar pressure came from eager hotheads, also chiefly in the East. Resistance came from the business world, which was incensed at the interruptions to our mails and the annoyances caused by the censorship. The serious complaints which came like a flood because of mail delays poured in upon Burleson and made him the most nearly anti-British among us. The force of the facts that he submitted was undeniable. They did not touch humanity like the facts on the other side, but still they were injuries continued long after protest had been made against them. Both sides of this terrible problem were constantly before us, and only time and the evolution of events could lead to a wise decision.

I had great respect throughout this trying period for the judgment of Secretary Houston. Less impulsive than Lane or myself, a sound economist with wide historical knowledge and broad human sympathies, sufficiently removed in his environment from military or naval opinion to be unaffected by it, standing aside from the commercial complaints that filled the air, his views were the result of calm, clear, unprejudiced thinking. More, almost, than any other man I have known well, he had the habit of thinking straight through a subject and of giving it a definite intellectual status.

When the final hour came and President Wilson addressed his war message to Congress on April 2, 1917, his cabinet was glad that the long months of anxious thought were over. Our hands were set to the plow and we could not turn back, yet there was a sense of exhilaration at having a great task to do.

As the departments took up the work each could do best and the Council of National Defense struggled to mobilize our industries and transportation lines into coöperation with the military services, it quickly became painfully evident that many essential commodities were not to be found in the United States or were available in too small quantities. We produced no rubber, tin or platinum, and too little manganese, yet all were required in quantities far exceeding our needs in peace. Forthwith, therefore, arrangements were made to reduce our consumption of platinum by restricting its use in jewelry, and of tin by stopping its use for containers of nonperishable foods, and steps were taken in coöperation with Great Britain to increase our tin supply.

The Scramble for War Material

WE SEARCHED the world for platinum to be used in making high explosives. Our men went to Australia, Tasmania, Borneo, China, Spain and elsewhere, looking for this precious metal. My staff secured one large lot in Petrograd and sent it across the Pacific, consigned to me. A second large shipment from Russia was obtained just as the war ended, through the heroic self-sacrifice of Charles L. Preston, who literally gave his life in the attempt. Our domestic manganese ore was of low grade; the output, though increased sixfold, was insufficient for our steel industry, and the Shipping Board stated in December, 1917, that they needed one hundred and fifty thousand dead-weight tons of cargo space for bringing manganese from Brazil. We were almost without a linen supply, and intense effort had to be given to develop a substitute.

An interesting war operation was our purchase jointly with Great Britain and France of a large amount of Norwegian molybdenum and Swedish iron ore as a blockade measure, to insure that these ores should not be sold to Germany. President Wilson placed six million dollars in my hands to carry out our part of this transaction. The ores were bought, but delivery of them was never actually made. They were held at the Swedish and Norwegian mines subject to delivery to us and the Allies on demand. They were thus held when the war closed. Thereafter the ores were sold in collaboration with the associated nations in such a way as to save most of the money we appropriated for the purpose.

Such transactions could not be made public at the time, for we had to keep the situation from the enemy, who were known to be seeking actively for information. Nitrates to feed the hungry guns with explosives and our hungry soil with fertilizer were a vital necessity. We did not produce them and had no time to devise methods to make them from the air—as the Germans did—or to develop them in sufficient quantities from our Western deposits. A procession of ships was therefore constantly moving from the nitrate ports of Chile to our own seaboard and to Europe. We used three hundred and sixty thousand dead-weight tons' capacity of steamers to transport this single material.

President Wilson told me that he understood it was the intent of Congress, in enacting the war legislation by which the fund for the national security and defense was provided, that he should conduct such war affairs as were economic, industrial or commercial in character through organizations directly responsible to himself rather than through the regular departments. He did not go so far as to relieve the departments at once or wholly of war functions. He placed sums amounting to many millions in their hands for numerous special duties, and allowed them in some cases a nominal connection with the new independent war organizations. Most, however, of the commercial and industrial work related to the war was in a short time taken away from the department services and these were subordinated to the new bodies. The Department of Commerce was peculiarly affected by this action.

The situation as it existed in April, 1917, illustrated the fact that democracies are not fitted for war. The lack of preparedness existed not only in the want of trained troops but also in the very structure of the Government itself. When war came, emergency services were improvised, old functions were changed and new expedients evolved as the result of long and confused seeking for the way to do the necessary economic work. These served the temporary purpose fairly well, but at a cost of time and money and effort that, if we are wise, will never be incurred again.

The offices of our Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce conducted for more than eight months the work of the Exports Control Committee which afterward became the War Trade Board. During July and August, 1917, more than half the applications made in the United States for export licenses came to our office in New York, and more than fifteen thousand such licenses were granted there. It was difficult to enlarge the force rapidly enough to cope with the enormous demands; on each of several days applications for two thousand licenses were made at this New York office alone.

Then the War Trade Council was created, composed of the heads of several departments, myself among them, and it was arranged that their representatives should be the War Trade Board proper. Nominally this plan continued throughout the war. Actually the War Trade Board functioned independently, taking its directions from the President. I do not recall that the War Trade Council ever met, and in its separate orbit the War Trade Board ruled supreme. As regards my own duties toward our foreign trade, it formed the Scylla which was matched on the domestic side by the Charybdis of the War Industries Board. Between these two the commercial functions of the Department of Commerce were suspended save when some arbitrary act of some war body led to action to save an enterprise from being swept away by the current of their militant activities. I interfered to secure coal for a porcelain manufactory which had been refused fuel because it was said to be, in the parlance of the hour, a nonessential industry. For the same reason another factory was denied a small amount of wire which was necessary to maintain its production. I caused the wire to be purchased privately and sent to it. Throughout the war period, however, our commercial attachés in Europe were active in coöperation with the War Trade Board and with the authorities of the "allied and associated nations"—to use the formula our Government adopted. One of my staff made a special trip to South America ostensibly on a commercial mission, actually under orders from the Navy Department to search for possible German submarine bases.

The Two Great War Boards

THE War Industries Board did not reach its full power until its functions were outlined by President Wilson in his letter of March 4, 1918, appointing Mr. Baruch its chairman. Before that time its relation to the Council of National Defense brought it into more or less—increasingly less—touch with the regular departments whose heads formed the council.

Thereafter it worked independently and its authority overshadowed all else in its field. It became the arbitrary instrument of the executive power of the Commander in Chief in time of war over our industries.

The work of the two great war boards relieved me of what would have been a crushing responsibility and one which, as respects our overseas trade, had already become a great anxiety. It did not seem to me necessary that the great organization of the Department of Commerce should be so largely thrust aside or that it should have no part in the War Industries Board, which operated strictly within the field committed to the department by an organic law still in force. I must, however, bear witness to the exceptional character, ability and devotion of the men who composed the two great war boards. Nothing here written must be interpreted as derogatory to any of them. My criticism runs to organizations, not to individuals. Many of the men who worked on both boards made great sacrifices to do so, and their labor was often without the least pecuniary reward, save perhaps the privilege of framing as a souvenir a Treasury voucher for one dollar.

Although it was our supreme duty to win the war, the militaristic spirit carried some of us too far. There was something else to be considered than our duty to fight. My solicitor told me one day that a private garage in Washington had been seized by a file of soldiers for military uses and the occupant practically ejected by force in such a way as to threaten ruin to his business. I took the matter up personally, together with my solicitor, with Secretary Baker, whose immediate reaction seemed to concur with my own. He was, however, later advised, so he said, by the military legal staff that the procedure was in accord with military law. The attitude of the war bodies was

(Continued on Page 88)

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When the stores close on Saturday night, Congoleum Week throughout the United States comes to an end. Your opportunity to buy *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs, By-the-Yard and Rug-Border at a saving will have passed.

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Only three more days remain. Look in your local newspapers for the names of nearby stores that are taking part in this nation-wide Sale of Congoleum at bargain prices. Look for the special window displays. Then make your selections without delay.

Remember, you must do your purchasing before Saturday night, October 11th, to get the benefit of the big price reductions.

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WEBER AND FIELDS

By Felix Isman and Wesley W. Stout

Give place, you ladies, and be-
gone!
Boast not your-
selves at all!
For here at hand ap-
proacheth one
Whose face will
stain you all.

I think Nature hath
lost the mold
Where she her
shape did take,
Or else I doubt if
Nature could
So fair a creature
make.

Truly she did so far
exceed
Our women nowa-
days
As doth the gilly-
flower a weed;
And more a thou-
sand ways.
John Heywood.

LILLIAN RUSSELL! Airy, fairy Lillian. A lovely lady! Salute her memory! By the calendar that tapes the years of common mortals, she was thirty-eight when she came to the Weber and Fields Music Hall; but what had calendars to do with her? This was no mortal woman, or so it seems to us. She was the Queen to all the company within the first month, and in death she remains the Queen. First at rehearsals, last to leave; asking no privilege or indulgence; as unassuming as a new chorus girl; the most beautiful and the highest salaried woman on the stage, and as gracious and merry as beautiful.

Hopper and Russell in a Piddle-Dee-Dee Scene
Above—De Wolf Hopper and Six Hoity Toity Show Girls

Selling Tickets at Auction

SHE was born Helen Louise Leonard in Clinton, Iowa, in the first year of the Civil War, her father a country editor, her mother an early crusader for women's rights. She studied as a young girl in Chicago and New York for the grand-opera stage, and by the advice of her teacher and for the sake of the experience, she made her debut in the chorus of Edward E. Rice's Pinafore company. The musical director, Harry Braham, instantly fell in love with her, married her after an ardent two months' courtship and swept her back into private life. The marriage was not a happy one, and Miss Russell returned to the stage at nineteen to sing The Kerry Dance, Twickenham Ferry and like ballads for Tony Pastor at fifty dollars a week. It was Pastor who christened her Lillian Russell. By the charm of her voice, her radiant beauty, graceful presence and considerable ability as an actress, she conquered first light opera, then musical comedy; America, then England.

The years never rested more lightly upon a woman's head. At thirty-eight she was unique, unrivaled, the Queen of Song.

Tickets for the opening performance of the fourth season were sold at auction, such was the demand. Sam Bernard, Peter Dailey and Lee Harrison knocked the seats down from the stage a week before the opening, and all Broadway was there. Jesse Lewisohn bid $1000 for two boxes in what was called the Horseshoe Circle. Stanford White, the Fish family, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Louis Sherry, J. B. Martin, Richard Croker, William Randolph Hearst, Abe Hummel, James R. Keene and Senator William H. Reynolds paid from $750 downward for other boxes, and orchestra seats were bid in at as much as $100. Thereafter first-night seats at the hall always were auctioned off. The total receipts for an opening show ran as high as $10,500, a figure never approached in any other theater of similar seating capacity, benefits possibly excepted. Weber and Fields had tried for three years to keep all seats out of the hands of ticket speculators. Failing, they appointed an official speculator of their own, Louis Cohen. Working on a salary for the house, Cohen disposed of a block of choice seats for each performance, in the lobby and on the sidewalk, at supply-and-demand prices. But for this additional revenue Joe and Lew would have been pressed to meet Miss Russell's $1250 salary in so small a theater.

The crush at the doors was so great the first night that many of the audience were ushered in through the stage door on Twenty-ninth Street. If there were fire rules for New York theaters in 1899, their fiat did not run these nights, and New Yorkers got a foretaste of rush hour in the Subway. The house was newly decorated, turkey red and gold replaced by pink and buff. Alan Dale likened the interior to a salmon mayonnaise. As always, the curtain was not lowered finally until past midnight. Then the flower show, the ovations and the speeches.

"Never in the palmy days of the stock companies of Wallack, Daly and Palmer, nor yet in the present one of the Frohmans," the Herald critic wrote, "were members greeted more enthusiastically in new plays. Each, down to the chorus, had his and her own ovation."

The play was Whirl-i-Gig, the second part a burlesque of the first of bedroom farces to come from Paris, The Girl from Maxim's. None but Weber and Fields would have had the effrontery to attempt to burlesque a farce. At the Criterion the heroine was a questionable person let loose in prudishly conventional society. The topsy-turvy methods of the Music Hall made of her a prim innocent. The virtuous spiritualistic wife of the original became a virago addicted to spirits in liquid form. The rise of the curtain disclosed Lillian Russell in bed in what appeared to be night dress, with a plug hat on her head. When she emerged from the covers, she was wearing a low-cut evening gown. O tempora, O mores, O Avery Hopwood! Letters began to arrive from patrons complaining that the scene was suggestive. It was changed.

Warfield in Farce

THE production was two shades more gorgeous than anything Broadway had seen until then. Pete Dailey sang Stromberg and Smith's newest hit, Say You Love Me, Sue. Only Charley Ross, among the males, was permitted to look handsome. Come what come might, the matinée girls could depend on Ross to be handsome. Powdered temples and a little grease paint, and Ross was ready for any rôle.

In the first half of Whirl-i-Gig, Warfield was Sigmund Cohenski, a millionaire Jew vacationing in Paris. His daughter, Uneeda, was in love with Charley Ross, the dashing Captain Kingsbridge, U. S. N.

"The captain is my ideal of a hero," Uneeda told her father.

"A hero! Is dot a business? A tailor is a business, a shoemaker is a business, but a hero? Better you should marry a bookkeeper," Warfield exclaimed.

"A bookkeeper? I suppose you think the pen is mightier than the sword," the girl sneered.

"You bet you my life," said Papa Cohenski. "Could you sign checks with a sword?"

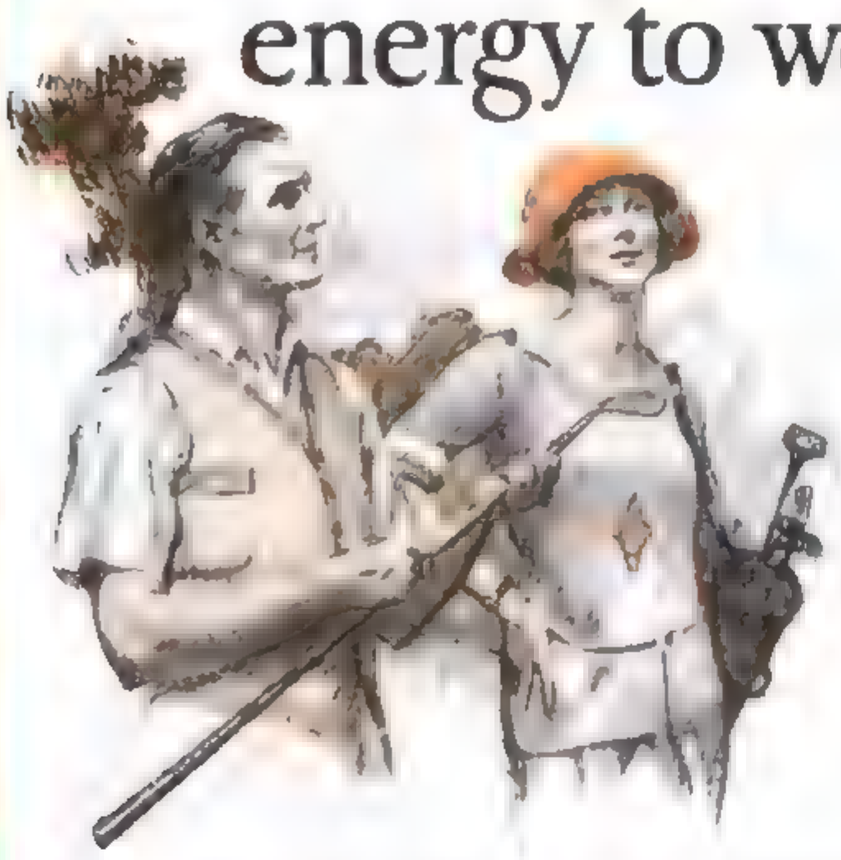
The scene in which Cohenski bought wine and dinner for Lillian Russell followed. The lines, with one exception, were nothing; but Warfield made the scene convulsingly funny. The one exception was:

FIFI: You might bring me a demi-tasse.

COHENSKI: Bring me the same, and a cup of coffee.

(Continued on Page 47)

From the "power-foods" comes your energy to work - to keep well - to enjoy life



Yet unless they are in a form your body can use they may become a source of many ills

ALL the energy you have must come from your food—and chiefly from one class of foods called "carbohydrates." From one-half to one-third of all you eat should be made up of them.

Yet—and this is a fact which health experts point out with more and more urgency—unless the carbohydrates are in a form your body can use, they may become a source of serious physical ills.

For in order to yield up to us their essential stores of energy, the carbohydrates must be broken down to meet the body's needs. Otherwise, they may not only fail to supply the body with energy, but they may give rise to irritating acids and poisons.

What is wrong when the human power plant fails

This is malnutrition—to which medical science is today tracing an appalling amount of human sickness and misery—which health statisticians recognize as a leading cause of the increasing death rate in the best years of life, of the "breakdowns" that so often occur just when our vitality should be at its highest.

"Power Foods" in the form your body can use

Grape-Nuts owes its exceptional value as a food to the fact that it is particularly rich in the power-producing carbohydrates—*turned into the form that is most acceptable to the body.*

By a special slow-baking process of many hours, its carbohydrates have been converted into dextrine—of all food substances the one which the body most easily uses for power.

Because its carbohydrates are in this form Grape-Nuts is a perfect source of power—for men and women who must have a full supply of energy to meet the demands of modern life, for children who need a surplus for growth and for healthy play.

EAT GRAPE-NUTS every day—at breakfast, for luncheon, and for dinner also, in the numerous appetizing dishes that our book of 101 Prize Recipes tells you about.

Its novel, nutty flavor, its crisp "crunchiness," make it a delightful, tempting food. Try it and see how much you enjoy it.

Hard Foods of Vital Importance

Doctors and dentists warn us that we must eat some hard foods that require chewing—both to promote thorough digestion and to give needed exercise to teeth and gums.

The crisp kernels of Grape-Nuts must be chewed—and their pleasant "crunchiness" and delightful flavor tempt you to chewing.

This starts digestion in the mouth—where it should start—and gives to the teeth and gums the exercise which alone can keep them healthy.

Served with cream or rich milk, Grape-Nuts gives you the essentials of a well-balanced ration

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Send today for four of the individual packages—free. Enough Grape-Nuts for four nourishing breakfasts. Free offer also includes book of 101 delicious recipes selected from 80,000 prepared by housewives.

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Thirty years of experience in battery making, the knowledge and skill of the keenest brains, the facilities of the greatest electro-chemical battery laboratories known to science have all contributed to the outstanding dependability, long life and steady power that invariably are to be had from Eveready Radio Batteries.

Eveready Radio Batteries are unsurpassed in their long-lived vigor for the plate circuit—whether you use the 22½-volt "B" for the detector tube, the 45-volt "B" for detector and amplifying tubes —or the new heavy duty 45 volt Eveready "B" especially designed for heavy drain multi-tube sets. Eveready also provides a "C" Battery which does wonders in clearing up distortion, clarifying tone and prolonging "B" Battery life.

There are also Eveready "A" Batteries, storage and dry, packed with power for long listening, a size and type for every tube.

Insist upon Eveready Radio Batteries. They represent a quality standard for radio that means the utmost efficiency in radio reception. Ask for them—get them. They last longer.

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New York San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

(Continued from Page 44)

This and every other joke quoted in the last six paragraphs still are in active service. You run an even chance of hearing them the next time you enter the theater.

For the first time in her career, Miss Russell sang a coon song, When Chloe Sings Her Song.

Incomparable drawing card that she was, Miss Russell could not stop the gap made by Fay Templeton and Mabel Fenton's absence from the burlesques. Again Weber and Fields lured Miss Fenton back from the Jersey shore to take the title in Barbara Fidgety, a burlesque of Clyde Fitch's drama, in which Julia Marlowe was starring at the Criterion. Miss Russell thereafter gave all her time to the first part of the bills.

Charley Ross was running for mayor of Frederick on the platform of "To the victims belongs what is spoiled." Weber and Fields were stray privates from the Union Army. Weber had been promised the job of tax collector by Ross.

"I have to go along the street and whenever I see a tack, I should collect it so the bicycles wouldn't get punctuated," he explained to Fields.

The excavator of the buried ruins of the Weber and Fields' Music Hall turns up an old friend at every stroke of the pick. Another such a one was the scene in Barbara Fidgety in which Lew had a nickel and a thirst and Joe only the latter.

"Listen!" Fields drilled his partner. "It wouldn't do for us to look poor with these unicorns on, so we will walk in and when I ask you what you will have, you must say, kind of careless, like this"—stretching—"'I don't care for it.' Then I will have a beer, and they will not get onto us that we are impecurious."

The two parted the swinging doors, and Dailey and Ross took the stage. As the latter finished a scene, high words came from the barroom, and Joe and Lew emerged, gesticulating furiously.

"You are a false friend to me," Fields accused.

"What did I do?" Weber demanded.

"When I asked you what you would have, what did you say?"

"I said what you told me. I said"—stretching—"'I don't care if I do.'"

Nethersole's Dual Task

OVER at Wallack's, across the street from the Music Hall, Olga Nethersole was engaged in the spring of 1900 in the diverting and dual task of playing Sapho and keeping out of jail. Magistrate Mott, Police Inspector Thompson and a horrified public opposed the former and endeavored to expedite the latter. Miss Nethersole spoke at length and often of her great moral purpose, the press agent rubbed his hands—and the horrified public stormed the box office.

Having seen the original, by now considerably disinfected, the public waited for the burlesque that was certain to follow across Broadway. Miss Nethersole was an actress of many mannerisms and a ripe subject for burlesque. To make certain of doing the job adequately, Joe and Lew borrowed May Robson from Charles Frohman for the title rôle. Few incidents better illustrate the prestige of Weber and Fields than that Mr. Frohman should have lent so distinguished an actress for a burlesque and that she should have gone willingly. Like Sam Bernard, Miss Robson's stage name was the result of a typographical error. She had been born Robinson. In the early 80's she was living in New York, a young widow with three children, earning a meager living by painting china and menu cards. She never had set foot on a stage when she was engaged in 1883 to play a small part in The Hoop of Gold. The part was Tilly, a slavey, and she made so much of it that Daniel Frohman engaged her for his Lyceum Theater company. From there she passed to the management of Charles Frohman, remaining with the classic Empire Theater company for eighteen years and becoming the foremost character woman of the time.

Fay Templeton and Charley Bigelow in "Twirly Whirly"

There was no Wednesday matinée at Wallack's, so the Music Hall canceled a Saturday afternoon performance and sacrificed a certain $1200 house to permit the company to watch Miss Nethersole's performance on that afternoon. Although the play and star were sure to fare roughly at the impious hands of the Weberfields, the manager of Wallack's, who knew free publicity when he saw it, reserved the four lower boxes for his visitors.

Peter Dailey was living at the time in the Norfolk Apartments, Broadway and Thirtieth Street, less than a block from either theater. At curtain time everyone was on hand save Dailey, who was to have the leading male rôle in the burlesque Joe and Lew hurried to the Norfolk. Snores proceeded from Peter's room, outside of which Mrs. Dailey stood guard. Nothing less than a fire would cause her to wake him, she declared. Peter must have his sleep.

"Either you get him up and over to Wallack's in fifteen minutes, or he can sleep forever as far as we are concerned," Weber declared hotly.

The Weberfields' Version of Sapho

DAILEY stumbled into the box inside of the fifteen-minute limit, resumed his interrupted sleep and did not hear three lines of the show. But on the opening night of the burlesque he was letter-perfect, and contributed more original business to the travesty than any two other players. Miss Robson, in contrast, was frantic and despairing, and pleaded for her release at every rehearsal. To an actress of her training, the Music Hall at rehearsal was a madhouse.

"I always had a cue to work on; I don't know where to start my lines," she complained. "I'm sure I shan't know what I am doing the first night, nor any night. I never know what the others are going to do or say next, particularly Mr. Dailey."

But she was persuaded to stay, did her part perfectly, and came to enjoy it as much as any of her temporary associates.

The Music Hall merely reversed the character of the Daudet heroine, and rechristened her Sapolio in token of her having consecrated her life to the task of making Paris a spotless town morally. Dailey was Jean Gaussin, the unwilling victim of Sapolio's high moral purpose. Warfield had the rôle of Uncle Cæsaire, who ate moth balls to conceal his alcoholic breath from his wife. Fields was a comedy servant girl who, ordered to serve the capon en casserole, cooked it in castor oil. Joseph, Fanny Le Grand's perfect little gentleman of a child, became, in Weber's hands, a kicking, brawling, tobacco-chewing brat. Harry Morey, now a Hollywood hero, had the small part of a concierge with an Irish brogue.

"If you only will let me stay, I'll black your boots," Fanny, or Sapho, had pleaded with Jean in the original. Peter Dailey dragged out a shoe-shining stand and the curtain fell on the travesty as May Robson opened a bootblack's kit and began on Dailey's shoes.

The Music Hall closed on May fifth and the company took to the road by special train. The season was late, but Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago, Toledo, Buffalo, Syracuse and Boston were waiting. The Weberfields' fame was becoming national. In these ten cities Whirl-i-Gig piled up profits greater than those of the entire season at home. In the Music Hall

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The Weber and Fields Burlesque of the Florodora Sextet

What Does the Autumn Hold for Britain?—By F. Britten Austin

ON THURSDAY, August seventh, the British Parliament, Lords and Commons, adjourned for its summer holiday. The first British Socialist government could contemplate the historic fact that it had survived its first complete parliamentary session. That session, which commenced on February twelfth, when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had come before the House of Commons with his "Ministry of all the Respectabilities," had lasted almost exactly six months and in its course had evoked an ever-increasing feeling of reassurance in the middle-class British public. As far as that public could see, this "Socialist" government, theoretically so dangerous, did not in practice differ greatly from any other government.

The great majority of the British people cordially applauded Mr. MacDonald's patient, sincere, skillful efforts to solve the triangular Franco-German-British problem on the lines of the Dawes report. It was grateful to him for having retrieved the prestige of the British Foreign Office from the abyss into which it had fallen under the immediately preceding administrations. As far as the British Empire was concerned, although a section was sore at the Labor Government's repudiation of the imperial-preference proposals agreed upon with the Dominion premiers in 1923 and its abandonment of the Singapore base, it recognized that a Liberal government would have done precisely the same. In domestic affairs, this "Socialist" government took care not to force its Socialist theories either into practice or into general notice. If the condition of the country had not improved under this new administration, at least it had not become visibly worse. At Whitsuntide Mr. MacDonald had said that he saw no reason why his ministry should not continue to govern for two or three years, and—since both Liberals and Conservatives were still implacable in their mutual determination to exclude each other from office—the country saw no reason either. It was perfectly ready to accept, indefinitely, a "Socialist" government that shelved its socialism, and saw even a positive advantage in doing so. Under the responsibilities of office, an explicitly revolutionary movement was apparently being converted into a Constitutional Party.

But in the very last week of the session this peaceful atmosphere was suddenly shattered. Two distinct and seemingly quite independent storms—one from Ireland and one from Moscow—burst with startling unexpectedness upon the summer-holiday mood at Westminster. Parliament indeed adjourned, as per schedule, but it adjourned in a mood of bitter anger, certain that when it met again it would meet only to face a general election.

The Boundary Question

SOME such sudden end to this halcyon period was bound to come. If the British Liberal and Conservative parties imagined that the Socialists were going indefinitely to be content with exercising an innocuous power on sufferance from the organized capitalism which it is the sole purpose of the socialist movement to destroy, they were in naïve error. The one object of the Labor-Socialists in taking minority office was to prepare a favorable opportunity for the eventual seizure of unrestricted power. The "Constitutional" Socialists, who believe in revolution by Act of Parliament, aimed in the first place at reassuring the nervous British public, and, in the second, at the earliest moment that was propitious, at forcing an election on some issue that would unite in their favor the votes of a large section of non-Socialists with those of the militant socialist movement. Such an issue is provided by the Irish boundary controversy; the Liberals are traditionally hostile to Ulster. The ever-swelling mass of left-wing Socialists, and the communists behind them, had from the first the single determination to supplant as soon as possible the "Kerensky" government of Mr. MacDonald by one that would bring the revolution here and now; and they look for their opportunity in any sort of trouble, provided it is big enough. That opportunity is richly provided for them in the twin problems of the Free State-Ulster conflict and the ratification of the Anglo-Soviet Treaty. In the whole socialist movement, perhaps only Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his immediate entourage view the prospect with alarm. For them as individuals the prospect looks uncommonly like one of imminent political extinction. They would doubtless much prefer to continue in a peaceful nonprovocative government of the country. But the socialist movement is very far from being controlled by Mr. MacDonald. It—and the Labor-Socialist government which is its first political expression—is controlled by individuals whose never-modified aim is revolution and nothing else.

This article is not concerned with the rights and wrongs of the Free State-Ulster quarrel, and here only with its reaction upon British politics. It was freely hoped in Britain, and not only by the politicians, that eventually the North would be so favorably impressed by the peace and happiness reigning in Southern Ireland that it would join the Free State of its own accord—at one and the same time removing a perpetual potentiality of Irish trouble and, by its presence in the Dublin Parliament, outweighing the influence of the irreconcilable anti-British elements. In the meantime, since Ulster showed an emphatic aversion to doing any such thing, its exclusion, until it should voluntarily decide otherwise, from the effects of the Lloyd George-Michael Collins Treaty was guaranteed by the first paragraph of the now famous Article 12, which provided for the separate existence of a "Northern Ireland" as defined in the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, "the provisions of which Statute . . . shall, so far as they relate to Northern Ireland, continue to be of full force and effect."

A Complicated Situation

IN PRACTICE this strategy was not quite so simple to carry out, and its astuteness became a little too astute. For a variety of reasons, none of which is love for their Northern neighbors, the Southern Irish negotiators were irrevocably pledged to the principle of a United Ireland "one and indivisible." Behind them were the Irish idealists for whom the partition of Ireland is nothing less than sacrilege, there were the irreconcilables of the I. R. A., determined that nowhere should the Union Jack wave over Irish soil, and there were the politicians and the economists who saw no chance of a solvent Ireland unless the industrial wealth of Ulster were made subject to the Dublin tax collector. After a bitter and stubborn discussion which all but terminated in a breakdown of the negotiations, a compromise was reached at 2:30 A.M. on December 6, 1921, by negotiators worn out with fatigue, and this second paragraph of Article 12 was agreed upon: "Provided that . . . a Commission consisting of three persons, one to be appointed by the Government of the Irish Free State, one to be appointed by the Government of Northern Ireland, and one, who shall be chairman, to be appointed by the British Government, shall determine in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants, so far as may be compatible with economic and geographic conditions, the boundaries between Northern Ireland and the rest of Ireland."

On the face of it, this paragraph contradicts the one immediately before it, which stated that the provisions of the 1920 Act "shall, so far as they relate to Northern Ireland, continue to be of full force and effect." But Ulster was not consulted in the negotiations, and that astutely drafted paragraph could be construed to mean almost anything. The British Conservative signatories to the treaty allege that they understood by it merely an adjustment of the already established boundary.

The Irish allege that they were given to understand by Mr. Lloyd George that it implied handing over to them all those territories—eating deep into Ulster and comprising half of it.

Ulster took its stand on Clause 1 of the Government of Ireland Act of the previous year—an act constituting a Northern government, which Ulster, anxious only to remain under the Parliament at Westminster, had very reluctantly accepted in the hope of facilitating peace in Ireland. That act, which was to remain "of full force and effect," provided that "Northern Ireland shall consist of the Parliamentary counties of Antrim, Armagh, Down, Fermanagh, Londonderry, and Tyrone, and the Parliamentary boroughs of Belfast and Londonderry." Nevertheless, the Northern Government was quite willing to agree to that minor adjustment of its boundaries which was, in fact, urgently called for. In some places the railroad crosses the frontier six and seven times—with two customhouses and frontier guards at each spot. It was naturally not willing to acquiesce in an "adjustment" which was merely a euphemism for dismemberment of itself—and a consultation between Sir James Craig, the Ulster Premier, and Michael Collins speedily revealed the Southern demands to mean nothing less.

Thereafter the appointment of the boundary commission was allowed to remain in suspense. The Free-Staters were busily employed in suppressing the Republicans. A Conservative British government had succeeded Mr. Lloyd George's ministry—and the Southern Irish had no intention of settling the boundary question by a commission on which Ulster would virtually have had two votes to their one. They preferred to wait for a more favorable occasion.

The advent of the Labor-Socialist government gave them a golden chance. Every one of the British Socialist organizations had throughout been a vociferous partisan of the Irish movement. The personnel of the new government was mainly drawn from the Independent Labor Party—and the Independent Labor Party had over and over again reiterated its demand for the complete independence of Ireland. Now was the moment to put forward the demand for the boundary commission. A British Socialist government, the Independent Labor Party come to power, would certainly appoint a chairman whose casting vote would be favorable to the cause they had so long championed.

But—in this respect as in so many others disappointing his own extremists—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald surprisingly showed no sign of partisanship for the South. He recognized very clearly the explosive possibilities of such a commission—unless its terms of reference were mutually agreed upon beforehand. The boundary commission could not be refused without disowning the treaty and giving the Irish Republicans precisely the argument they wanted. Mr. MacDonald therefore, at the beginning of June, persuaded both Mr. Cosgrave and Sir James Craig to meet him at Chequers with the object of getting both to agree on a boundary in advance. The meeting failed to produce any solution. Mr. Cosgrave, whose at best precarious Free-State government was more dangerously menaced every day by the resuscitation of the out-and-out Republican movement, dared not accept less than the full Sinn Fein demands. Sir James Craig, equally, could not agree to the dismemberment of the state of which he was Premier.

That this meeting failed was no fault of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He did his very best to bring about an amicable solution and his attitude was quite sincerely summed up in a published letter to Mr. Cosgrave: "I ask you to tell the Dail, and through them the people they represent, that if Irishmen can lay the foundations of a true and lasting peace not only amongst themselves but with us, they will be rendering Europe, in this distracted juncture of its history, a service which future generations will not forget. I will ask Sir James Craig to give a similar message to his own Parliament."

The Dublin government retorted by nominating a representative for the boundary commission. Ulster, in the circumstances—whatever Mr. MacDonald's personal fairness, the whole socialist movement at his back was vehemently, even virulently hostile to that Ulster whose perhaps somewhat aggressive patriotism has always been an offense to it—declined to nominate a representative at all. The British Government then set up a legal committee to decide the technical question of whether the findings of a commission on which Ulster was not represented would have legal effect. At the end of July, on the very eve of adjournment of the British Parliament, the committee reported that such a commission would not be legally valid.

A Look Into the Near Future

THAT precipitated the crisis. The government of the Irish Free State, vociferously supported by the entire British socialist movement, demanded that a bill should be rushed through the British Parliament to "implement the Treaty"; in other words, to dismember Ulster without Ulster's consent. Unless such a bill were immediately passed, the Free-State government declared that it would instantly succumb to the formidable movement for an independent republic. There is, in fact, every probability that whatever happens an avowed republic will shortly supplant the extremely ambiguous Free State, which was openly accepted by most Irish politicians only as a stepping-stone. But no responsible British statesman wants to see that republic declared if it can possibly be avoided. Under this pressure, and the pressure of those shadowy but extremely influential people who move behind the scenes in the Labor Government, Mr. MacDonald agreed to bring in such a bill, not at once, but on September thirtieth, and the date of reassemblage of the British Parliament was put forward from October twenty-eighth in consequence.

Such a bill means, inevitably and at least, a general election. It will be supported by a strong contingent of the Liberals, who have an antipathy for Ulster almost equal to that of the Socialists—they have never forgiven Ulster for the stubborn opposition which almost wrecked Mr. Asquith's government just before the war—and probably will pass through the House of Commons. And then it will certainly be rejected by the Lords—with an appeal to the country as a consequence. That at least is the sequence of events in the Socialist anticipation.

(Continued on Page 51)

"The other varnishes curled up and died"—

The famous Valspar boiling water test

Fred S. Byrely, Superintendent of a Wisconsin trunk factory, tells this interesting Valspar story:

"Dealers had been sending back trunks because they had become wet in transit and the varnish had turned white. So I decided to test all the leading varnishes on the market.

"I took a large sheet of the vulcanized fibre used for trunk coverings, and marked it out in sections. Each section I covered with a different varnish—one section, of course, falling to Valspar. Then I placed the fibre flat on the roof of the factory so that every section was equally exposed to the elements.

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S. E. P.—10-27-28

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Also Maxwell House Tea

to Coast—

Continued from Page 48

It is just the opportunity for which the "Constitutional" Socialists have been looking. An election can always be won in England on a cry of "Down with the wicked Lords!" Mr. Lloyd George proved that, long ago. Almost certainly, too, in the process the already disintegrating Liberal Party will be split into two, as it was split in the 80's on a similar issue. It is from the Liberals that the Socialists count on winning seats, and they will almost certainly return with an increased representation.

Mr. MacDonald himself, one may imagine, regards the prospect with less pleasure than most of his supporters. An election which returns the Socialists to Parliament in increased strength will deprive him of the office-without-power argument. Almost certainly, it means his deposition from the leadership in favor of one who means business. The annual conference of the Labor Party in October is, in fact, already scheduled by the left-wingers as the occasion of his overthrow, and Mr. Wheatley is alleged to be his successor-designate. The bitter communist and left wing Socialist propaganda campaign against MacDonaldism has done its work in the Socialist ranks, and there are few in the Socialist movement which is a very different thing to Socialist government circles—who have any desire to see Mr. MacDonald's leadership perpetuated. To the rank and file he is a camouflaged bourgeois who has betrayed the workers' opportunity.

There is no doubt that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is personally wedded to an all-round policy, both in Ireland and on the Continent, of conciliation and sweet reasonableness. Left to himself, he would unquestionably prefer that the Irish Boundary Commission should remain in the state of suspense in which it has existed for the past three years. He must be fully aware that the supersession of the Irish Free State by the Irish Republic is, in any circumstances, now probable; if the Republicans hold their hand for the moment, it is only in the hope that a Socialist British government will pull the Ulster chestnuts out of the fire for them. A government which, on the Free State president's own statement, exists by the forbearance of its adversaries if a British Government will pass a certain piece of legislation, has obviously no vitality of its own. The Ulster boundary problem is perhaps not susceptible of a peaceful solution; but if a crisis cannot be solved, it is the statesman's business to postpone it. Animosity may die down with the lapse of time. The subversive element in British politics, however, has no intention of allowing Mr. MacDonald any such postponement. It is bent on trouble, the maximum trouble possible. And when it comes to the final show-down, Mr. MacDonald is not a free agent. That fact was dramatically demonstrated to the British public in the first week of August.

The Anglo-Soviet Conference

From April fourteenth, following the recognition of the Soviet Government by Mr. MacDonald, an Anglo-Soviet conference had been sitting in London. The purpose of that conference from the Russian point of view was to obtain British funds for the prosecution of their campaign of world revolution; from the British point of view it was to obtain recognition of liability for the vast British interests confiscated by the soviets. At the opening of that conference Mr. MacDonald welcomed the Russian delegates in a speech where he gave them some very plain speaking a speech which greatly disgusted the entire British Socialist movement, and particularly the Socialist government's own and only newspaper. After that first speech Mr. MacDonald, immersed in his Franco-German diplomacy, left the management of the conference to his lieutenant, Mr. Ponsonby.

Month after month that conference dragged on, with many rumors of final breakdown and no progress on either side, behind a close veil of secrecy. On several occasions Mr. MacDonald reassured the British public, nervous that its interests were being sacrificed. On the twentieth of May an official statement was issued that there could be no question of any government guaranty to a soviet loan.

On June eighteenth Mr. MacDonald was asked in Parliament whether the government had considered the guaranteeing or proposed to consider the guaranteeing of any Russian obligation? The reply was, "The answer is in the negative." Finally, in exasperation, Mr. MacDonald informed the Russians that the negotiations could not be longer protracted, and that a decision, one way or the other, must be reached before the end of the parliamentary session on August seventh.

M. Rakovsky dashed over from Moscow and there was a final sitting of the conference which lasted without intermission for twenty hours. The result of that sitting was announced in the morning newspapers of August sixth by the following official communiqué, signed by Mr. Ponsonby: ". . . As the soviet delegation was unable to accept the amendment and concessions offered in regard to Article 14 of the Draft Treaty, no agreement was reached, negotiations broke down, and the treaty will not be signed."

A Sudden Change of Front

That same afternoon, however, Mr. Ponsonby announced in the House of Commons, to the stupefaction of that august assembly, that a treaty had, after all, been agreed upon, and proceeded to present to the astonished members the double-barreled treaty which his government proposed to sign forthwith! Simultaneously, in the House of Lords, the Socialist Lord Chancellor was denying any knowledge whatever of the matter.

Something dramatic had evidently happened. According to the Workers' Weekly, the official organ of the Communist Party, which in this instance should be well informed, "The rupture took place against the wishes of Ponsonby, the actual negotiator, but at the express orders of MacDonald and Snowden, the men who dominate the Cabinet," that then "the honest and active elements in the Labour Party" had "gone to MacDonald and threatened to tell the workers the truth about him," and that MacDonald had surrendered to the threat.

Apparently, what really occurred was this: When the negotiations broke down on August fifth the soviet representative Rakovsky had a meeting with a number of prominent left-wing M.P.'s. These gentlemen forthwith proceeded to hale the Prime Minister from the Dawes Report Conference, then in its critical stages, and to demand of him that the Russian treaty should go through at once and at all costs. In the event of his refusal they threatened an open revolt and a tearing campaign in the country against him. They had secured in advance the support of the Union of Democratic Control and the Executive of the Trades Union Congress, with, of course, the certain assistance of the Independent Labor Party. In other words, the extremists gave Mr. MacDonald the choice of obeying or of being extinguished.

Late that night there was another meeting of all the "advanced" Socialist M.P.'s, at which the campaign against MacDonald was finally resolved on, should he remain recalcitrant. Not only did they demand that the treaty should be agreed on, they demanded that it should be made a *fait accompli* and signed at once, without reference to the British Parliament, due to adjourn in less than forty-eight hours. And at a very early hour of the next morning Mr. MacDonald sent a note to Mr. Ponsonby in which he ordered him to resume the conference and agree upon the treaty.

Never, certainly, has the British House of Commons listened to such proposals for a treaty as those which were detailed to it by Mr. Ponsonby that next afternoon. It was clear that, despite all the previous government denials, the British Government was going to guarantee a loan to Soviet Russia; it was going to conclude a trading agreement with Russia and grant diplomatic immunity to the members, and extra-territorial privileges to all the premises of the various soviet trade delegations in the country—Socialist cheers—and, per contra, the Russian Government admitted a liability to the British holders of prewar Russian Government bonds and would negotiate with them.

The House of Commons listened in an amazement that passed into derisive laughter, and from derision into fierce indignation. There was not time for any real discussion of the treaty before Parliament adjourned on the next day, but Mr. MacDonald announced that although he proposed to sign it at once without such discussion—as in fact he did—the treaty should lie before the House for twenty-one days at the beginning of next session before ratification by Parliament.

It is wildly improbable that the British Parliament will ever ratify that treaty, and not only Mr. MacDonald but the soviet representatives must have been quite aware of the fact when they signed it. Why, then, did they sign it? Why is the entire revolutionary movement of Great Britain exchanging shouts of delight at this signature of a treaty that will never come into effect?

Because, by that *fait accompli*, the revolutionaries gained several very definite advantages. In the first place they proved conclusively that Mr. MacDonald was not of the stamina that might be an obstacle in their path. In the second place, because the refusal to ratify that treaty is going to provide the Socialists with what they think is a splendid cry to electrify the industrial masses -"The wicked capitalists have destroyed a treaty with Russia, the workingman's paradise, which would have produced the millennium!" Outside the Socialist movement, as a matter of fact, the British workingman does not care two straws for Russia. In the third place, because the revolutionaries have secured a very real gain. Nothing is so difficult for the organizers of revolution as the procuring of headquarters and storehouses which shall be free from police interference. Until the treaty is definitely repudiated, which cannot be until the end of October at the earliest, the Socialist government will certainly proceed on the assumption that it will be ratified—and the numerous soviet premises in Britain will in the meantime be immune from police raids.

That is the achievement which Moscow records with the greatest exultation. The official soviet newspaper hurried to explain to the Russians that in virtue of this diplomatic immunity and extra-territorial status "the British police may not enter the buildings or arrest the representatives."

Moscow may or may not get money from Great Britain—in any event, by the fact of the treaty having been signed, it will probably get the fifty million dollars belonging to the late Czarist Government lying in London, which hitherto had been withheld—but it has secured, for a couple of months, at least, absolutely safe centers of revolutionary action.

An Ancient Precedent Broken

There is another point about this treaty which is of historic interest and considerable significance. It is the first treaty ever made by a British Government with a foreign power which is not made in the name of the King of England. The treaty is between—not, as is usual, "His Britannic Majesty"—the "Government of Great Britain and Northern Ireland" and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and it is the first British treaty not to be signed by the King. Now the King of England is the sole legal nexus of the British Empire. The British oversea Dominions, self-governing though they are, since they accept his suzerainty, are bound by any treaties he makes. Since he has not signed the Anglo-Soviet Treaty it is not binding on the Dominions, and all of them made haste, in fact, to repudiate publicly any participation in it. Commenting on this omission of the King's name, the Labor Government's newspaper said: "It is therefore important as marking a new step in the decentralisation of the British Empire." To most Britishers, "decentralisation" in this instance is merely a euphemism for "disintegration." That this treaty, finally ratified or not, is another blow at the solidarity of the British Empire is one of the reasons of the Socialist jubilation over its signature.

Whatever its ultimate fate, this Anglo-Soviet Treaty is going to introduce another element of fierce controversy into an autumn session that is already supplied with more controversy than enough. It has stirred the British middle classes to a quite unusual anger of indignation, and it will be bitterly opposed by both Liberals and Conservatives alike.

The country had not recovered from its amazement at all this when it was staggered by a second proof of the subservience of the government to the subversive elements lurking in its shadow. At the end of July a communist newspaper covered the whole of its front page with a proclamation to the Army, Navy and Air Force that called upon the fighting forces: "To begin the task not only of organising passive

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Watch This Column

"The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid." —TICKELL

LAURA LA PLANTE
Who appears in "BUTTERFLY."

Thousands of people have written to me praising UNIVERSAL PICTURES and asking me whether there are any particular theatres at which UNIVERSAL PICTURES are shown. I have answered saying that they are generally shown at most good houses, but in case they are not shown in the theatre you attend, my advice is to ask the manager of that theatre to book any particular picture you have in mind. *His success depends on pleasing you*, and it stands to reason he will grant your request.

You may think that this will be wasted effort or that the manager of your favorite theatre will ignore your requests and suggestions. On the contrary, he will be glad to hear from you—he will be tickled to death to get your ideas—and nothing would please him more than to have all the people who come to his theatre take that much interest in his business.

The local theatre manager would rather depend on *your* choice of pictures than on his own. To a large extent he has to guess at your preferences, whereas if you state them directly he has something definite to go on. Inasmuch as you ask for what you want in every other line of purchasing, why shouldn't you ask for what you want in pictures?

I suggest that you try the experiment. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre to get the massive production, *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"*; *"The Signal Tower,"* with VIRGINIA VALLI; *"The Reckless Age,"* with REGINALD DENNY; *"Merry Go Round,"* with MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY; *"Hit and Run,"* with HOOT GIBSON; *"The Turmoil,"* with GEORGE HACKATHORNE and ELEANOR BOARDMAN; the Champion JACK DEMPSEY *"Fight and Win"* pictures; *"Wine,"* with CLARA BOW, or any other Universal Picture which you may not have seen. See what the manager has to say.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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resistance when war is declared, or when an industrial dispute involves you, but definitely and categorically to let it be known that neither in a class war nor a military war, will you turn your guns on your fellow-workers, but instead you will line up with your fellow-workers in an attack upon the exploiters and capitalists, and will use your arms on the side of your own class." The manifesto concluded with the emphatic exhortation: "Refuse to shoot down your fellow-workers; refuse to fight for profits; turn your weapons upon your oppressors."

This is the kind of thing no government can overlook; ultimately every government depends on the fidelity and discipline of its fighting forces. Accordingly the socialist attorney-general ordered a prosecution, the editor of the Workers' Weekly was arrested, and on August sixth he was charged by the director of public prosecutions with inciting to mutiny. The case was remanded, and Mr. Edgar Lansbury, the son of George Lansbury, provided bail for the prisoner.

Middle-Class Confidence Shaken

The prosecuting government counsel at the first hearing had emphasized that the charge was a very serious one, as indeed under British law it is, but when the case came on again at the expiration of the remand, he stated that the government had decided to withdraw the prosecution and offer no evidence. "Since the process was issued," he said, "it had been represented that the object of the article . . . was not to endeavour to seduce men in the fighting forces from their duty . . . but was comment upon armed military forces being used by the State for the suppression of industrial disputes." In view of the plain words of the manifesto, the explanation was not very convincing, but it might have passed without attracting much notice had not the political bureau of the Communist Party thought fit to issue, the same evening, an explanation of its own.

This explanation deserves to be reproduced in full—it will echo and reecho through Britain for many months to come:

"In view of the statement made by the counsel for the prosecution in the case against the Editor of the Workers Weekly, the Political Bureau of the Communist Party desires to make it clear that no effort was made by Comrade Campbell to provide a defence such as that outlined by the prosecution as a reason for withdrawing the charge. Campbell's defence was justification, and he, with the assistance of other comrades, was fully concerned in arranging evidence to make this good. Arrangements had been made to ask for an adjournment in order that Mr. MacDonald, the Prime Minister, Mr. Henderson (the Home Secretary) Mr. Clynes (the Socialist Leader of the House of Commons) and several others who had been closely associated with the Second International could be sub-poenaed as witnesses for the defence.

"We wish to state that the withdrawal of the charge was made on the sole responsibilty of the Labour Government *under severe pressure from such well-known Labour members of Parliament* as George Lansbury (who volunteered to give evidence for Campbell's defence of Justification), Mr. James Maxton, A. A. Purcell, John Scurr and many others."

This candid statement was a bombshell which left the official Socialists aghast, while it immediately evoked a storm of angry indignation in Britain. The British middle classes wanted insistently to know why the course of justice, in a case concerned with the very foundations of government, had been deflected. But they got no answer from the Labor Government.

What they got was a second communiqué from the political bureau of the Communist Party:

"Following the proceedings in the Bow Street Police Court against Mr. J. R. Campbell, Editor of the Workers Weekly, it was incumbent upon the Communist Party to issue a statement recording a working-class victory.

"In that statement it was pointed out that the forces of reaction would make a vicious effort to strike back in some other direction. Already they are at work. They are endeavouring to attack the Labour movement through the Labour Government. Attempts are being made to raise an issue on the question of political interference with the judiciary.

"On this issue the Communist Party calls on the whole working class to rally round the Labour movement and to set up a solid front against the presumption of those who have continually used the legal machinery to serve their own class purposes. The fact that pressure was brought to bear on the Labour Government for the purpose of getting it to drop the prosecution of the Editor of the Workers Weekly is supposed to be a heinous offence, but nothing is said about the pressure that was brought to bear on the Government by the reactionary politicians and Press to get the persecution started.

"The Labour Government, in withdrawing the prosecution against J. R. Campbell, for the first time since taking office, has been compelled to act as a Labour Government should."

This again is candid, devastatingly so, and it was given a prominence in every newspaper of the country that must have been highly displeasing to Mr. MacDonald and his official entourage. At a blow the whole of that middle-class confidence, so carefully and painstakingly acquired through six months of cautious administration, was dissipated. The Socialist government is thrown back on the Socialist movement for its sole support.

There is no doubt that this result was deliberately envisaged by the elements who launched those two communist communiqués. The next week-end they placarded every barrack wall in Aldershot, the principal depot of the British Army, with the manifesto for which they had been prosecuted.

The agenda of the coming Labor Party conference is filled with resolutions angrily condemnatory not only of the policy of the MacDonald government but of the personal behavior of its members, in particular those, like Mr. Henderson, who were leading lights of the Second International. Their chief crime, apparently, is that they did not attend court functions in Red Phrygian caps. It is a case of any stick being good enough to beat the unpopular dog. The very small group which has gained something very like control of the British Socialist movement has decided that it is time to turn Mr. MacDonald out. He has served his purpose. He has given socialism an official standing.

Opposition to the Dawes Plan

Mr. MacDonald's one great achievement—and it is a very great achievement—has been the London Conference upon the Dawes Plan, which successfully crowned many months of patient and skillful diplomatic labor; and, ironically enough, his success has by no means strengthened his position with his own party. Quite the contrary. The Socialist movement as a whole is bitterly and openly opposed to the Dawes Plan. The Socialists are quite pleased that Germany should receive a two-hundred-million-dollar credit from America and Britain. They are desperately anxious to get France out of the Ruhr. Anything which will help Germany is assured of their enthusiastic support. But they violently dislike the idea of Germany being called upon to repay anything in return, and they stigmatize the Dawes Plan as a bankers' scheme to bind the German worker in an economic servitude. Since Mr. MacDonald's diplomacy did not, after all, result in the immediate evacuation of the Ruhr by the French, they have not the slightest desire to see the Dawes Plan put into effect.

And Mr. MacDonald's championship of this iniquitous bankers' scheme for the enslavement of the German proletariat will be one of the most damaging and furiously delivered of the many accusations to be hurled at him at the forthcoming Labor Party conference.

There is—as was explained in the previous article of this series—a bitter struggle between the personalities who compose the Second—Hamburg—International and those who compose the Third—Moscow—International for the control of the British revolution—when it comes. The Second—Hamburg—International won the first round. The personnel of the first British Labor-Socialist government was almost exclusively drawn from its executive; the avowed British representatives of the Third International were altogether excluded from Mr. MacDonald's government, and its covert representatives were either likewise excluded or given only minor office. But in the ensuing six months the Moscow International has undermined the whole foundation on which that government rests.

While the British Labor Party was not yet the British government, the industrial masses of Britain could and largely did believe that the advent of such a government would be synonymous with the millennium. But after six months of this government the British workingman is as badly off as before. Nothing of what he was promised has come true.

MacDonald Faces Crisis

On August first there were still 1,080,500 persons officially registered as unemployed—and the unemployment curve, which had drooped a little at the beginning of the year, has been slowly but steadily rising since June. Before Mr. MacDonald's government assumed office it announced that it possessed a certain specific for unemployment. Since then its only pronouncement on the subject, understandable by the workingman, has been the Socialist—late secretary of the Second International—Minister of Labor's exasperated outburst in the House of Commons: "We are not conjurors to produce unemployment schemes like rabbits out of a hat!" Furthermore, the wages of those millions employed in world-competitive industries had been forced, by world-economic pressure, to little more than bare subsistence level; they have not, to any appreciable extent, improved. The cost of living has not come down. There is still a shortage of something like a million houses—which means, translated into the experience of the industrial masses, an appalling amount of human misery—and the Socialist housing scheme, which only became law in the last week of the session, has not yet produced a single structure in bricks and mortar. In fact, since the Conservative government's housing scheme, which was already in operation, has been suspended for eight months, since that government fell, the shortage is to that extent accentuated. The British workingman's horizon is filled with these stark facts. He cares nothing for a British Empire, which is a mere phrase to him; he cares nothing for Mr. MacDonald's efforts to solve the German problem. All he wants—but he wants it at once—is an improvement in his conditions of life.

It is this mass of discontent that gives the agents of the Third International their chance, and they have exploited it to the utmost of their energy. They are ever at the workingman's elbow. If this Socialist government has failed him it is not because the socialist promises were fallacious—it is because it is not socialist enough. Ceaseless communist propaganda from the factory nuclei and within his trades-unions has maddened him to suspicion of and revolt against the orthodox trade-union leaders and the government of which they are the mainstay.

Each one of the long succession of unofficial strikes into which the communist agitator cynically goads him leaves him more bitter and more desperate than before. He listens more and more readily to the demoralizing cry, "We are betrayed!"—that cry which can in a moment convert even a disciplined army into a howling mob. Would communism spell release? It is vehemently and plausibly asserted to him at every hour of the day. He would not perhaps himself join the Communist Party—but he is more than half inclined to give the communists a chance, and see if they are right.

All the signs point to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's having arrived at a crisis in his political career. A second session of moderate nonprovocative government is patently denied to him. The world revolutionaries, whose axiom is still Karl Marx's famous "The World-Revolution can only commence in England, and Ireland is the first point of attack," have used him for their purposes to let loose a political storm whose end no man can foresee. To them Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was never more than a Kerensky, to be overthrown when he had played his part.

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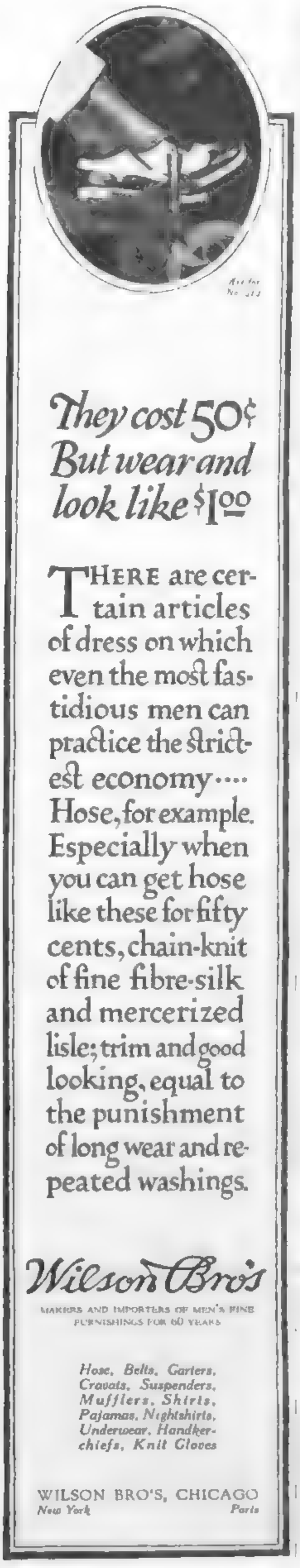

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New York *Paris*

BY ALL MEANS RETURN IT

(Continued from Page 22)

result? If the hose gave poor service at a dollar, the customer would think, "Oh, well, they were only a dollar, and they generally wear pretty well." And she would casually discard them for new ones.

But now! If a run appears on first or second wearing, or a slight flaw in the silk is revealed, back come the three-dollar-and-a-half stockings. She cannot afford to toss these aside.

The manufacturer corrected himself.

"I said the same stockings. Perhaps these are not quite as good as the before-the-war hose. But that is the fault of the dyeing. Then we had six or eight staple colors—brown, blue, black, white—oh, you know them. So care could be taken in the simple dyeing process. Now I am turning out four hundred and twenty-five different shades. And the care that was given to six colors must be divided among four hundred and twenty-five. Consequently sometimes hose remain too long in the dye solution; other times not long enough. Style, style—sacrifice everything for style."

Not everything, I thought, for there is a type of return that means sacrifice on the part of the house for customers. There are a few customers who deliberately impose on an establishment.

A pretty little debutante purchased a pair of gold slippers. She wore them to a dance, then took her manicure scissors and slit them across the toes.

"The first time I wore them," she complained, "they did that."

There was some remonstrance by the department buyer, but she finally took them back. The girl's father ran too large an account to offend for eighteen dollars. A friend to whom the young person bragged about the occurrence repeated the story to the buyer.

"I knew it," was the answer. "But I have never told a customer that she lied." I can believe that too!

Another little lady purchased a beautiful string of pearls. As she had excellent credit, she was permitted to carry them with her.

"Pearls are so lovely," said the saleswoman. "But they are said to mean tears."

They did—the saleswoman's. The next afternoon an older woman brought the pearls back.

"My daughter could not return these herself, and I promised to see to it. She finds them entirely unsatisfactory, and is very sorry."

She did not bother to explain that the daughter could not appear in person as she was out of town on her honeymoon, nor that the pearls had been sufficiently satisfactory to grace the daughter's neck at her wedding.

But it took a woman of real courage to purchase four dozen punch glasses, have them sent out special and return them as unsuitable for use two days later, with bits of orange and cherry and pineapple still attached!

Careless Shopping

However, the return problem would be comparatively simple if it included only the reasons that I have mentioned above. But there is another cause, and it is by far the most serious and puzzling of all. I refer to the careless shopping on the part of an idle or indifferent public.

"It seems impossible to get a hat to fit my child," remarked a woman who was preparing to return a small blue sailor. "This is my third attempt."

"Why not bring the child with you?" suggested the exchange clerk.

"I never like to bother with an infant when I am shopping. I can always take things out on trial. Besides, he came down with measles yesterday."

The last sentence proved her undoing. The hat exposed to measles was not allowed to return. But it would be an exaggeration to say that she left, a satisfied customer.

Hundreds of women kill the time between luncheon and matinée by shopping. They order sent to their homes anything that takes their fancy. There is no obligation incurred. If later reflection shows that the article is unneeded, returning is a very simple and painless process. Some customers of this type become so well known that the exchange clerks dread to see them reach their floor.

"Do you suppose that Mrs. Blank ever keeps anything that she buys?" one little clerk asked another. The other supposed not.

"I thought that I liked this suit," said a middle-aged woman in a grieved tone. "But my family thinks it very unbecoming. I am sorry ——" Her words trailed off.

The suit was taken back in short order, a hundred-and-fifty-dollar suit. And she purchased another—for sixty-five dollars.

"I know her of old," commented the saleswoman when she had departed. "She is always coming in with some other woman and buying an expensive garment. And in a day or two, back she comes and buys something else for a much lower figure."

"You were mighty nice to her in that case," I said.

"Oh, no. She always does buy finally, so she is a good customer. There are plenty who buy high-priced goods and return them without making any other purchase. She is better than most four-flushers."

Of course, careless shoppers always have an alibi. Wrong size, wrong color, changed mind, repurchased at different price are some of the most usual. Sometimes an exchange clerk makes an effort to be obliging and merely succeeds in calling their bluff.

Come-Backs by the Hundred

"I ordered a blue beaded bag and received a black one instead," said a cool young miss, laying on the counter a $4.75 special.

But when the clerk produced a blue one, the customer's expression could never have been translated as one of pleased appreciation.

"I don't want any now," she interrupted crossly. "And I have no time to waste. Hurry!"

One day forty-seven women who brought back blouses said that the size was not as marked. A later check-up showed that only one was tagged incorrectly. Thirty-one women had received the wrong color in gloves. Only two were willing to accept the color they claimed to have ordered.

"I think that every house dress sold has come back," said a clerk to me a week after a sale in that department. "They are coming back by the hundreds."

"Many of my friends found them most satisfactory," I interpolated hastily, while I tried vainly to catch her eye, unnoticed by three customers waiting at the desk.

"Nobody else did then," was the uncompromising response.

When we were alone I said, "I would never talk like that before customers. They will think that they had a narrow escape with the dresses."

"Yes, maybe."

But one-fifth of the dresses did come back, and yet they were extraordinary bargains.

"Is seven a good number?" asked a saleswoman, holding up a pretty brown wrap.

"A sacred number," I answered. "Why?"

"This has been sold six times, and here it is back again. I would not sell it again on a bet. It is hoodooed." She returned the cloak to stock.

Of course the merchants are not passively watching this influx of goods for resale. Measures are taken.

Some goods are marked nonreturnable. There is some variation in merchandise so labeled, but most houses include articles in which a question of hygiene or depreciation arises.

Under the first head would come hats, hair nets, shoes, jewelry, corsets; under the second, silks, laces, linens, voiles, ribbons—in short, goods sold by the yard. But the system does not work perfectly. It does not illustrate the meek inheriting the earth so well as it does the survival of the fit, or of the fight.

Let a mouselike little person try to return a yard and a half of velvet, and she will find herself homeward bound with the velvet under her arm so quickly that she will have the haziest recollection of the encounter.

But if a woman fires a hat at the floor man and hits a stock boy, meanwhile raising the most ungodly rumpus, the chances that she will be incarcerated are as slight as the chances of the hat's acceptance are manifold.

I remember one notable exception. A heavy-set, thick-jowled individual stopped me.

"I'll not have my wife wearing thin skirts like these," he stated truculently. I tried to back delicately from his anti-Volstead breath. "And I am going to return every one she buys." He gave his package a sharp slap against a counter. "Take me to the return desk."

I complied with exterior graciousness and was taking my leave when the most blood-curdling yell echoed through the department, followed by "Great gosh! Oh, save me!" Our erstwhile customer was fleeing toward the stairs with his parcel clutched in a blue-mottled fist.

"What happened?" I asked in astonishment.

"I don't know. He just left all of a sudden." But she had a queer expression, as if she had been eating a ham sandwich and it bit her.

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed. "Something did happen." I sat down at her side and started to open a drawer to get a piece of note paper.

She intercepted me.

"Don't," she said. "He's loose."

"What? Loose?"

She nodded.

"I bought a little boa." This was the time when so many persons were buying tiny boa constrictors as house pets. "And he was in a carton in that drawer. But he got out somehow. Just now when I was going to open the drawer to get my credit book he poked his head out about half a foot. Maybe that man saw him."

Maybe he did. Quite an original way to reduce returns.

Some houses set time limits on return possibilities—three days after purchase, or within five days.

"Of course, if there is a good reason for delay, like illness or absence from town, we sometimes make exceptions," explained a member of the management of one such house.

"But are there not quantities of exceptions?"

"Well, yes; I guess in the long run we have a good many."

I guess they do. I never knew anybody to be refused.

Diplomatic Appeals

I do not believe that the time limits do much more good than the diplomatic letters that are at times released. These letters are sent to persons whose accounts show a high rate of returns—10 per cent, or 20 or 25, as the case may be. They may read like this:

Dear Sir or Madam: We note with regret that you have been obliged to return gloves, towels, hose, a dress and a blouse in the month of August.

We feel that we are giving you a poor grade of service to cause you such repeated inconvenience. If you will suggest in what way we are at fault, we shall be very glad to take measures to correct ourselves.

Sincerely yours, _____

Such a letter is supposed to give the customer to think, as the French quaintly phrase it. It might, if the customer did read it, or, reading it, was capable of thinking. However, there may be exceptions.

Doubtless, a surer-fire method is to put the customer through a sort of third degree at the time of return. This seems a not uncommon method in stores in New York, Philadelphia and points West.

I ordered a wastebasket recently from a large department store. I received three, one each on three successive days. I made a point of stopping at this store and outlined my plan of conduct. I would retain gladly the first wastebasket. With the second and third I would have no traffic whatever, nor would I give them house room, nor would I pay for them if such charges appeared on my bill. I had the story letter-perfect by the time I had told it to an exchange clerk, a floor man, a salesman, an assistant buyer and a buyer. I tore myself away when I heard whisperings about the superintendent, but not reluctantly. If I recall accurately, my last words were: "Do as you like. If those two baskets are still in my house day after tomorrow, I shall burn them in my incinerator."

I do not think this is called third degree, however. It is finding out exactly why

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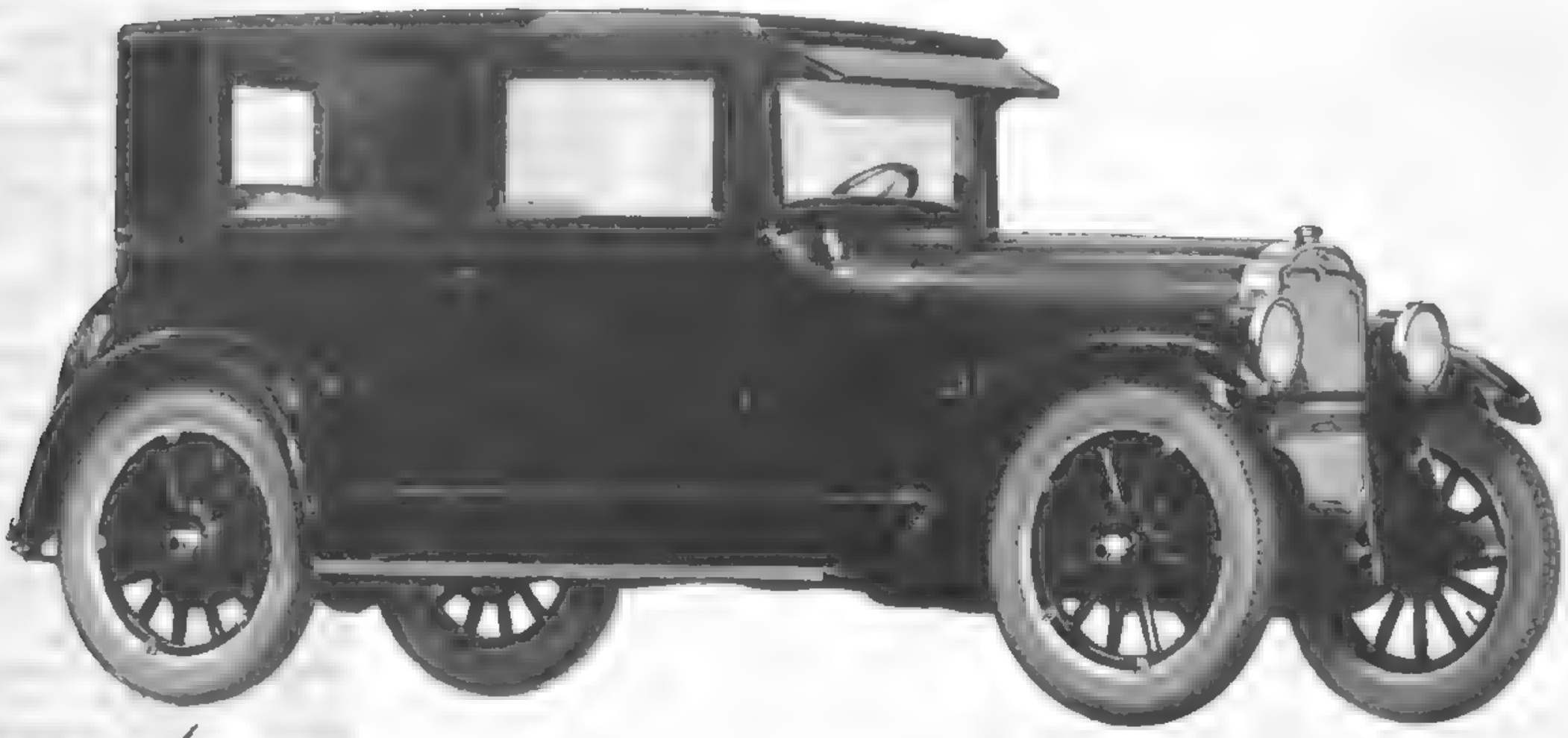

$1065
f. o. b. Factory

OLDSMOBILE
Announces the
Fisher-Built Coach

A new Oldsmobile Coach—with "Body by Fisher"! A creation that embodies everything for which the name Fisher stands! Velour upholstered—and roomy and comfortable for five passengers! Big 33-inch doors give wide entrance space—the new patented one-piece windshield provides better ventilation and full driving vision. And underneath this splendid coach body, with its Duco Satin finish, is the famous tried and proved Oldsmobile Six chassis. Only the body-building skill of Fisher, the unlimited resources of General Motors and the great manufacturing facilities of Oldsmobile could produce such a coach at $1065. Don't fail to see this coach—at your nearest dealer's.

Roadster $875, Touring Car $875, Sport Roadster $985, Sport Touring $1015, 2 Passenger Coupe $1045, Coach $1065, 4 Passenger Coupe $1175, Sedan $1250, De Luxe Sedan $1350. The G. M. A. C. extended payment plan makes buying easy. All prices f. o. b. Lansing. Tax and spare tire additional.

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OLDSMOBILE
SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Nickolas Muray

Health and energy go with sound teeth. Keep your teeth not only white—but safe—with Pebeco

The new natural way to prevent *Dry Mouth* and keep your teeth safe

This tooth paste increases the natural protective fluids

MEN learned it first. Now women are finding that the only way to keep the teeth permanently safe is to keep the mouth glands working.

In hardly any instance do these glands flow normally today. Modern foods are too soft, too hastily swallowed. From sheer lack of exercise the mouth glands dry up.

Yet their alkaline fluids are nature's method of cleaning your teeth. When they flow normally, they completely neutralize the acids that cause decay.

Brushing not enough

Physicians and dentists today say brushing is not enough. Five minutes after you have brushed your teeth the acids of decay begin to form again. To keep your teeth permanently safe you must restore the natural protective fluids of the mouth glands.

Gently stimulate the glands

With this tooth paste you can gently stimulate the glands to flow normally. As soon as Pebeco enters your mouth you feel the difference. All the dryness is gone.

Good healthy amounts of saliva are flowing. These alkaline fluids neutralize the acids of decay as fast as they form.

Temporary cleaning is now recognized as insufficient. Everywhere people are using Pebeco to keep their teeth *permanently* safe. Send for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Lehn & Fink, Inc. At all druggists'. *Canadian Agents:* Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Send coupon for free generous tube

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Dept. P-16
635 Greenwich Street, New York, N. Y.
Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.
Name
Street
City State

Free Offer

(Continued from Page 54)

goods are returned, so the reasons can be studied, analyzed, remedied. It may have its advantages.

Meanwhile, remembering that charity begins at home, the various managements are not neglecting the employes within their gates. Sales persons are gathered in groups, small and large, and urged to sell more carefully and thereby avoid returns. They are told of incidents that seem to point to poor salesmanship, which resulted in merchandise making the round trip—store to home, then home to store.

A refrigerator was sold: a large, handsome affair of enamel and gleaming nickel. Two days later the salesman was called to the telephone by the customer.

"Have your wagon stop for it any time you like," was the burden of her refrain. "The refrigerator is too large to come through any of my doors. It is waiting in the garage."

It did not have to wait much longer.

Customers who are matching materials by memory or purchasing for someone else, or who are estimating probable size of waist or gloves, are to receive gentle but firm treatment. No one ever seems to remember colors or shades correctly.

A woman said, "That is just the sweater I have been seeking. I want to wear it with a little sport hat the same shade."

Where was the little sport hat? At home. The sweater went to join it. But not for long. It was so much darker than the small hat that the latter looked faded. The sweater paid the price.

There are dozens of such incidents, as there are likewise of the following type:

"I have forgotten Mildred's size," said a woman to a saleswoman. "What size glove do you take?"

"Six and a quarter," was the answer.

"Well, her hand is about your size; yes, just about your size. Let me have these taupe gloves in six and a quarter."

And Mildred's size is never six and a quarter. It is anything from five to seven, always excepting six and a quarter.

Of course the salesman is not supposed to take the customer by the arm and say, "See that door? Out you go!"

That would save such returns, but so tactlessly. A more painless method is suggested. The salesman smiles engagingly and says, "If you would like to make sure that this size is correct, you could telephone me when you reach home. Meanwhile I have your address and know the style of glove you want."

Such a theme has infinite variations, all of them good. The sales people may practice them to their hearts' content.

But the selling force is not the only one that receives attention accruing from merchandise returns.

Excuses They Make

The exchange clerks are supertrained. The idea is to make the customer stop, look and listen, with the result that she keeps her article and is grateful for the opportunity. Diplomacy, adroitness, patience are in full requisition.

A customer tosses a blouse on an exchange desk. "Such cheap workmanship!" she says in disgust. "I cannot imagine why I took it home!"

"It is only seven-fifty," agrees the exchange clerk, "and doubtless you are accustomed to high-priced merchandise only. To you it would seem cheap. But it is a special and was formerly priced at ten dollars. It has been very popular with sport suits."

Then the customer answers, "Perhaps I was a little hasty. This could be worn very nicely with my Scotch twill. I think I will keep it after all."

Yes, that is the way the transactions are supposed to run. The only difficulty is that the customer does not seem to know her cue. She tosses the blouse down all right and makes the opening address. But when the clerk begins the counterattack, she is likely to permit her to reach as far as "doubtless," and interrupt with some uncalled for remark like, "Yes, doubtless; I want this blouse taken back without argument. I cannot give my day to this business."

And then the blouse is taken back.

Or a customer lays an electric iron on the desk.

"I do not need it," she says tersely.

A quick-selling campaign is launched with the advantages of the iron as the strategic point. At the end the customer remarks, "I certainly agree with you. The joke of the matter is that my husband remembered that I wanted one and ordered it the same day I bought this."

Quite a joke!

I am not discounting the work of exchange clerks in endeavoring to save a sale, any more than I would in the similar case of aisle managers. I have been both, and I know the amount of energy involved. It is not a sinecure. But there is an extraordinary amount that is wasted on a cool, unsympathetic public. After all the votes are counted I wonder how many persons have entered a store with the idea of returning goods and have then been persuaded to keep them. I would not think that the percentage was staggering. One out of a hundred would be a high enough ratio. And in the meantime the ninety and nine continue to make returns.

Of course all merchandising establishments could enter into a gentlemen's agreement to eliminate returns entirely. They could calmly, dispassionately and successfully decline to receive anything that had once left the house. But that does not seem like a 1924 method. Accommodation and service have become such shibboleths that it would require quite an upheaval to supplant them.

"Service" in the return involves great expense. There is time lost by the sales person inspector, shipping department, credit section. There is the waste of supplies, and often a value depreciation in the merchandise.

How to Get Lower Prices

But do the directors meet and weep? Hardly, unless they have hay fever. When they come together they listen to the various reports and then declare a dividend. The more tender-hearted may regret the high cost of commodities, but not enough to cause a rise in temperature. What with the Japanese beetle, golf, lecturing foreigners and mah-jongg, they have other things to worry about. The harder-hearted try to find other shops that sell at lower prices.

Meanwhile, what happened to the returns? Nothing. They have not stopped. They keep right on adding to the overhead. And so one person out of seven may bring back her shoes; one out of eight may bring back blouses; one out of twelve dresses; one out of fifteen gloves. But, unfortunately, it is not one out of six or eight or ten or twelve who pays. With the well-known and widely advertised impartiality of the rain which falls alike on the just and on the unjust, so the higher prices fall on the innocent equally with the guilty. It is not a question of fairness. It would be quite impossible for the salesman to say to a gentleman who asked the price of a shirt, "Do you plan to keep this shirt or send it back by your wife? If you keep it, it is seven-fifty. If you don't, it is ten dollars."

He would probably say, "I will keep it," and pay the seven-fifty, then bring it back and get credit for ten. No, that would not be feasible. Everybody has to share in the higher mark-up of merchandise which results in the cost of returns.

"Do you know," said a friend of mine in a shocked voice, "from the way that aisle man talked to me, you would think they were trying to reduce returns."

"Why not?" I countered.

"Well," was the answer, "with all the competition, I would not think that merchants could be too dictatorial. I do not always know what I want, and I would not purchase from a store that would act disagreeably about taking goods back."

"I should think that you could be making up your mind while the goods were still in stock," I suggested.

"You would say that."

There is much talk about prices that continue at an almost wartime standard. But there is no counter discussion of the greater liberties that are continually being demanded by the public in the matter of selection, payment, return of merchandise. The public generally gets what it wants.

When it wants lower prices it will intelligently take the measures incidental to price cutting. And one of the first steps it takes will be a more serious, businesslike attitude toward buying. At present the word "shopping" is quite as frivolous as "chatting" or "dancing." All three sound like pleasant ways to while away an unoccupied afternoon. As long as that condition exists the returns will continue to mount higher and higher.

Of course, if you do not like it, bring it back. Everybody's doing it.

This De Luxe Paige Sedan—Now $2770

Offers these $4000-Car Advantages

SIZE AND COMFORT are advantages you expect in a $4000 car. Yet many costing *more* than Paige are actually *smaller*. Paige is long—131-inch wheelbase. Few are longer. And for the extra inch or two that these few offer you must pay $178 to $1090 more *an inch!*

With Paige's long wheelbase, its rear springs more than 5 feet long, and snubbers all 'round—you have riding comfort that only far costlier cars can equal!

POWER AND PERFORMANCE Most $4000 cars have big motors—power to perform without straining Paige's big 70 h.p. *six-cylinder* motor has 331.4 cu. in. piston displacement! To equal this in so large and fine a car you must pay $1000 more! Its size means unstrained power. Hence long life.

Paige climbs hills in high that stall most others. Passes them on the road. Throttles down to 2 miles an hour—then "gets away" first. Finer performance cannot be bought!

LONG LIFE AND ECONOMY—service season after season and freedom from repairs. You expect this in a $4000 car. And you may confidently expect this in the $2770 Paige! The Paige Sedan's weight—4300 lbs.—indicates its staunchness.

Running expense is remarkably low—far lower than most big cars. Mechanical expense is long postponed—thanks to fineness of materials and construction. Paige is built for 100,000 miles of carefree service.

Included at this price, equipment as follows: Five cord tires; trunk rack; dual rear springs; bumpers; snubbers; heater; nickeled radiator and head lamps; motometer; automatic windshield wiper; rear view mirror; sun visor; smoking set; cigar lighter; clock; gasoline gauge on dash; stop light. Balloon tires and disc wheels optional at slight extra cost

STANDARD MODELS

5 Passenger Phaeton $2895

7 Passenger Phaeton $2985

5 Passenger Brougham $2775

Prices at Detroit—Tax extra

PAIGE

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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

FOLLOW THE ARROW AND YOU
FOLLOW THE STYLE

DART
THE
ARROW
COLLAR
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recently introduced, is a long pointed style. With a well tied four-in-hand this collar is sure to meet the approval of men who seek that distinction in dress only imparted by a starched collar.

20c *each*

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., *Makers*, Troy, N. Y.

EAST OF THE SETTING SUN

(Continued from Page 40)

is less danger of meeting your own countrymen in Dawsbergen."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I leave it to your imagination," replied Robin levelly.

The big Axphainian shot a look of hatred at the speaker.

"I hope my countrymen ——" he began, but caught himself up in time. The sentence died away in an inarticulate rumble.

"Your countrymen would like nothing better than to overtake you before you reach Serros," said Robin, after a pause. He gave vent to a short, hard laugh. "I should advise you not to let the grass grow under your feet, Hubert, once you find yourself outside the city walls."

The dark red in Hubert's cheeks began to ebb. A hunted look came into his eyes. "With your permission, Robin, I will retire. We will meet another day under different conditions, I promise you. In the meantime, I shall make it my duty to escort Princess Virginia to her home in Dawsbergen. Prince Dantan would be justified in turning me away from his door if I came away without her. I demand the right to see her tonight and ——"

"You have my permission to retire, Prince Hubert," interrupted Robin. "Princess Virginia must decide for herself just which is the safer thing for her to do—remain here in Edelweiss or undertake the journey to Serros alone with you."

Hubert swung on his heel and strode to the door, where he turned to fling a challenge to Pendennis Yorke.

"As for you, I shall not forget my promise."

He yanked open the heavy door and slammed it violently behind him.

The prime minister, an old man, winced. "What damned bad manners he has!" he said.

XIII

A COLD spring rain was falling. Pendennis Yorke, astride a jaded horse, rode alone through one of the somber mountain defiles many miles to the east of Ganlook.

He was making his way toward the village of Arlak, where there had been hard fighting the day before. A strong Graustark force under Colonel Radd had driven the Axphainians out of the town with severe losses to the disheartened enemy.

The section through which he now rode had been cleared of the Red rabble earlier in the week. A fortnight had passed since the beginning of hostilities. The Axphainians, beaten on all sides by the hardy defenders, were retreating in disorder. A few of the mountainside farms and villages near the border still remained in their stubborn hands, however. Count Quinnox, after three days of hard fighting, had relieved the beleaguered fortress of Ganlook and had driven the enemy pell-mell from the environs of the town, following them doggedly through the passes to within sight of the open country beyond, where lay the barren wind-swept plains of Axphain. Before and during the retreat, hundreds of groveling, half-starved men had crawled to the Graustark lines, surrendering in the hope that they might be cast into prison camps where food and shelter would be provided.

Few of these unhappy creatures were in the regulation uniform of the Axphain army. They represented that misguided element lusciously designated by the Bolshevik leaders as the proletariat. They were the plundered, deceived peasants and laborers who had been promised the Elysium of peace and contentment, and who had found instead havoc and despair as the reward for their fatuity. Tattered remnants of once stout and durable uniforms hung upon their emaciated bodies—it were almost safe to speak of them as carcasses; the feet of many were bare or clumsily wrapped in ragged, trailing strips of cloth that had not been removed or changed in months; now and then battered trench helmets or service caps were to be seen perched upon shaggy, unkempt heads. Always there were haggard, bleak-eyed faces; sunken chests, concave abdomens, bony arms; sepulchral racking coughs that ripped and tore their way to freedom through stretched lips and hairy, cramped throats.

A sorry lot of warriors! The Reds in all their glory!

The advancing Graustark troops, sweeping on through the passes in swift pursuit, hourly came upon gruesome signs of revolt among the rank and file of the baffled, embittered army of Axphain—if, indeed, it could be called an army. Fat well-nourished officers in warm garments lay sprawling in heaps beside the roadway, shot down or bayoneted by their own men. The wiping out of the Red terror! A general here, colonels and captains there, piles of brutish-looking sergeants who had been ripped wide open by the steel of vengeance. The latter were Muscovite soldiers from the pampered armies of Russia, sent down to bolster up the morale of their less-favored acolytes, and they had been butchered like hogs in return for their tyranny. And the red flag of the commune trampled in the mud! Ghastly signs of a second uprising of the peasants, ghastly proof of the strength of the weak!

Yorke had seen these things. He had paused beside grim-visaged Graustark officers to gaze in horror upon these prophetic spectacles. He had watched the soldiers bury those massacred officers in trenches that had been dug by the men who slew them. He was sensible of the new chapter of history that was being written in his presence, pages of far greater moment to the world than the insignificant little conflict of a fortnight's duration between Graustark and Axphain.

These wretched peasants were throwing off the red yoke. He was witnessing the death struggle of communism in the principality of Axphain.

But he had seen worse things than these: he had heard stories infinitely more harrowing than the ones that were written in blood. He had seen and heard the women of Axphain! Gaunt, wild-eyed women who had followed the soldiers into the land of promise, which was Graustark, and who, fierce and more ravenous than the men, were the last to retreat. They were trampled underfoot by the retreating hordes, kicked aside; but they rose again to face the oncoming troops of Graustark. Hundreds of them! Starving women who prayed and cursed and wept and wailed, and who had the look of cannibals in their faces as they dragged their dead men back into the forests. He would never forget those scuttling, flapping scarecrows of women; half-naked creatures whose voices when they cried out their woes were singularly like that of the crow—hoarse and raucous. The wives and sisters and mothers of the men who had come down into Graustark to wrest food and fuel and treasure by force from the land of plenty. Gibbering furies who had laughed at the slaughter of women and children on the farms above Graustark, who had shrieked with glee at the sight of burning houses in which the trapped inmates were roasted alive! The horrible, pitiable women from the fields and towns of Axphain—he would dream of them to his dying day.

With the relief of Ganlook, the invasion showed immediate signs of collapse. There had been bitter fighting and many casualties on both sides. The better-armed, better-trained troops of Graustark, had suffered less than the surprisingly undisciplined though remarkably courageous enemy. Yorke had spent several days with Prince Robin at headquarters. Once the acute peril was past, the prince issued an order directing his officers to instruct their men not to kill unless absolutely necessary to gain an objective, and then only when the disorganized Axphainians made a desperate stand in the effort to hold or recover lost ground.

"Drive them out of Graustark!" he had commanded. "But do not shoot the miserable creatures in the back. Axphain will have need for backbone before many days—unless I am badly mistaken. You have heard what many of the prisoners are saying, gentlemen. They speak of the rumor that a young man is on his way up from the south to save Axphain. We all know what that means. They do not speak his name, but we know who this young man is. He is the son of Valerie Yanzi. His father was Prince Hedrik. He was born to rule these people. We know him. He can save Axphain. And these men we are pursuing today are all that is left from which to make a backbone strong enough to support young Gregory's cause. As for the women—feed them!"

There was wisdom as well as compassion in the edict of the Prince of Graustark.

(Continued on Page 60

DODGE BROTHERS
SPECIAL
4-PASSENGER COUPE

The Special 4-Passenger Coupe naturally makes its strongest appeal to those who value individuality in their homes, their attire and their motor cars.

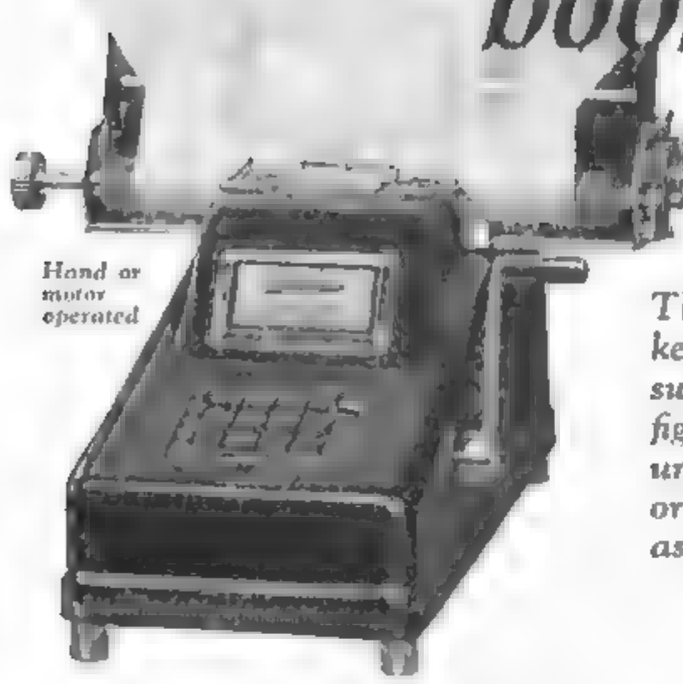
Its attractive special equipment sets it distinctively apart as a vehicle of uncommon beauty and good taste.

Five Balloon-Type Tires

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

-and again Sundstrand scores

this time with a low cost *automatic bookkeeping machine*



Hand or motor operated

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(Continued from Page 58)

The pass through which Pendennis Yorke was riding on this rainy April day led well eastward through the barrier range. The pillaged town of Arlak stood on the farther slope of the mountain, overlooking the land of Axphain. He had traveled by this long, circuitous route in order to avoid the still-occupied territory between Ganlook and the scene of the recent and what was conceivably the most significant engagement of the brief war, for it was at Arlak that the discouraged invaders had made their most desperate stand. It was here, according to report, that the flower of the Red army had concentrated under able and desperate leaders.

Prisoners taken at Ganlook described them with great bitterness as the fattest and cleanest officers in the army—the commander in chief and his staff.

The road which he followed through this gloomy gap in the mountains—known even in ancient times as the Pass of the Two Kings—ran to the Black Sea and to the Russian city of Odessa. According to the map he carried, he would branch off to the left at the northern mouth of the pass and travel four or five miles westward to Arlak. The right fork of the road led to Russia, many leagues away. It was a wild region; a mighty and lofty jungle that ran skyward to the crest of stupendous peaks.

The journey by horse from a point near Ganlook required a good twelve hours of steady riding, although the distance as the eagle flies was a scant fifteen miles. After dropping down into the defile some distance from its most southerly extremity, Yorke had seen but few human beings; only an occasional hunter or woodsman, since leaving the last of the patrol posts behind.

He was not very cheerful. There still remained two hours between him and the camp of the Graustark troops, and he was wet and tired and hungry. Unless delayed, he would reach the camp shortly after dark. There was small danger of losing his way as long as he kept to the indicated highway and avoided the confusing little byroads that shot off into the lateral gulches and ravines.

Strange to say, his mind was particularly at rest so far as the thought of ambush was concerned. He was not afraid of being shot at by some hidden marksman. It would not be a new experience. He had been shot at on the night of the canceled dinner; the luck that attended him on that occasion was not likely to desert him now—an optimist's view, to be sure, but one calculated to sustain a lone traveler venturing into unfamiliar fastnesses. His cherished silk hat had been shot from his head on that memorable night.

It had happened long after midnight, as he was hurrying up the steps of the Regengetz under the glare of the porch lights. Simultaneously with the crack of a rifle his hat flew off and went bounding down the steps. Realizing that the shot from the dark was intended for him, he instantly sank to his knees and then sprawled out in grotesque simulation of death. Sharpe and others, piling out of an automobile, rushed up to him and he was carried into the hotel—convulsed with laughter. The next morning the police, ransacking the buildings bordering on Regengetz Circus, found in a high garret the dead body of a frail, emaciated stranger. He had been strangled. There were marks of huge fingers on his throat—a ghastly illustration of the infallibility of the old saw that dead men tell no tales.

He was studying his map as he rode slowly up a long incline skirting the shoulder of one of the lesser peaks. Suddenly, above the gentle swish of the rain on tree and road, there came to his ears the sound of the engine of a stalled automobile striving frantically to negotiate a grade or to extricate its heavy burden from the mire in which it had become embedded. He drew rein and listened. The road, as far as he could see, revealed no sign of a car in distress. Yet there was no mistaking the close proximity of that laboring engine. He rode on, his senses alert, and came abruptly upon a narrow, almost hidden road branching off to the left. It ran down the side of the natural embankment to the bed of the valley below, a gradual, winding descent among the trees of several hundred feet and evidently an outlet by which carters brought their loads of stone from the quarry on the opposite side of the pass. He had been told of this abandoned quarry; a circle had been drawn about it on his map with a marginal note advising him that the fork to Arlak was the first road to the left, five kilometers farther on.

Drawing his army revolver, he halted just beyond the mouth of the road, ready at a moment's warning to gallop off, and yet intensely curious to know more about the car and the reason for its being on this practically unused and seemingly impassable byroad. Presently he was aware that the machine was slowly making progress up the steep, and with a vast amount of noisy energy. It came into sight at last, reeling and jerking in the deep, mud-filled ruts. A man was plodding wearily up the road some rods ahead of the car, which proved to be a big gray curtained limousine with one man at the wheel and another walking alongside.

The foremost figure wore a heavy ulster, buttoned close about the throat, the collar turned up to meet the slouch hat that was pulled well down over his eyes. A glance was sufficient to disclose the fact that these men were not soldiers. They were in civilian clothes and there was nothing to indicate that they were armed. On catching sight of the horseman at the top of the road, the man in the long ulster came to an abrupt halt.

After a moment's hesitation, due to surprise and perhaps dismay, he turned and shouted a command to the driver, who, with an execration, stopped the car.

Yorke gave a violent start and then stared intently at the leader, who was now facing him. There was no mistaking the pallid face and the black, horn-rimmed eyes.

"Michael!" he shouted. "What the devil are you doing up here in ——" He broke off suddenly, silenced by a staggering suspicion. An instant later he put this suspicion into words. "Rodkin, are you mixed up in this Axphain outrage? Just stop where you are! I'll be obliged to you if you'll give an account of yourself. I've got a gun, Michael, and I'll shoot as sure as ——"

"Put up your gun, Denny," called out Rodkin huskily. "I'm not concerned in this Axphain business. I am trying to get out of Graustark, that's all. Take my word for it, or not, just as you please. I am on my way to Russia. As for what the devil I am doing here, that's easy. You don't imagine I am such a fool as to take the high-road, do you? With patrols all along the gap? Give me credit for having the sense to worm my way out rather than attempt to fly high, as you are flying, old chap. 'You take the high road, I'll take the low.' And a gosh-awful road it is, let me tell you—that antediluvian cow trail back there."

He advanced slowly, his hands in his coat pockets. There was a furtive, uneasy expression in his black eyes.

"I gave you credit for more sense than to try to get anywhere in that tank," said Yorke, with a jerk of his head in the direction of the car. "Lord, man, what have you got in it? All the gold in Edelweiss?"

Rodkin regarded him soberly a moment before replying.

"I don't believe I have told you that I am a married man," he said. "My wife is in the car. All the gold in Edelweiss couldn't have tempted me to leave her behind."

"I never dreamed that you were married, Rodkin."

"Well, I am—this long time. Three years ago, Denny—in Moscow," explained Rodkin jerkily. "I don't know how I happened not to mention it to you. Still, I suppose when a man's been married for three years he doesn't go around talking about it. I dare say I took it for granted you knew. But I say, old man, I can't stop here talking with you. We've simply got to be moving. I must be across the frontier before dark. So if you'll forgive me, Denny, I'll ——"

"I've bad news for you, Michael," broke in Yorke slowly, all the while eying Rodkin narrowly. He was not satisfied. "You'll never get into Axphain by this road. When did you leave Edelweiss?"

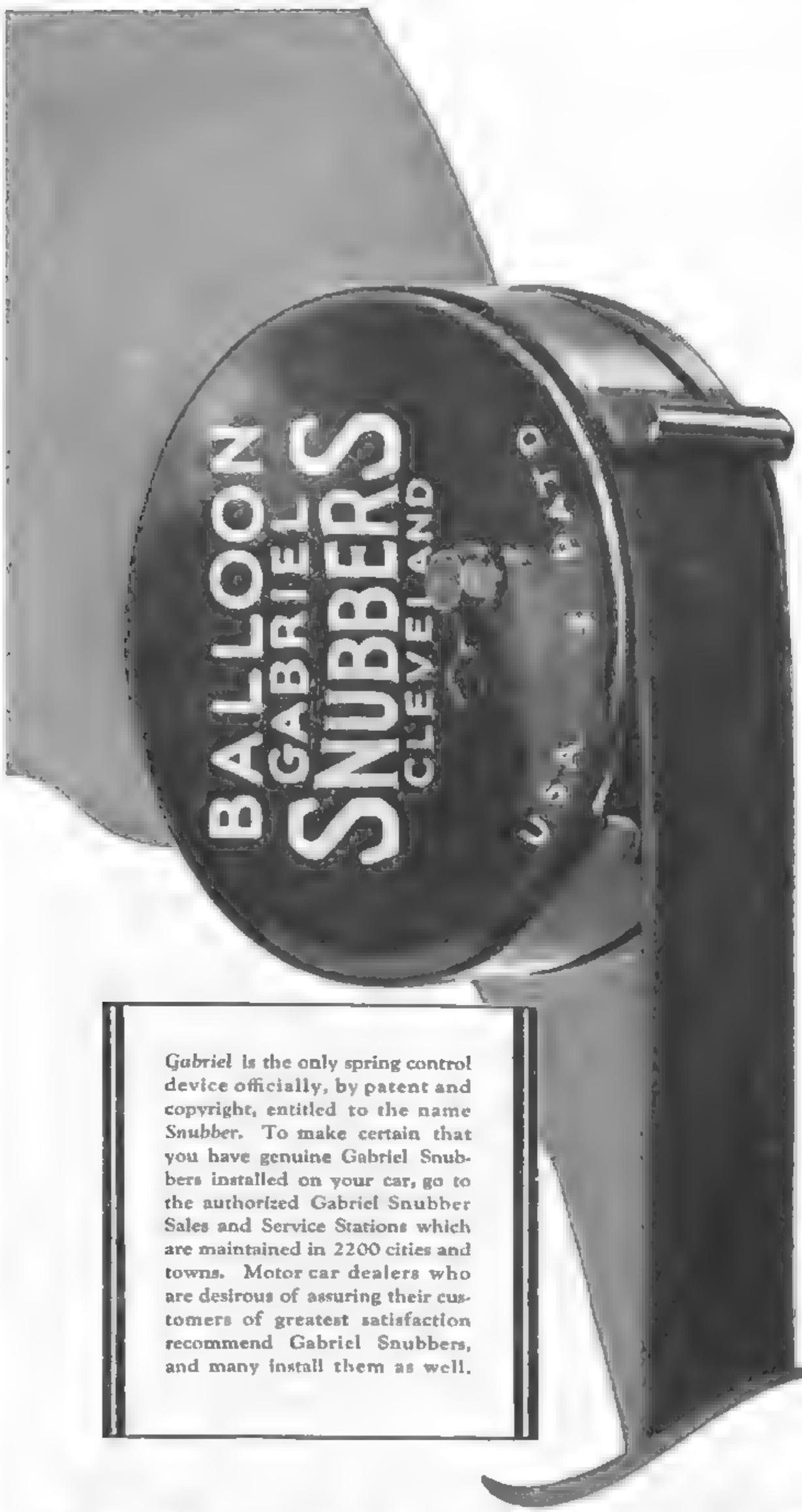
"Last night. What do you mean I can't get into Axphain by this road?"

"Because the other end of the pass is stuffed with Graustark troops. Haven't you heard of the scrap at Arlak? Colonel Radd took the town yesterday. That's why you can't get into Axphain by this road."

Rodkin uttered a muffled ejaculation. His face gleamed livid in the shadows.

"Are you telling me the truth, Yorke?" he cried out.

(Continued on Page 62)



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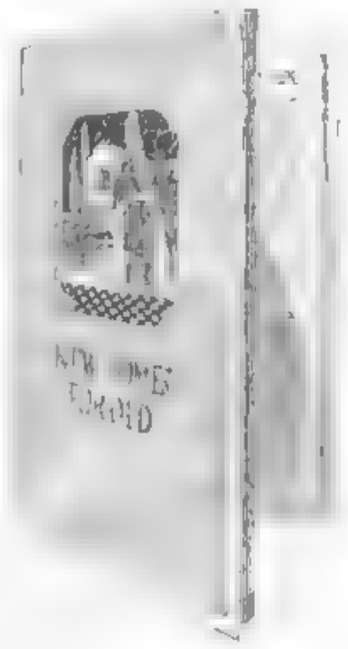

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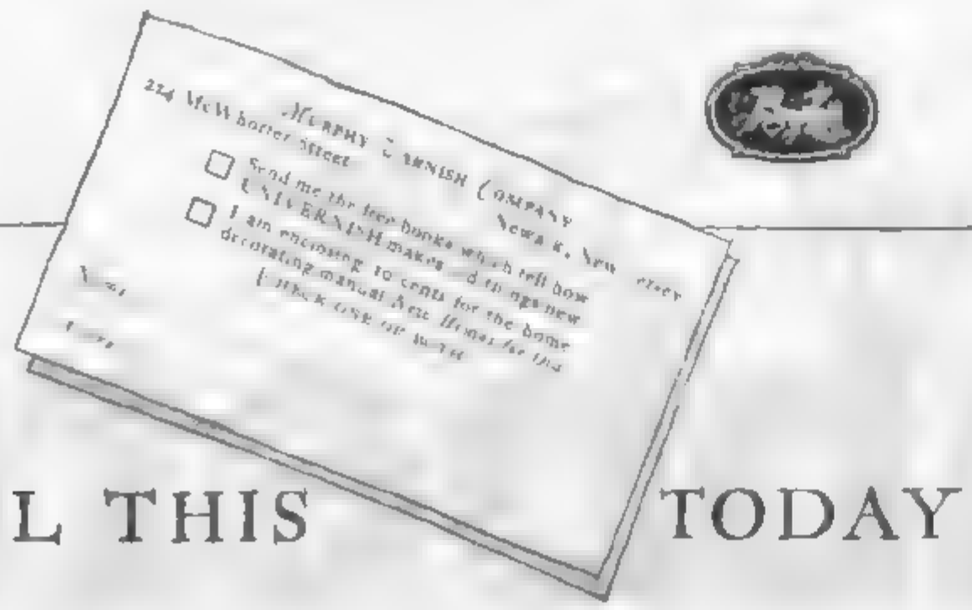
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(Continued from Page 60

"I'm playing fair with you, Michael, for the sake of old times. I suppose it's all wrong for me to assist you in getting out of the country, but my best excuse is that you are three to one and I can't stop you. Aha! I see your two friends have guns, after all—rifles. I'd stand a poor chance against ——"

"See here, Denny, I'm desperate," broke in Rodkin rapidly. "Don't try to stop me. If you do—well, something will happen that I'll regret all the rest of my life. These men will shoot, Denny. Much as I like you, old man, I'd have to order them to shoot you if you attempt to stop me—or even delay me much longer. My own life is at stake, Denny. There's an order from Gourou to round up all the radicals in Edelweiss, and—and five of my friends were executed early last night. They want me. They're after me, Denny. So, you see, I have no time to waste."

Yorke stood his ground.

"What has happened in Edelweiss that would cause Gourou to round up all the radicals—and execute some of them? Have you and your gang been throwing bombs? Michael, have they got Prince Robin? Has he been assassinated?"

"No, no, no!" cried Rodkin shrilly. "Nothing like that. I give you my word. A couple of fools set off a bomb last night at the railroad station. I knew nothing about it, I swear to heaven, Denny. Several people were killed. I am looked upon as the leader of the radicals. They want me. I got wind of the man hunt in time to escape with my wife. This car belongs to the man who is driving. We managed to reach his home outside the city walls before our flight could be intercepted. His wife is in the car with mine. They're both ill—ill with terror, and—and his wife's going to have a baby soon. Now you know all I have to tell you, Denny; you can see how desperate the situation is. Turn back a little way and wait till we're out of sight around the bend. If you don't I cannot answer for your safety."

Pendennis was in a quandary. Something told him that Rodkin was lying, that he was fleeing from justice, that he had committed some heinous crime—mayhap the murder of the Prince of Graustark. This talk about a wife! He didn't believe a word of it.

Rodkin and his sinister-looking companions were making off with something more valuable than wives! Loot! Suddenly his heart seemed to have stopped beating. A sickening, horrible thought flashed through his brain. Prince Robin's children! In that car! Kidnaped!

Rodkin, struck by the American's expression, shot a startled, apprehensive look over his shoulder. The next instant he barked a command to the two men. Then as both men leveled their rifles at Yorke, he jerked a revolver from his coat pocket and faced the man on horseback. His eyes were glittering behind their glasses, his teeth showing between his stretched lips.

"Get out of the way, Yorke!" he almost screamed. "I don't want to kill you, but ——"

"Who is in that car?" demanded Yorke, white-faced and resolute.

Rodkin did not answer at once. He studied Yorke's face long and seriously. Then abruptly his whole manner changed. He returned the weapon to his pocket, and holding out his empty hands, advanced to the roadside.

"You want the truth, Denny, so I'll give it to you," he said slowly. "No use stalling any longer. I've got a woman in that car. I'm taking her to Russia. If you make a move to raise that revolver, those men down there will drill a couple of holes through your head." He showed his teeth again in a ghastly smile. "I don't suppose you will care to congratulate me, old man, but you ought to all the same. I'm doing you a good turn. I'm making things easy for you." He hesitated a moment before venturing the next remark. "Your wife is eloping with me!"

"What?" gasped Yorke, and suddenly jumped to the conclusion that the man was stark staring mad.

"Not willingly, I must confess, but still unresistingly. She's trussed and gagged, and for a while she was drugged. In view of the fact that you don't want her, and what is more to the point, couldn't have her if you did happen to want her, you might at least felicitate me on having taken a long step toward obtaining the desire of my life. I've got her and that's more than all the king's horses and all the king's men have been able to accomplish."

"Michael!" cried Yorke, unwilling to believe his ears. "What stupid joke is this?"

"It is no joke," interrupted Rodkin exultingly. "I don't know why I am telling you this, Denny, unless it's because I am beside myself with joy. Maybe I am crazy. Anyhow, I've got her safe and sound if fortune continues to favor me."

Pendennis sagged limply in the saddle. A cold perspiration broke out all over his body. He realized his helplessness. For an instant everything went black before his eyes. She was down there in that car, bound and gagged and terrified—the woman he loved better than life. Life? What would his life be worth if he risked it in an attempt to rescue her? They would shoot if he made a single threatening move.

Rodkin was speaking, hurriedly, nervously, but Yorke's brain was not taking in the words. It was working feverishly on its own problem. How to circumvent, how to frustrate the design of the love-crazed Michael; how to save the princess from unspeakable horrors.

Occasionally his whirling brain grasped a sentence or a few words of the jumbled harangue.

"I would sell my soul for her. . . . I will make her happy—die for her—devotion such as mine—I was to have been the Lenine of Graustark—lead the people—all over now—Axphain imbeciles! Graustark is loat to us. But I have her at last for my own—my heart's desire—wasting precious time—kill you, Denny, God forgive me ——"

Yorke's only chance rested upon his powers of persuasion. He could accomplish nothing by force. If he could bring Rodkin to his senses, if he could reason with him, if he could reach him through an appeal to his honor—there was no other way.

"Michael," he cried out pleadingly, "listen to me, please!"

"I don't want to talk to you. I've got to be moving. I'll take a chance on getting past Radd's men. I know of another road."

"You've got to talk. You've got to listen to me, Michael."

For five minutes or longer he used every argument, every plea he could bring to bear upon the little anarchist. Finally he was rewarded by signs of weakening. Rodkin stared at the ground. His voice was no longer hard and defiant. Instead there was a petulant, querulous note in it that augured well for the success of Yorke's patience and discretion. Suddenly he broke down.

"Denny, I I can't—give her up. I have wanted her so long. I cannot live without her. I'd sooner die a thousand deaths. There is nothing for me to live for if she is taken away from me—if I give her up to you—after all I have risked to get her."

"You are not a bad man, Michael. You have decent instincts. You were my friend—and I was proud to call you friend. If all the people in the world had come to me and said that you could even think of doing such a dastardly thing as this I would have stood up for you, I would have fought for you, Michael, no matter ——"

"Well, I have done this dastardly thing," cried Rodkin, straightening up. "Now you know what I really am. But there is one thing I want you to know. I am not a coward; I am not afraid to die. A moment ago you said you would die for the woman we both love. I did not know—I did not dream that you love her, Denny. You would die for her—and I cannot live without her. I have the cards in my hand. It is not necessary for me to compromise with you. Time is short. We must settle this business at once, Denny. I will take the sporting chance if you will, my old friend, and my chance will be a slim one. Luck may be with me, however. We will fight for her. It is the only way. If I fall, well and good. I am out of it. I shall not have given her up. It won't be so hard to lose her, Denny, if I am dead."

Yorke, who had been staring at him, first in bewilderment, then in a sort of horror, marveled at the whimsical smile that played about Rodkin's lips as he uttered the last four words.

"Good Lord, Michael, do you mean a duel? Do you mean that we are to stand up and shoot at each other until ——"

"It's the only alternative," said Rodkin calmly. "Get down from your horse. I mean it. If you don't, I will order those men to shoot. Better take the same chance that I am fool enough to take. It's a hundred-to-one shot you'll get me, Denny.

(Continued on Page 64)

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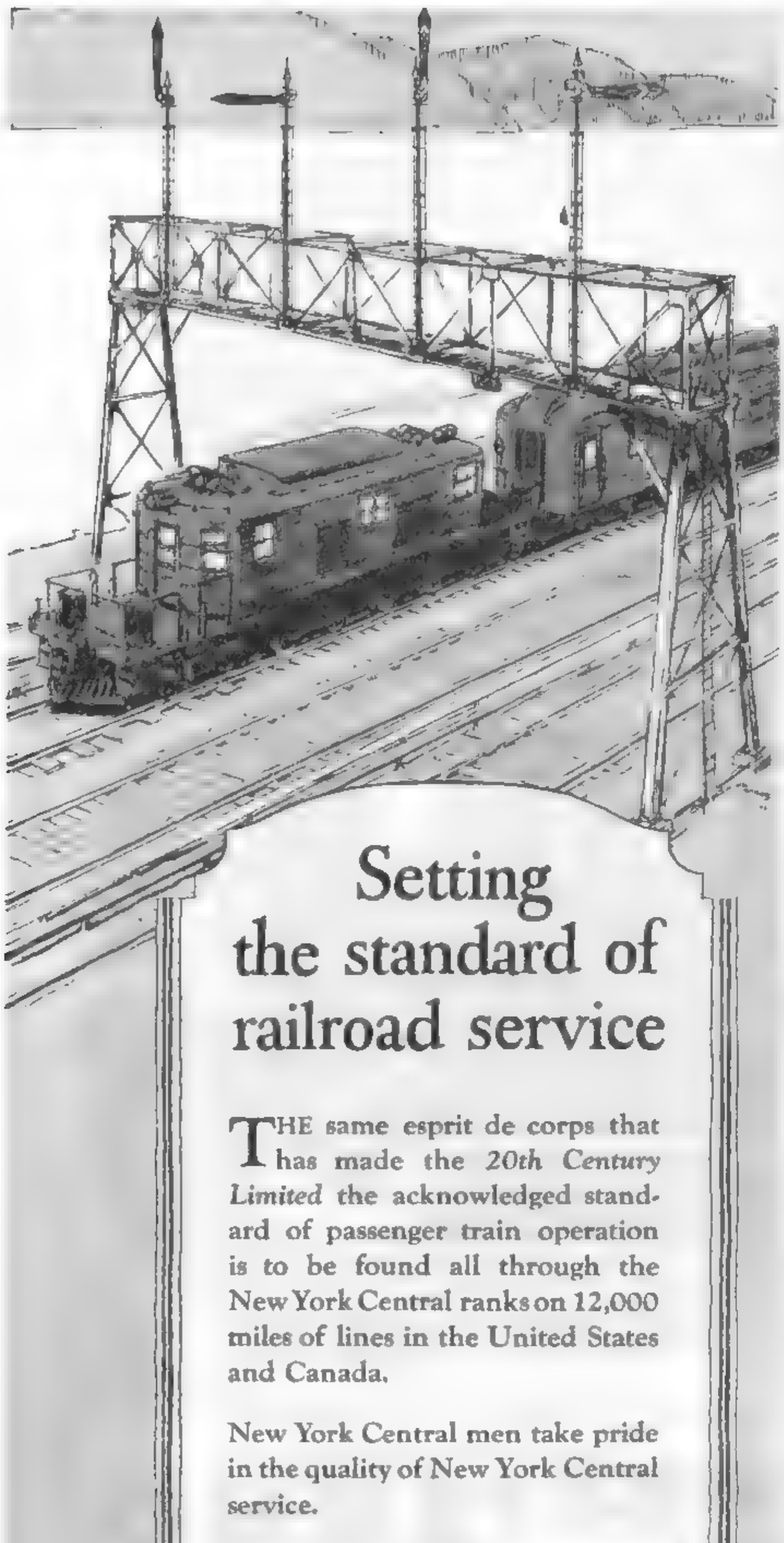
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(Continued from Page 62)

but never mind. If you want her as much as you say you do, you'll accept the challenge. There is only one other way out of it for you, Denny, and that is to turn your horse's head and ride as hard as you can back over the road you've traveled. You don't have to fight me, you know. You can be out of danger in two minutes if you'll ride away ——"

Deliberately turning away, he strode back to where his puzzled companions were waiting. A brief confab ensued, the two men expostulating violently. In the end, however, they shrugged their shoulders and appeared to wash their hands of the whole affair. Rodkin was removing his heavy, clumsy overcoat as he approached Yorke.

The latter, pale but determined, had started to dismount. As he hurriedly swung his leg over the saddle he glanced from Michael to the two men. For an instant his body remained rigid as if arrested by paralysis. He sensed the thing seconds before it happened. The men were whispering fiercely to each other in one second, in the next the man nearest the car had his rifle pointed at Rodkin's back.

"Look out Michael!" Yorke shouted.

Before the words were out of his mouth the fellow fired. Pendennis did not wait to see the result of the shot. Self-preservation was his first and only thought. The other man was raising his gun to his shoulder as the American threw himself clear of the saddle and dropped to the ground. The horse, frightened by the discharge of the weapon, jerked up its head and leaped frantically forward. Yorke, clinging to the bridle rein was dragged a few yards, screened by the body of the plunging animal. But even before his feet touched the ground, Yorke heard the second report. Another followed instantly. The horse gave an almost human scream. A moment later the animal's head fell forward and his legs began to crumple up. As the stricken beast crashed to earth, Yorke sprawled frantically into a shallow crevice at the roadside; countless floods pouring down the steep side of the mountain had burrowed a path along the highway.

His brain was working fast. Crouching down in this imperfect trench, he covered the mouth of the narrow road with his revolver, prepared to fire as the first of the rascals bounded into view. He had but a few seconds to wait. One of them came leaping up the slope, his rifle held in readiness for instant action. He caught sight of Yorke's head and stopped short, throwing his gun to his shoulder.

Yorke fired. He was less than twenty feet away. He had practiced shooting with a revolver for many years. Hundreds of times he had fired at a piece of paper pinned to a board or a tree, and scores of times he had seen a small black spot appear as if by magic on the white surface of the mark.

That had been sport—fun; but now in the blink of an eyelid a black spot appeared in the white space between the man's beard and his eye—as if by magic! The rifle was discharged as its owner plunged forward upon his face.

His companion, close behind, fired wildly at the man in the trench. The trench! The fellow knew about trenches. A bullet from Yorke's revolver sang past his ear. Yes, he knew about trenches. Like a scared rabbit, he turned and darted down the quarry road. Apprehension of an entirely different nature caused Yorke to forget his own peril. Throwing discretion to the winds, he leaped out of the ditch and dashed after the man, bent on frustrating any attempt at reprisal on the ruffian's part. The smashing of a car window, a shot into the interior —

Yorke did not even see the crumpled figure of Michael Rodkin as he raced wildly past it in the fear that he might be too late. He fired again at the fleeing figure and missed.

The fugitive was nearing the car when he slackened his speed and turned to send two shots at his pursuer. He was backing away rapidly as he fired and both bullets went wild. Then he abandoned the open road and went crashing off through the thick underbrush.

His pursuer did not stop. Yorke was in time to see the fellow stumble over a rock and go sprawling to the ground. In an instant he scrambled to his feet and was off again, using hands and arms to beat his way through the tangled wood. He had dropped his gun. Yorke fired again. A squeal of pain was the reward of that chance shot, and one of the man's arms fell limp and useless as he leaped down a sharp declivity into a small ravine. He was nowhere in sight when Yorke came to the spot, but he could be heard running down the rock-strewn bed of the gully. Pendennis snatched up the discarded rifle as he dashed back to the car, his heart in his mouth. All else was forgotten in his anxiety. Dropping the rifle and his own revolver, he jerked open the door, calling out as he did so.

"Virginia!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MARK TWAIN AND THE EXPORT BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 23)

big grandfather timepieces with moons and signs of the zodiac on the dials, cuckoo clocks made to represent Swiss chalets with iron pine cones for weights and little doors at the top that flew open to allow the bird to come out and chirp the hours. Mixed in with the clocks were fancy barometers, thermometers and mantel ornaments of brass and china.

The display was much the same as one can see in a hundred shops in Oxford Street, except in one particular. Practically all the articles were of German make and bore tags printed plainly with the names of German firms, which the shopkeeper had taken no pains to conceal.

The other shop, just across the street, had a window display of articles for use in business offices. Any observant American could recognize at once that most of the articles were the product of American factories, but the shopkeeper had gone to some trouble to conceal the fact. There was a large sign in the window stating that the house specialized in empire-made goods; and he contrived to give the impression that the articles shown were Canadian. This was actually true in some cases, but only in a technical sense; for the Canadian factories represented were invariably branches of United States concerns located just across the river from Detroit or on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls. The important fact was that this shopkeeper covered up the origin of his United-States-made goods, while his neighbor across the street boldly advertised Germany.

During the past months I have asked many business men in England just why this shade of prejudice should exist. One of the first men I interviewed on the subject was secretary of a national association connected with the ironmonger trade, which has its headquarters in an old-fashioned square just off Oxford Street and only a stone's throw from the two shops I have just described. For so important an organization the offices were anything but impressive, consisting of two rooms on the third floor which had to be reached by leg power, the main room furnished with a large kitchen table for the secretary's desk and several smaller tables at which girls were working on typewriters. At the moment of my call the secretary, an Englishman of perhaps forty-five, was reading the advertisements in the Times and something he saw was evidently displeasing, because as I approached he threw the paper into his wastebasket with an irritated gesture. I explained the object of my visit and told him what I had noticed in the two shop windows over in Oxford Street.

"Why is it," I said, "that the fellow who has the German goods is not afraid to let his customers see the Hamburg and Bremen labels, while his neighbor carefully conceals the origin of his merchandise that has been made in U. S. A. factories? It doesn't seem reasonable."

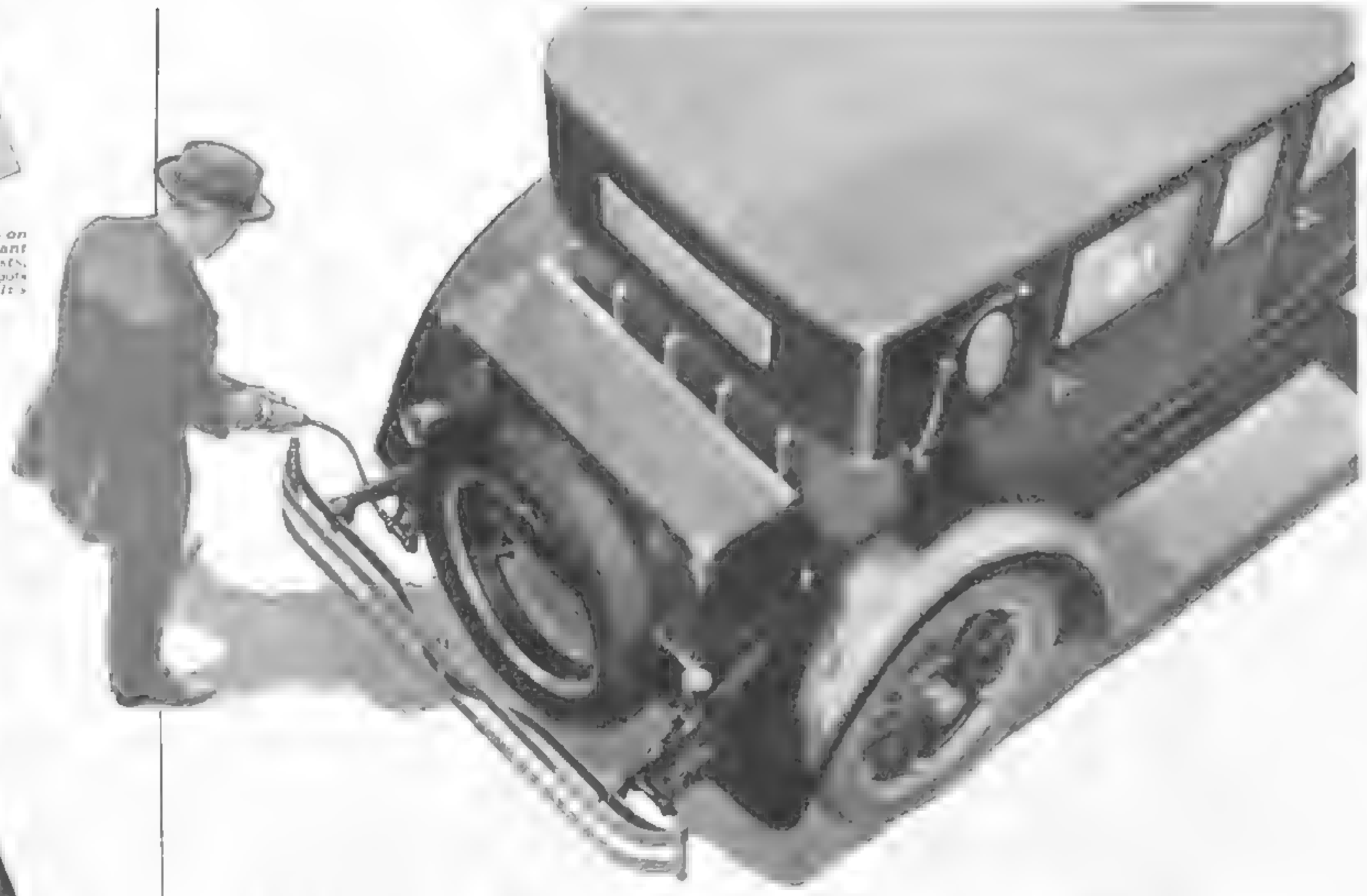
One satisfactory thing about an Englishman is that if you ask him a direct question you will generally get a direct answer, even though his answer may not be entirely agreeable.

"I think," the secretary replied, "the situation you speak of comes from the fact

(Continued on Page 68)

Postcard Brings This Book

Here are illuminating facts on how to save repairs. If you want to cut your operating costs, write for it today. "Vital Spots on Your Car to Watch" It's yours for the asking



Why Jones is "Lucky" with the Cars He Buys*

**The statements here are based upon an actual case. Jones' car has now gone over 14,000 miles and repairs amount to less than $2.00. The first 12,000 miles cost him nothing. He attributes this to Alemite.*

Jones—that's not his real name, of course—is "lucky" with the cars he buys.

Just now his neighbor has a car of the same make and model. It's a constant source of trouble and expense. But Jones' car, after 12,000 miles, had not cost him a dollar for repairs.

And Jones is no mechanic. He admits he doesn't know his differential from his distributor. He doesn't want to! He believes that cars run better without "tinkering." The only vital thing you need to know is how to *lubricate*.

Everyone lubricates the motor, of course. But Jones is such a poor mechanic that he takes every word of the instruction book in dead earnest.

Vital Spots

And consequently he lubricates his hard-wearing, dust-exposed *chassis bearings* as regularly as he changes crank case oil.

Here's where most motorists fail in lubrication. Largely because old-fashioned oil and grease cups were hard to reach—a constant invitation to neglect. That's why 80% of all repairs can be traced to one thing—lack of proper lubrication. This neglect costs the average motorist $70 to $150 a year. An expense now easily avoided.

The New Way

Most good cars now come equipped with the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System. (Now on nearly 5,000,000 cars.) With Alemite you have a hollow ball-check fitting with a cross pin on every bearing. Your Alemite gun locks onto it with a quarter twist. Then an easy turn of the handle forces fresh lubricant clear through the heart of the bearing. Old, grit-laden grease is *forced out* at the same time. Pressure over 20 times greater than a grease cup insures this.

Clean Bearings

The bearing is cleaned. Just as engine bearings are cleaned by a change of your crank case oil. High pressure reaches every spot. No metal-to-metal contact. The lubricant—packed in under pressure—keeps out seeping dust and grit.

This kind of lubrication—every 500 miles—is the secret of Jones' "luck." It will save you repairs, too. Reduce your operating costs probably 15 to 20%. If Alemite is on your car—use it. You'll find Alemite service convenient in most filling stations and garages if you don't care to do it yourself.

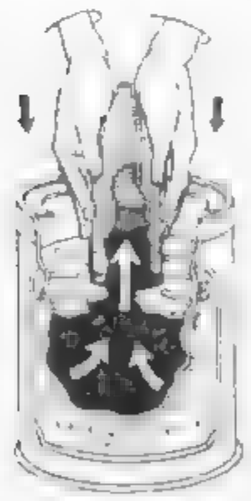
Check up on every fitting. Replace any you may have lost. If in doubt, write for our free manual "Vital Spots to Watch." It tells where each one should be.

If Alemite is not on your car, it will pay you to have it installed. The cost is only $5 to $20 (Ford $6.75, Chevrolet $3.99, Overland $5.67; Canadian prices higher). It will save its cost 5 times over in a year. If your dealer cannot supply you, please write us.

The Bassick Manufacturing Co.
2660 North Crawford Ave. Chicago, Ill
Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

Note

This compressor with the rigid spiral valve coupling, releases lubricant only when attached to fitting. No hose necessary



Oil or Grease

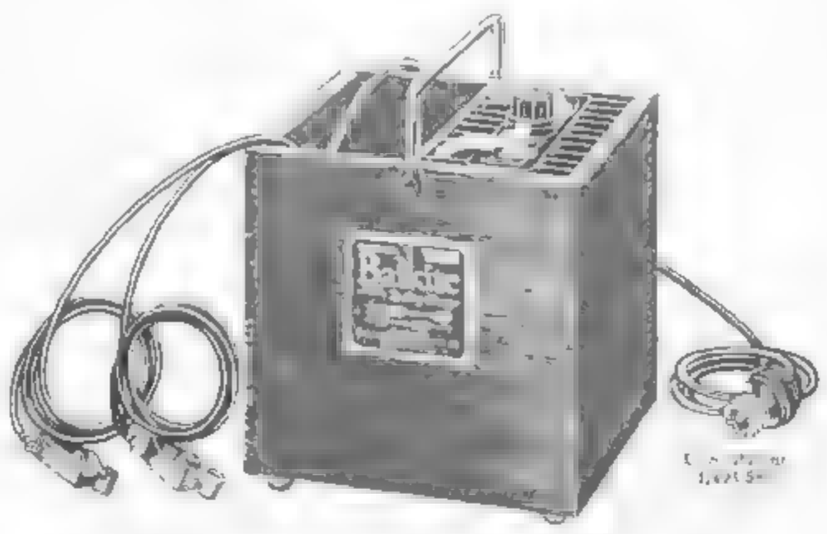
Alemite works well with either oil or grease. But for best results, we recommend Alemite Lubricant—a pure, solidified oil, especially adapted for our system—has all the virtues of oil, but is sufficiently solid to "stay put." Comes in autoloading cans

Every 500 Miles

ALEMITE

High pressure lubricating system

Tested and Listed as Standard by Underwriters' Laboratories



This noiseless radio battery charger

can be used while the set is in operation

The Balkite Battery Charger is entirely noiseless. Its operation does not create disturbances in either your set or your neighbor's. It ends the nuisance of weak batteries, for if the battery should happen to be low, the charger can be used while the set is in use, without affecting the set or its operation, and without disturbing sounds.

This charger is based on a new principle, the use of Balkite, a rare metal which changes the ordinary AC current used for lighting to the DC current necessary for charging storage batteries, without the use of noisy vibrators or fragile bulbs.

The Balkite Battery Charger has no bulbs, contact points, or moving parts. It has nothing to break, adjust, or get out of order. It cannot deteriorate through use or disuse. It delivers a taper charge. It cannot discharge, short circuit, or damage the battery by overcharging. It needs no attention other than an occasional filling with distilled water. It will charge a completely discharged battery. It is unaffected by temperature or fluctuations in line current. It is simple, efficient, cannot fail to operate if properly connected, and is practically indestructible except through abuse.

Designed primarily for charging radio "A" batteries, the Balkite Battery Charger can also be used, without added attachments, to charge "B" batteries of the lead type. It operates from 110-120 AC, 60 cycle current, and charges the ordinary 6-volt "A" battery at 3 amperes. Special model for 50 cycle current.

Sold by leading radio dealers everywhere—more than 30,000 were sold last year in little more than half the season. If your dealer cannot supply you, sent direct prepaid on receipt of price.

FANSTEEL

Balkite Battery Charger

Price $19.50

West of the Rockies $20 · In Canada $27.50

Manufactured by Fansteel Products Company, Inc., North Chicago, Ill.

DEALERS: *Order through your jobber.* JOBBERS: *Write to our factory representatives. Where we are not represented, write to us.*

Factory Representatives: Ekko Company, 111 W. Monroe St., *Chicago.* J. P. Rainbault, 50 Church St., *New York City.* Wood & Lane, 915 Olive St., *St. Louis.* Chas. F. Saenger & Co., 919 Huron Road, *Cleveland.* Detroit Electric Co., 113 E. Jefferson St., *Detroit.* The Hoy Company, 719 McKnight Bldg., *Minneapolis.* A. S. Lindstrom, 111 New Montgomery St., *San Francisco.* Burndept of Canada, Ltd., 172 King St. W., *Toronto, Ont.* Sparling-Markle, Ltd., 276 Smith St., *Winnipeg, Man.*

(Continued from Page 64)

that the average Englishman believes America has got enough money already. When we buy your goods we are making you richer still. Besides that, we owe you a lot of money, and it isn't human nature for a man to go out of his way to trade with his biggest creditor, is it? I'm inclined to think the shopkeeper in Oxford Street used good business judgment when he hid the origin of his U. S. A. merchandise."

Having thus stated his opinion in general terms the secretary came to personal details, using himself as an example of an average Englishman with average viewpoint. He was, he told me, earning a salary of approximately three thousand dollars a year, attained after thirty years in the ironmonger business. Born in a Midlands manufacturing town, at fifteen his father had apprenticed him to one of the local ironmongers, where he worked four years to learn the business. During this time he not only received no wages but his father paid thirty pounds for his instruction. The apprentices lived in, as is still the custom in English provincial towns, and the working hours were from eight until eight with the exception of Friday nights, when all hands had to work until eleven to clean stock and dress the show windows. At the end of the four years he was a full-fledged salesman and worked in that capacity in several retail establishments throughout England, eventually getting a position on the road as a commercial.

Four years ago he got the appointment as secretary of the trade association which carries the three-thousand-dollar salary, and which was more money than he had ever earned before.

"I've told you all this," the secretary went on, "to show you that in a country like England the average man has to dig pretty hard to get anywhere. Even now I know I'm not getting half the salary I would get in America in a similar position, and certainly a national trade association over there would have a good deal more stylish offices than mine. Now using me as an example of an average man with average temperament, I'll try to show why the shopkeeper over in Oxford Street thought it was good business to conceal from his customers the origin of his American-made goods."

He reached under the table and picked up a large paper-wrapped bundle which he untied and showed me the contents of, consisting of a fairly good, but extremely shiny suit of clothes. He was going to take the suit, he said, to some tailor who makes a specialty of turning men's garments, which is an operation considerably practiced in England nowadays. The Times and other London newspapers constantly carry the advertisements of tailors who do the work for a couple of guineas a suit, thus giving an added year or so of usefulness to garments that have become too shiny for polite society. The only drawback to the operation lies in the fact that when a coat is turned inside out the handkerchief pocket naturally shifts position. Whenever one sees a well-dressed Englishman nowadays with his handkerchief sticking out of the upper right side of his coat, instead of the left, it is no sign of a new style, but merely the result of a visit to an expert in turning.

The Irritating Advertisement

Having explained what he was going to do with his suit of clothes, the secretary next showed me a money order which he was sending the government as payment on his income tax, and which amounted roughly to a hundred and twenty-five dollars. This was only one-quarter of his total tax; so on his three-thousand-dollar salary he has to pay practically five hundred dollars a year.

Then he went to the wastebasket and picked out the copy of the Times that I had seen him throw away so peevishly when I first came into the office. He ran his finger down the advertising columns on the front page and pointed out a certain notice. The notice had been inserted by someone whose identity was buried in a box number and who wished to sell some expensive pieces of antique furniture. The heading, printed in double-leaded letters, was precisely this:

"Attention, Americans and other wealthy people!"

The secretary, having marshaled all his evidence, was ready to argue his case.

"I brought my old suit downtown this morning," he said, "to have it turned. Looking through the Times for the address of some tailor to do the work, the first thing I ran across was this advertisement. Remember now, I'm an average Englishman. My income tax is 20 per cent of my income, and every time I pay an installment on it I know a certain part of it goes to the United States, which is, we are constantly reminded, by far the richest country in the world. This fellow in the Times who advertises, 'Americans and other wealthy people,' unconsciously voices the general viewpoint.

"Before the war I was a pretty good dresser, which means I bought three suits of clothes a year. Now, with the higher cost of living and my heavy income tax, I have to get along with one new suit and one of my old ones turned. Every time I put on one of these turned suits with the handkerchief pocket on the wrong side, there is in the back of my mind a vision of an American wearing the other two suits that I can't afford. I don't feel any active resentment toward the United States, and certainly I want my country to pay every dollar of the American debt with interest. But it is simply human nature that if you owe a man money and are stinting yourself to pay him, you don't go out of your way to help him make more money. So, on the whole, I think the fellow over in Oxford Street uses pretty good sales sense when he leads customers to believe the things in the window are made in Canada instead of the U. S. A."

In recounting the foregoing I have had no intention of entering into a discussion of Great Britain's debts, but merely to show how delicate are the matters that go to make or unmake international good will among the masses of people who in the long run dictate a nation's policy. The average Englishman, no matter how much he may grumble over his taxes, does not want his government to settle its debts at less than a hundred cents on the dollar. On one occasion I chanced to attend a London business men's luncheon at which one of the speakers was an American who wanted to say something pleasant.

A Tactless Delegate

"You folks needn't worry over your debt to America," he remarked easily, "because it will only be a matter of five years or so before we will remit a good share of it, if not all."

This optimistic speech entirely failed to bring the applause that the speaker evidently expected. As the meeting broke up another American, who has been doing business in England for many years, whispered to me: "That wasn't much of an argument to these fellows, who, whatever their private feelings may be, are good enough business men to know very well that when Great Britain stepped up to the counter and assumed the debt she did more to strengthen her world position than anything else she could have done. Besides that, they know casual visitors are not usually empowered by their governments to make easy promises about three or four billions of dollars."

At another luncheon a gentleman who had gone to London as delegate of an Anglo-American philanthropic society felt it his duty to give his English cousins some well-chosen words of advice. He had, it seems, been traveling about the country quite a bit, and strongly disapproved of the manner in which the natives sat in their railway compartments without speaking to one another. Also, at the convention to which he was a delegate he missed the features to which he was accustomed in similar American gatherings.

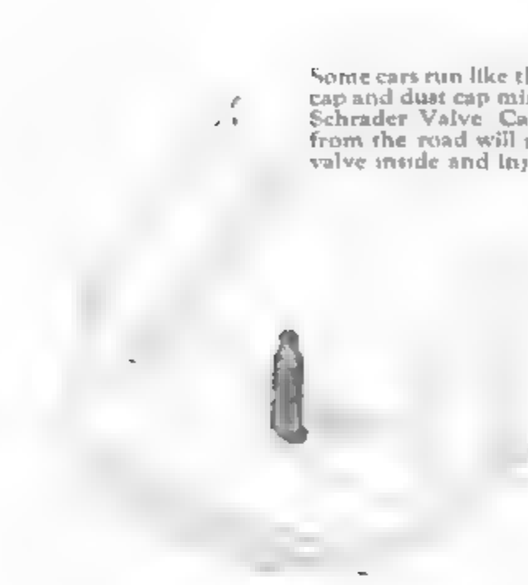
"The trouble with you fellows in this old country," he said amiably, "is that you don't loosen up enough. At a meeting like this there ought to be more pep speeches and singing and sociability. The thing to do is to cut out all this formal Mister business and call each other Bill and Tom and Jim. Then we'll get somewhere!"

There is always the temptation when one is away from home to exaggerate a bit the merits of what one has left behind. One day in Salisbury I chanced to be talking with the secretary of the local chamber of commerce, who asked me anxiously if the chambers of commerce in the United States are so very much more efficient than those in England. Not wishing to hurt his feelings by telling him the plain truth I inquired what he thought about it himself.

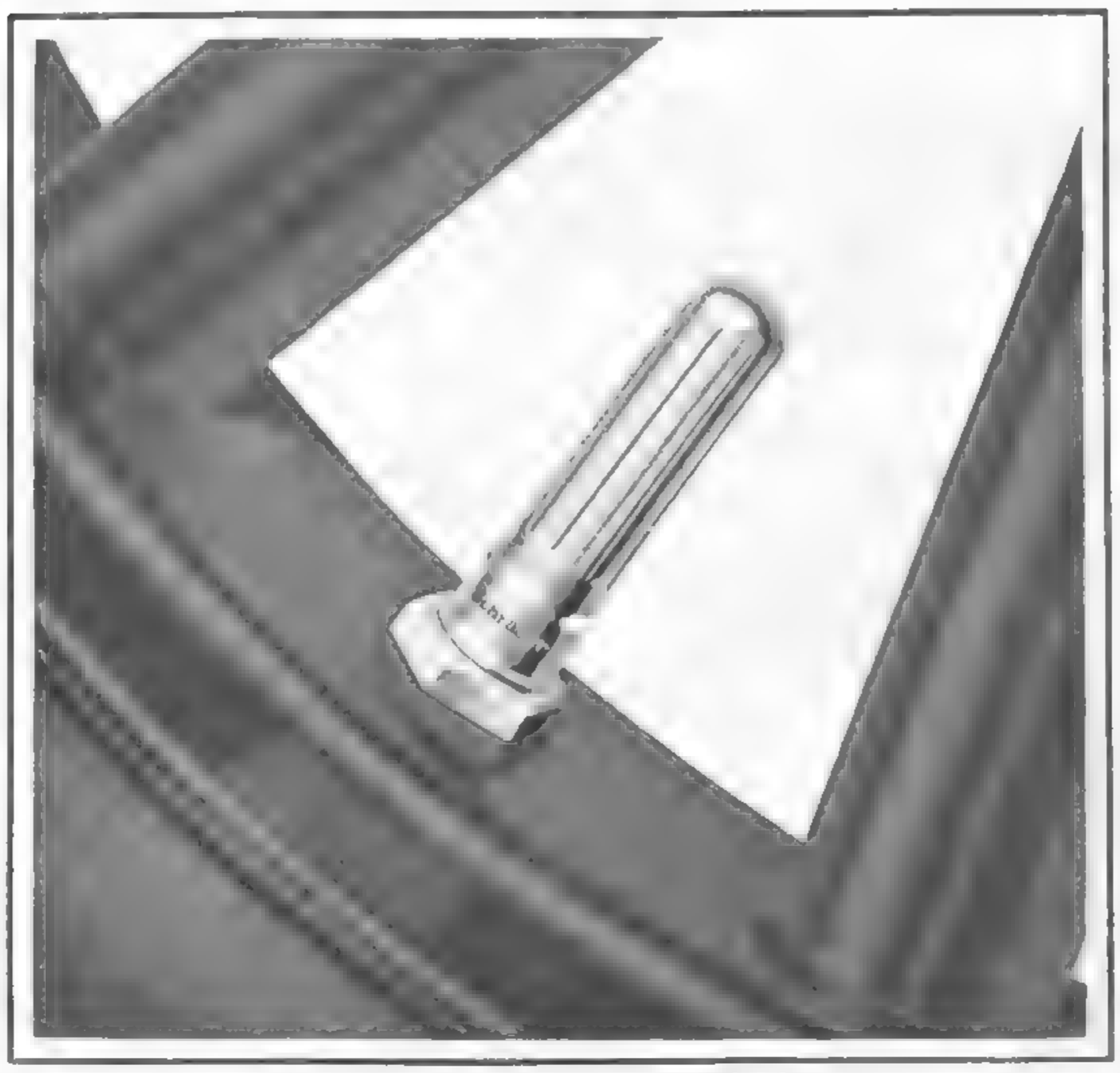
"I have an idea they must be," he answered, "because an American gentleman and lady were in my office a few days ago to find out what the customs duties would be

(Continued on Page 68)

This tire valve needs a Schrader Dust Cap to protect the valve stem threads and improve the appearance of the wheel. It also needs a rim nut bushing to center the valve stem and prevent the tube from creeping

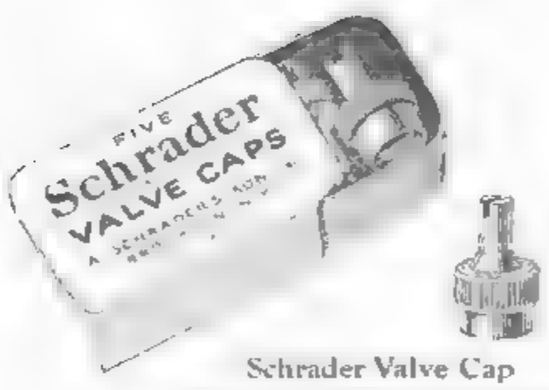


Some cars run like this with both valve cap and dust cap missing. Without the Schrader Valve Cap, dirt and mud from the road will get down into the valve inside and injure it.



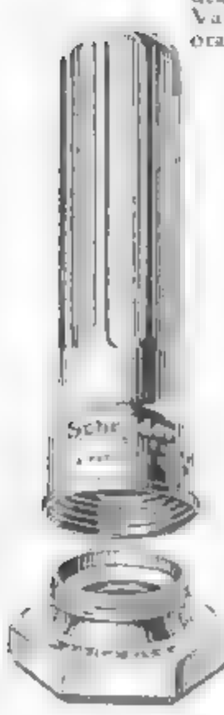
All your tire valves should look like this

What is missing from *your* tire valves?



Schrader Valve Cap

Acts as a secondary air seal, and protects the tire valve. Ask your dealer for the genuine Schrader Valve Caps. Packed five in the orange and blue box.



Schrader Dust Cap

Properly covers and protects valve stem. With a few turns of the hand easily and quickly attached to the rim nut bushing below.

Schrader Rim Nut Bushing

Centers valve stem and prevents chafing against rim or felloe of wheel.

WHEN your new car was delivered, your tire valves were complete with all their parts.

The car manufacturer knows that tire valves should be completely equipped at all times if your tires are to give you your full money's worth.

If any parts are missing from the Schrader Valves on your automobile tires, replace them today.

The total cost of these Schrader valve parts—valve cap, dust cap with rim nut bushing—is only a few cents. The saving in tire service from constantly using all Schrader parts is worth many dollars. At all dealers'.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Chicago Toronto London

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

Tire Valves · Tire Gauges

BE SURE IT'S A Schrader · · LOOK FOR THE NAME

"The Nickel Lunch"

BIG, golden-brown Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts—what a spur to appetite! How the flavory crispness of them calls for more and more!

Prize peanuts—the finest, plumpest ones in the whole crop—roasted and salted by our own process to bring out the last atom of toothsome goodness. No one can resist them. Wholesome as sunshine. Put them in the school lunchbox and you furnish nutrition as well as delight. They're "The Nickel Lunch."

Even though taken from the Planters can, and sold in the Planters jar, they are not Planters Salted Peanuts unless they are in the glassine bag with the "Planters" name and "Mr. Peanut" on it.

Planters Nut & Chocolate Co., Suffolk, Va., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia

Planters

PENNANT SALTED

PEANUTS

(Continued from Page 66)

on some things they had been buying in England and which they wanted to take to Paris with them and then to the United States. I told them I had no means of giving the information because Salisbury is an inland town, but they could write to London or Liverpool and learn what they wanted."

He laughed a little ruefully at the outcome of the interview.

"They gave me a pretty good dressing down for my ignorance," he went on. "They said there wasn't a village in the United States but what a person could go to the local chamber of commerce and get the most exact information on any subject in the world. They even went so far as to say that England was a back-number country and they would be glad to return to an up-to-date place like America, where they could get service when they wanted it."

Doubtless the lady and the gentleman were seeing their own country in a rosy light; for Salisbury, it should be remembered, is a town about the size of Batavia, New York,; Amarillo, Texas, or Greenville, South Carolina; and it is going almost too far to assume that one could drop into the chamber of commerce of any of those cities and immediately be given detailed information as to the customs duties on a shipment of assorted goods routed, for instance, to Australia by way of Buenos Ayres.

Also, the fact that it was an American lady and gentleman who scolded the chamber-of-commerce secretary made the incident of more importance than if they had come from some other place. Had they been Australians or New Zealanders he might have set it down as a mere piece of colonial swank and forgotten it the next week. Had they been French or Italian he would not have understood what they were talking about, and they would have been too polite to complain anyhow. But being Americans they knew how to express their feelings in good old Anglo-Saxon terms; and there was in the secretary's mind the uneasy feeling that they might be justified in their criticism because America is so big, so rich and so efficient. If he ever learns that American chamber-of-commerce secretaries are only ordinary human beings like himself he is going to resent the scolding he received, and the American gentleman and lady will have added one more member to the clan of Englishmen who dislike to buy American-made goods.

Mark Twain's Fun

It is nearly sixty years since Mark Twain wrote his Innocents Abroad, which piece of literature was not only very humorous but also has had the effect of making us as Americans feel superior to the effete and archaic European civilizations. Who has not felt a thrill of New World superiority when reading how the American blandly asked the guide if the mummy was dead; and then on learning the truth demanding to be shown a nice fresh carcass instead of one forty centuries old? Or how he estimated the statue of Jupiter by Michelangelo to be worth four dollars and fifty cents? Or how, when shown a guaranteed signature of Christopher Columbus, he turned fiercely on the guide and stated scornfully that any fourteen-year-old American boy could write a better hand?

In private life Mr. Clemens had a high regard for business; and it is likely he would have been more restrained in his international humor if he had known how much trouble he was laying up for future generations of business men who want to sell American goods in foreign lands, and who are hampered in their operations by Mark Twain imitators. On one occasion I chanced to be present when a party of tourists were being shown through Westminster Abbey and the conductor had brought them to the coronation chair on which for a thousand years the succeeding monarchs of Great Britain have been invested with their authority. As a piece of furniture it really is not much of an exhibit, being decidedly the worse for wear, besides having been carved up considerably by forgotten generations of boys who managed somehow to ornament it with their initials. Nevertheless, it is what it is; and international relations were not helped by the jovial conduct of one of the tourists, a gentleman whom one could imagine as being known for a regular cut-up in his home town. He was a large man with a round, humorous face and a heavy gold watch chain from which hung the elaborate emblems of several prominent secret societies. He listened interestedly to the conductor's explanation of the chair's history and then turned to his fellow sightseers.

"When I was a boy back home," he remarked waggishly, "my folks threw a better chair than that out into the woodshed!"

Doubtless the gentleman meant only to show a cordial spirit of camaraderie and to point out how ridiculous a thing royalty really is; but as fully half his hearers were British his pleasantry was only about 50 per cent efficient. As a means of promoting international amity it had about the same result as would be the case if some fun-loving Briton on a visit to Mount Vernon should try to please his American hosts by saying General Washington's tomb rather reminded him of the cow stable on his family estate in Yorkshire.

As a matter of fact the English are not so back number in their own performances, although their methods of producing results may not conform to the standards we have set up in America. Certainly it looks archaic to see in London the way the postmen go about in pairs pushing two-wheeled carts on which are mounted large wicker baskets full of mail; but London, it is said, is the only metropolis in the world where a person may drop a letter into a post box any time before noon and receive a reply the same evening. Even in the things that are supposed to be the specialties of more modern peoples the English occasionally show surprising ingenuity.

A Streak of Genius

A London advertising man told me that two or three years ago he was invited to invest in a project to teach salesmanship by mail. He thought he could see where some money might be made in such an enterprise if the subscribers were given value received. He agreed to supply the money if he would be allowed a free hand to dictate how the course should be prepared and to direct the advertising. His associates agreed to this, and under his direction experts were employed who compiled what seemed to be a very good set of lessons. Next, advertisements were inserted in a number of city and provincial newspapers, setting forth the value of salesmanship instruction and inviting inquiries from young men who desired to improve themselves in the art.

Plenty of inquiries were received; for, rather strangely, England is a good field for almost any sort of mail-order business; and quite a number of students were actually enrolled for the course. This, however, proved to be rather a flash in the pan because the students developed an unfortunate tendency to drop out before finishing their studies, which, of course, was no recommendation for the enterprise. And, as anyone knows who has ever tried to float a mail-order business, the expenses of carrying on are too heavy unless an increasing number of satisfied customers reënforce the effect of the paid publicity.

For more than a year the Londoner and his associates poured in good money after bad, until they were out of pocket to the extent of several thousand pounds, and still the enterprise showed no signs of getting on the right side of the ledger. Eventually tiring of this they had about decided to call quits after finishing up with the few students on the rolls, when one day a young man appeared who asked for the job of promotion manager, offering to work for practically nothing during the first six months if they would give him a share of the profits that he confidently stated he could produce. He was, the Londoner stated, about the last person one would expect to show a streak of genius in the mail-order line, being a Cambridge graduate and of very unimaginative appearance, but he seemed so confident of success that the directors agreed to throw in a little more money and give him a chance. Surprisingly, things began to pick up after a few weeks, and at the end of six months the enterprise was showing a profit instead of a deficit. At a subsequent directors' meeting the young man was complimented on his good work and given a yearly contract. One of the directors urged him to tell the secret of his success. With his signed contract safely in his pocket the young man told all.

"I figured it out this way," he said. "You were running a correspondence school to teach salesmanship; but, like a lot of other schools, you taught theory only, and gave your pupils no practical experience. I supplied that."

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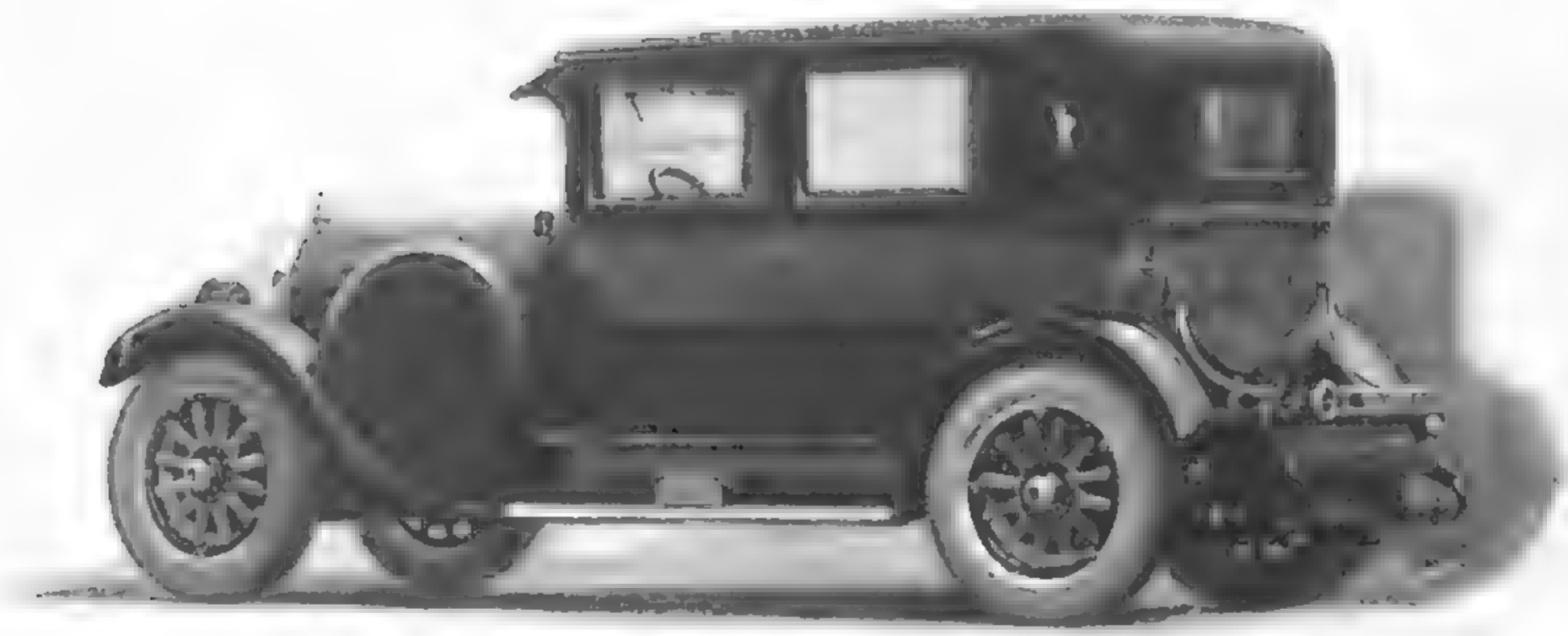


The Brougham
$1895 f. o. b. Detroit; tax extra

All Chrysler Six models are equipped with special design six-ply, high-speed balloon tires.

Chrysler Excels All Previous Performance Possibilities

Automotive engineers say that the Chrysler Six for the first time realizes the full possibilities of the motor car in efficient generation and application of power, in luxurious ease of riding and driving, and in economy of maintenance and operation.

The Chrysler Six is a finer expression of the best in motor car engineering in Europe and America—a crystallization of the most valuable developments of automobile progress—worked out and tested out over a period of more than three years.

In the application of accepted principles, however, and in every phase of its phenomenal performance—the Chrysler Six is a new type of motor car, which holds entirely novel sensations for every motorist.

The fact is, that Chrysler engineers have in this car employed the fundamentals of motor car design in a manner fully as revolutionary as the application of the steam-turbine to ocean-going ships.

Your first ride in a Chrysler Six will compel a new conception of automobile transportation, for it will establish in your mind wholly different standards of performance.

The man who drives will immediately recognize in the Chrysler Six all the attributes which, perhaps without fully realizing the desire, he has longed for in a motor car.

Without special gearing the Chrysler Six gives him over 70 miles an hour—not because he will want to travel at such speed, but to insure absence of strain at 30 and 40 miles. You simply can't get a spark-knock out of the Chrysler Six motor at highest speed, or under heaviest load.

It develops this speed from a perfectly balanced motor of 3-inch bore, which is unsurpassed for smoothness and steady pull at low speeds, and which gives well over 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

Economy and long life are further promoted by such engineering features as these: Seven unusually large main crankshaft bearings bronze-backed and babbitt lined, which, with a pressure oil-film, avoid metal-to-metal contact and bring friction to the vanishing-point. Connecting rod bearings babbitted into the rods. An air-cleaner which removes dust and grit from the air before its admission to the carburetor. An oil-filter which cleans the oil every 25 miles, insuring a continuous supply of fresh oil, and increases oil economy to a very marked degree.

Never was there a car which impressed the sense of proportion so favorably. The Chrysler Six is extremely easy to park in a short space; yet never has such ample roominess been engineered into the body of a compact car. In the driving seat, a six foot man can stretch his legs with comfort.

You will be literally amazed at the riding comfort of the Chrysler Six. No automobile built today, not even two-ton cars, rides with the road-steadiness, the buoyancy, the smooth, delightful ease of the Chrysler. It can actually be driven around sharp turns at high speeds, or over rutted roads and cobble-stone streets at 60 miles an hour in comfort.

Still another evidence of superior engineering is the tubular front axle. Actually stronger than an I-beam section under static load, it positively resists the torsional strain of front wheel braking—a very desirable feature because of the use of Chrysler-Lockheed Hydraulic four-wheel brakes.

The frailest woman can drive this extraordinary car without fatigue. It steers with only the slightest pressure on the wheel. This is made possible by the mounting of steering spindles on ball bearings, with king pins inclined to turn on an axis which passes through the traction center of the tires.

It comes close to freeing the driver from the necessity of gear shifting, easily throttling down to 2 miles an hour on high.

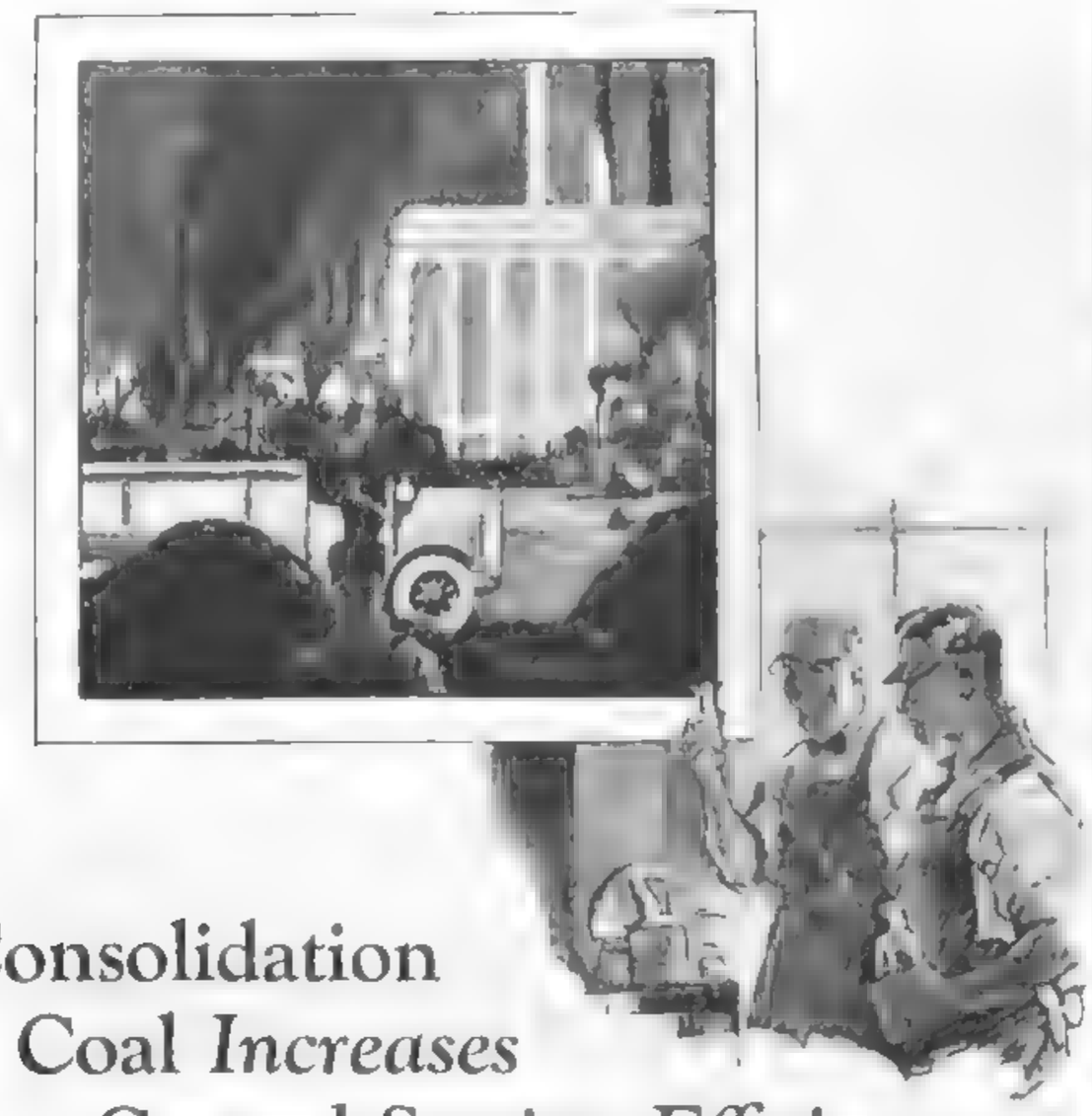
For the Chrysler Six, there is no basis of comparison among American or European cars. It stands above and apart as a unique advance in motor car construction, performance, value and economy—a car which it must be the ambition of every car owner to possess.

There are Chrysler dealers everywhere. All are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of Maxwell Motor Corporation
MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

The Chrysler Six

Pronounced as though spelled Cry'sler



Consolidation Coal *Increases* *Central Station Efficiency*

IN five years the central stations of the country have increased the efficiency of steam generation 25%. For, in 1919 the average coal consumption for all was 3.2 pounds per kilowatt hour, whereas in 1924 it was 2.4 pounds.

The net result is the saving of 50,000,000 tons of coal in the five-year period 1919-1924.

This increased efficiency is due partly to better equipment in the station, but mainly to more scientific selection of coal.

Without coal capable of delivering the required heat the best central station equipment cannot be operated at maximum efficiency.

Hence, the many central stations that have consistently used Consolidation Coal because it is *clean* coal—coal of high heat value, low ash and sulphur content, free from removable wastes and impurities—have measurably contributed toward establishing this remarkable five-year record.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Munson Building - New York City

DETROIT, MICH. *First Nat'l Bank Bldg.*
PORTSMOUTH, N. H. *137 Market Street*
BALTIMORE, MD. *Continental Bldg.*
BOSTON, MASS. *State Mutual Bldg.*
PHILADELPHIA, PA. *Bankers Trust Bldg.*
WASHINGTON, D. C. *Union Trust Bldg.*
CHICAGO, ILL. *Illinois Merchants Bank Bldg.*
CINCINNATI, OHIO *Union Central Bldg.*
NORFOLK, VA. *Nat'l Bank of Com. Bldg.*
CLEVELAND, OHIO *Rockefeller Bldg.*
MILWAUKEE, WIS. *843 South Canal Street*

Foreign Offices { LONDON, ENGLAND *Bullitor Sq. Bldg.* / GENOA, ITALY *10-Via Roma*

Sales Agents { ST. PAUL, MINN. *North Western Fuel Co., Merchants Nat'l Bank Bldg.* / MONTREAL, QUEBEC *Empire Coal Company, Ltd., Keefer Bldg.* / GREEN BAY, WIS. *F. Hurlbut Company*

Continued from Page 68

The directors asked how that could be done.

"Quite simply," the young man answered in his slightly bored Cambridge manner. "When I get a pupil signed up for the course I give him practical salesmanship experience by making him go out and sell the course to other people!"

It is things like the foregoing that sometimes make a thoughtful stranger wonder if the English are quite so behind the times as we are inclined to regard them. During the past summer at the Wembley exhibition one of the London newspapers maintained a pavilion that housed an amazingly ingenious enterprise. Behind a large circular counter there were a linotype machine and a printing press, manned by skilled workmen. Each day several thousand copies of the newspaper were delivered to the pavilion fresh from the publishing office in the city, and in the lower left-hand corner of the front page was a space labeled, "Prominent visitors at Wembley today were:"—and in this space were printed the names of celebrities who really had visited the exhibition. The first time I came across the newspaper pavilion Mr. Lloyd George, Lady Astor and Viscount Grey were the distinguished individuals mentioned.

The real object of the enterprise was to give the ordinary citizen a chance to associate himself with eminent people at a low price. Up to the counter steps, let us say, Miss Minnie Gooch, of Peterfield, Hants, who is in private life a shop assistant and who is spending her Wednesday holiday at the exhibition. Miss Gooch writes her name on a slip of paper and passes it to one of the alert attendants, who in turn hands it to the linotype operator. In two minutes Miss Gooch's name is set in type and the metal given to the man at the printing press. He seizes one of the copies of the newspaper, shoves it into the press, and in a moment out comes the completed product, which carries the information that "prominent visitors at the exhibition today were: Mr. Lloyd George, Lady Astor, Viscount Grey, Miss Minnie Gooch."

All this for the modest sum of threepence, which includes a postage stamp and a gummed wrapper. Everyone connected with the transaction is satisfied. The newspaper has sold one of its papers. The government has profited to the extent of a postage stamp. Miss Gooch has seen her name coupled with those of the aristocracy, and astonishes the home folks by mailing the newspaper to some friend who will spread the news that Minnie has been up to London and mingled with the élite of the empire.

Financing the Wembley Exhibition

Americans who have visited England often ask how it is that a people who set such store on liberty as do the British are contented to have a royal family and its accompanying hereditary aristocracy. The answer, so far as an outsider can judge, is that royalty and aristocracy will persist in England just so long as the members of the royal family and their relatives are willing to act as publicity agents. In America we have to spend real money when we put on a National Suspender Week or a Buy a New Hat campaign. In England the suspender or hat manufacturers merely have to hold a convention and invite the Prince of Wales or, failing him, the Duke of York. One of these young men attends the convention and makes a stirring speech stressing the importance of a good pair of suspenders or a new hat, says it is the duty of every Briton to support home industry, and the publicity takes care of itself.

The financing of the Wembley exhibition itself furnished a pretty good example of what the British can do, even in the show business, which is supposed to be an American specialty. With us the regular procedure for a community wishing to put on a world's fair is first to send a strong delegation to Congress to bludgeon an appropriation. Having got this, the state legislature is similarly bludgeoned. Then comes an intensive campaign among the citizens of the interested community, engineered by professional money raisers, who spare neither young nor old, rich nor poor, using any means short of physical violence to get the money.

When the British began preparing for their big show their first move was to elect the Prince of Wales president. Then arrangements were made with the banks to carry an overdraft sufficient to build and finance the enterprise until the money should begin to come in at the gates. The banks, of course, demanded more tangible security than undetermined gate receipts, and this was managed by asking business men throughout the country to sign their names to a guaranty fund.

Here was where the wisdom appeared in electing a royal president. In all the important towns when the guaranty fund was being subscribed the Prince himself presided at the meetings, and naturally under the eyes of their future ruler the leading business men did not want to appear close-fisted. The entire financing of the big Wembley show was arranged with less of a struggle than it takes to promote an ordinary county fair in countries where there is no royal family to call on for free publicity.

A good deal of friction might be avoided if people who visit foreign countries could only get it fixed in their minds that the peculiar things they see are usually born of local needs and not the results of sheer stupidity and backwardness. The railroad trains in England, for instance, usually strike the visitor from foreign parts as rather ridiculous little affairs and fit objects for good-natured raillery. Nevertheless the English are rather proud of their railway systems, which really do accomplish their purpose very efficiently in spite of the undersized passenger coaches and the locomotives without cowcatchers that look like superannuated switch engines; and the amateur Mark Twains do not add to the comity of nations by their merry quips. It is even likely that they hurt business.

Reasons for British Prejudice

One of the men whom I asked about the prejudice against American goods in England is a Liverpool wholesaler who has for many years handled several lines made in the United States, and who is himself a sincere admirer of American business methods. I told him about the shop-window display in Oxford Street and what the secretary of the ironmonger association had said about the American debt and its reaction on the average British mind.

"The debt may unconsciously influence some people," he said, "but if so I think it is only temporary. I myself have found it harder to sell American goods since the war, but I have set it down largely to the hard times we have been going through. With anywhere from one to two million men out of work the English very properly feel they ought to buy homemade products in preference to any other. Long before the war, however, there was a certain amount of prejudice, which I attributed to the action of some of the English people themselves. I mean those who went out to America, got into some kind of business and made money, and then came back home to tell how good they were. In plain words they bragged; and the bragging did not set well on the home folks."

It was tactful on the part of the Liverpool wholesaler to blame his own people for the prejudice against American products, but it happened that an incident occurred the same morning that showed he might have included others who were not British born. Our conversation took place in the Lime Street railway station in Liverpool; a shipload of tourists had just arrived from New York and had been transferred to the station to take the train for London. Evidently it was the first time some of them had ever seen an English train, for a little group walked up and down the platform getting tremendous satisfaction from the exhibit. They were looking at the engine when we first noticed them, and laughing heartily.

One stout gentleman went so far as to pretend he wanted to run it a race, and actually did sprint a few paces down the platform to show what he could do.

"I'll tell the world it's a funny little buggy," shouted the stout gentleman jovially. "I wonder what these English would think if they could come to the U. S. A. and see the kind of coaches we have on the Illinois Central. I'll bet there'd be a few cases of heart disease!"

The stout gentleman and his friends got into the car, and the funny little train pulled out on its mile-a-minute run to London. The Liverpool wholesaler sighed heavily, probably thinking of the stocks of imported merchandise in his warehouses.

"Dirty work at the crossroads," he said. "I'll be lucky if tomorrow's mail doesn't bring me a couple of cancellations of orders for American goods!"

Advanced Six Series

NASH

Special Six Series

Nash Leads the World in Motor Car Value

Four-Wheel Brakes, Special Nash Design
Full Balloon Tires, Standard Equipment
Five Disc Wheels, Standard Equipment

For all open models of both series Nash supplies special glass enclosures fitted to the permanent tops at slight extra cost

$1295
f. o. b. Milwaukee

Special Six
5-Passenger Sedan, 112" wheelbase

$1695
f. o. b. Kenosha

Advanced Six
5-Passenger Sedan, 121" wheelbase

$1095
f. o. b. Milwaukee

Special Six
Roadster, 112" wheelbase

$1375
f. o. b. Kenosha

Advanced Six
Roadster, 121" wheelbase

$1095
f. o. b. Milwaukee

Special Six
5-Passenger Touring, 112" wheelbase

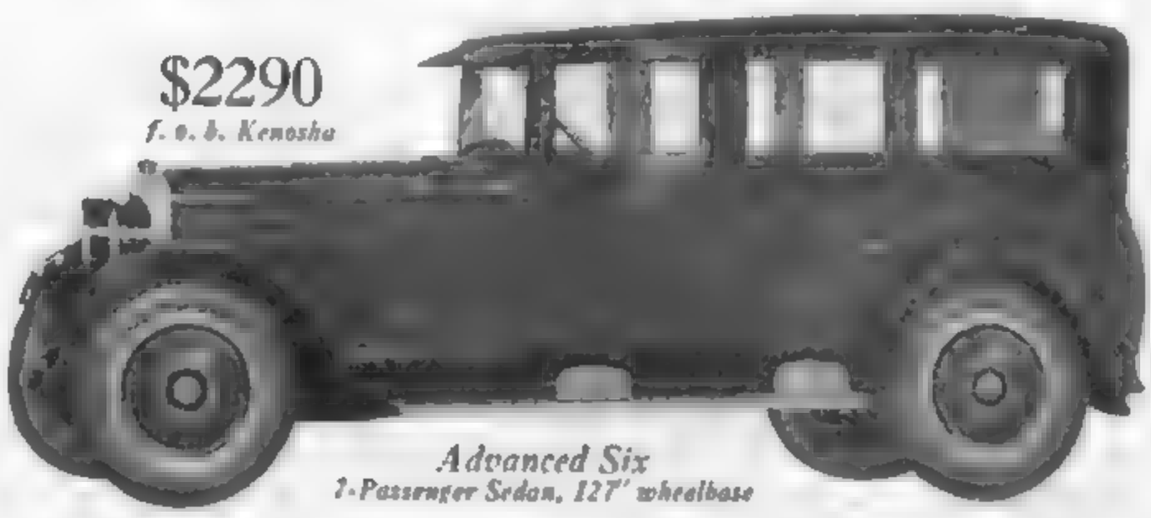
$1375
f. o. b. Kenosha

Advanced Six
5-Passenger Touring, 121" wheelbase
7-Passenger Touring, 127" wheelbase, $1525

$2190
f. o. b. Kenosha

Advanced Six
Four-Door Coupé, 127" wheelbase

$2290
f. o. b. Kenosha



Advanced Six
7-Passenger Sedan, 127" wheelbase

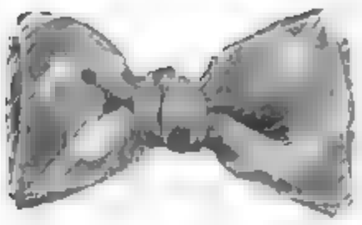
THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

Spur Tie

PAT. JUNE 13 '22 JAN. 29, '24. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

all tied for you

50¢ *and up*



This is the French Pointed End style of Spur Tie.

You can arrange the Spur Tie just as if you tied it yourself—as neat or as studiedly careless as you like. The H-shaped Innerform, patented, and found only in the Spur Tie, makes it keep the shape you give it.

This is the Butterfly style of Spur Tie

Does a *knotty* problem make you say naughty words?

DID you ever get all ready to go out, and then ruin your temper and a clean shirt "wrestling" with an old-fashioned string tie? What did you say? Don't say it. The Spur Tie is all ready to slip into your collar and fasten, either with an elastic band or slip-on clasp, in large size or small.

Look for the *red Spur label*. That's the guarantee that the patented H-shaped Innerform, exclusive in Spurs, will make your tailored tie look more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie.

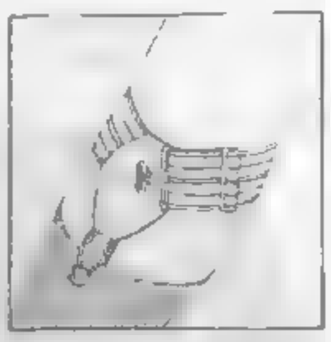
Spur Ties are displayed on smart shop counters. If you don't see what you want, write.

HEWES & POTTER, BOSTON, MASS

Pacific Coast Office, 120 Battery St., San Francisco, California

BULL-DOG

Bull Dog Suspenders (with special rubber, guaranteed 365 days), Vest-off Suspenders, and Bull Dog Belts, have been leaders in quality for more than a third of a century.



Special rubber, based on scientific tests, is used in Bull-Dog webbing and makes the comfortable, wide-web Bull-Dog Garter wear three times as long as the ordinary garter. Bull-Dog Garters are guaranteed for 365 days.

A WOMAN'S MONEY

(Continued from Page 27)

the bank would lend you something, but you'd find yourself in a tight fix. For these reasons women must learn, even in the case of excellent, high-grade securities, not to concentrate all their capital in one place."

"Then why did he make me do it? I call that plain immoral."

I laughed.

"Well, no; just plain human nature at its normal low level seeking its own self-advantage first. You see, it's this way: Sometimes salesmen, even in good, reliable houses, and selling high-grade securities, will try to persuade women to put all their money in certain lines which the bank is boosting and which they receive a special commission for; and they try to dissuade their clients from buying bonds in which their house isn't interested financially and for which therefore they receive no money. That, as I say, is natural; your salesman is looking out for Number One and Number One's bank account. In such a case, a woman must use her own judgment and defend herself; it's her own self-advantage against his; and, personally, I think you did right to come away. Your salesman is pursuing a very shortsighted policy in looking to his own and his bank's advantage first; he'd make more, in the long run, even from a purely material point of view, by considering your interests first. And Mrs. Sands was wrong; there are plenty of financial advisers who are doing that latter every day.

"But the point for women investors to remember is this: It's not enough to go to a good reliable banking or investment house to advise you financially. That is the first step. The second step, almost equally important, is to choose somebody inside that institution who will see eye to eye with you, give you his own best brains plus the best brains of the house, study your personality instead of ignoring it and driving you with a tight rein, and safeguard your interests as if they were his own. And women, on their part, must coöperate in order to arrive at this goal. Now what do you wish me to do with these securities?"

"Diversify 'em," she replied promptly, with a smile.

Discipline by Saving

"If I'm to handle your investments, I'd like to study your situation a bit; and in order to do my best for you I ought to know accurately what your general situation is. A financial adviser, you know, is in the same category as a doctor or a priest. A doctor attends to his patient's physical health, the priest to his spiritual health, and the money adviser to his financial health. If the last breaks down, it's likely to affect the other two. But none of us can work a cure unless the patient is frank and tries to coöperate. Do these securities represent your entire capital?"

"Every cent in the world."

"You don't receive enough interest from them to live on and so I judge you possess other sources of income. You support yourself?"

"Nobody has yet come forward offering to take the job off my hands; nobody worth a row of sticks, I mean," and she blushed. "I not only support myself but I support three other people. I'm in business, and," she added proudly, "I've saved all that in five years."

"All that" represented about fifteen thousand dollars.

"You've done well. You've already learned one of the ten commandments for investors."

"What's that?"

"Thou shalt discipline thyself by saving regularly every month. It's no easy thing to do. In fact it's just about as hard as for a fat woman to keep herself rigorously on a diet. But there's no other way, for if you can't save you can't keep. All your money slips away. Last year a school-teacher came to me with a proposition. She told me she could save a thousand a year and she wished to know if I would invest it for her in hundred-dollar sums. I promised I would. I like to get women started to investing their money, no matter what their circumstances are. I don't know whether the love of money is the root of all evil, but I do know the lack of it is the very devil himself with horns. And so I told her to start firing away at will. Well, she came through with the first hundred and I invested it. Then a second hundred. I invested that. Then she pulled out the first hundred. Then she put it back. Then she skipped two months. Then she took out all she had.

"Finally she put back a hundred, and when she asked me to sell that and return the money I gave up. I refused to bother with her any more.

"'Why not?' the teacher demanded.

"'Because this is not a savings bank,' I told her. 'This is an investment house. I was trying to teach you the A B C's of investing, but that presupposes you've already learned how to save. That's a habit you have to forge for yourself, and I don't want you to come back to me until you've learned it. Discipline yourself. Stick your money in the savings bank or building loan; and when you have saved a thousand come back to me, but not before.'"

"Did she come back?"

"She hasn't yet," I laughed. "But the fact that you've learned your first lesson of saving makes the road easier for you. The second fact in your favor is that you're a business woman, earning your living, and not absolutely dependent on the interest from your securities. That gives us a broader range. You can take what is called a business man's risk."

"What's that?"

A Business Man's Risk

"It's like this," I explained: "Suppose you were one of those poor, unfortunate, pampered creatures who couldn't earn a dollar out in the world to save your neck, who depended absolutely on the interest from your securities. It's evident in that situation you wouldn't dare to take any risk, or some fine morning you might wake up to find yourself wiped out and the dispossess man knocking at your door. But if you take no risk, you're bound to take also low rates. But now let's suppose that you're not completely dependent on that capital; its loss won't wipe you out. You still have your earning capacity to keep you out of the poorhouse. In that case, you don't have to triple-guard your investments. Just ordinary normal safeguards are enough.

"When a blind man or a cripple or a woman with a baby carriage starts to cross a crowded street, the traffic cop blows his whistle, holds up his hand and escorts them across the street. He's triply safeguarding them because they are so situated they can't take a normal chance. But the ordinary healthy individual doesn't need such heavy safeguarding to cross the street; average safety and precaution are enough for him. In finance, those heavily safeguarded securities are called widows' bonds—triple A's. But you don't need to invest all your money in triple A's. You can afford with part of it to take a normal amount of risk.

"You're in the position, financially, of a business man; you want a normal amount of safety; but you don't want to pay a high price for a supersafety for which you have no need. So we'll diversify your holdings. We'll put 60 per cent of them in high grade and medium bonds; 25 per cent in good reliable preferred stock and the rest of it in common stock with a chance of appreciation. But we'll go into that thoroughly when you bring your securities in. How much do you plan to save a year?" She named a goodish sum. "Don't strain yourself," I said. "Don't forget to lay out a little garden of pleasure for yourself."

"My pleasure is in my work," she said shortly. "That's my escape."

She thanked me and went out. I've won a good customer. Plenty of grit, but a bit cross-grained. The mainstay of the family, I dare say.

My telephone bell rang. It was Gladys Van Rensselaer, our telephone operator, a sulky little Oriental beauty of about seventeen.

"Can you spare a minute for me? It's business."

"Certainly, Miss Van Rensselaer."

She came in, sat down and glanced expertly at my shoes, my nails and my hair to judge whether I was a real sport or a dowd.

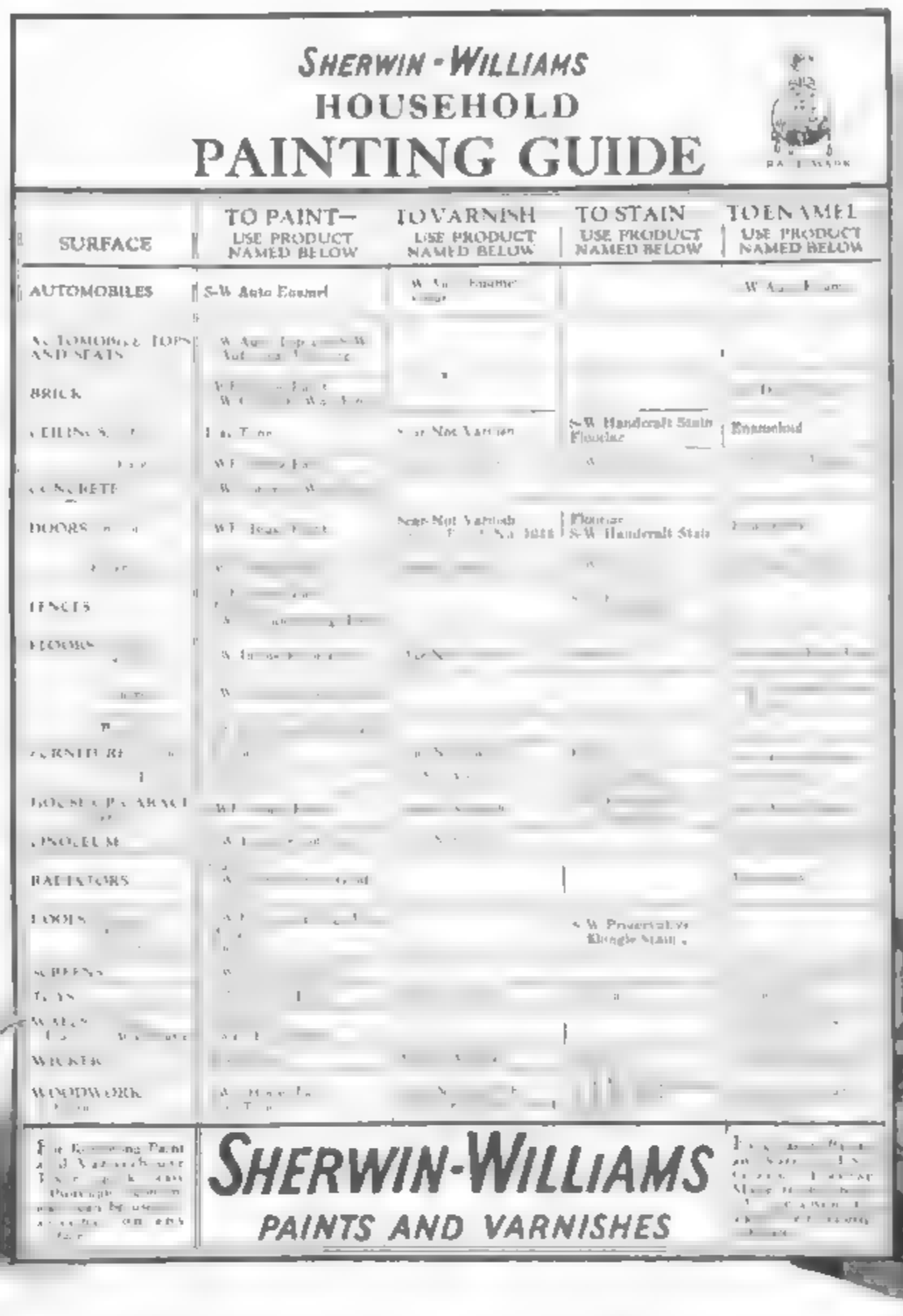
"It's about momma," she began.

Momma lives over on Delancey Street and still wears her orthodox wig. Gladys has discarded her parental residence and religion and bunks with a chum over in the

(Continued on Page 74)

Stop Mistakes in Painting

—*follow the Household Painting Guide*



The MAGIC OF PAINTING

The magic of it! a few lovely colors and you have a home made new A French gray, perhaps, or an ivory—a delicate azure, it may be, or a cool forest green. Is it any wonder that thousands of homes are beautiful which once were commonplace? Many an exquisite little bedroom—many a lovely dining room—many a dainty kitchen owes all its attractiveness to somebody's appreciation of what beautiful fresh colors can do for the home. Look about as you read this—which rooms would you like to see transformed?

THEY have gone to the Household Guide with their wall decorating problem.

They find "Walls" and on the same line with it, the correct *types* of finishes that will work right *on walls*.

Do they want a flat or gloss effect—a finish of modest cost or one more expensive? *Here is their accurate guide to correct material.*

Each surface of the home is here on the Guide with its own type of finishes for giving beautiful results.

The fact is: Each type of surface calls for its own type of paint. Paints must be chosen according to type. The same is true of varnishes, of stains and enamels.

The Household Guide is authoritative, giving Sherwin-Williams recommendations. *Save this copy for use when needed.*

Remember that the remarkable help of the Guide is exclusively found at "Paint Headquarters." *Look for it.*

The store selling Sherwin-Williams finishes is "Paint Headquarters" because it has the Household Guide service. Go there with confidence. You will find an even more extensive Guide than the one shown here. Look for the display of the Household Guide in the window and inside the store.

Do you know that the S-W Dept. of Home Decoration will give you special individual ideas without charge? Write. At the same time ask for the helpful free booklet B 450 and the free set of up-to-date color plates showing Special Decorative Suggestions. For the most valuable book on Home Decorating you have ever seen send 50c (65c in Canada). Beautiful full page color reproductions of the newest interior and exterior color schemes—177 pages of invaluable information. Write Dept. B 435 at address below.

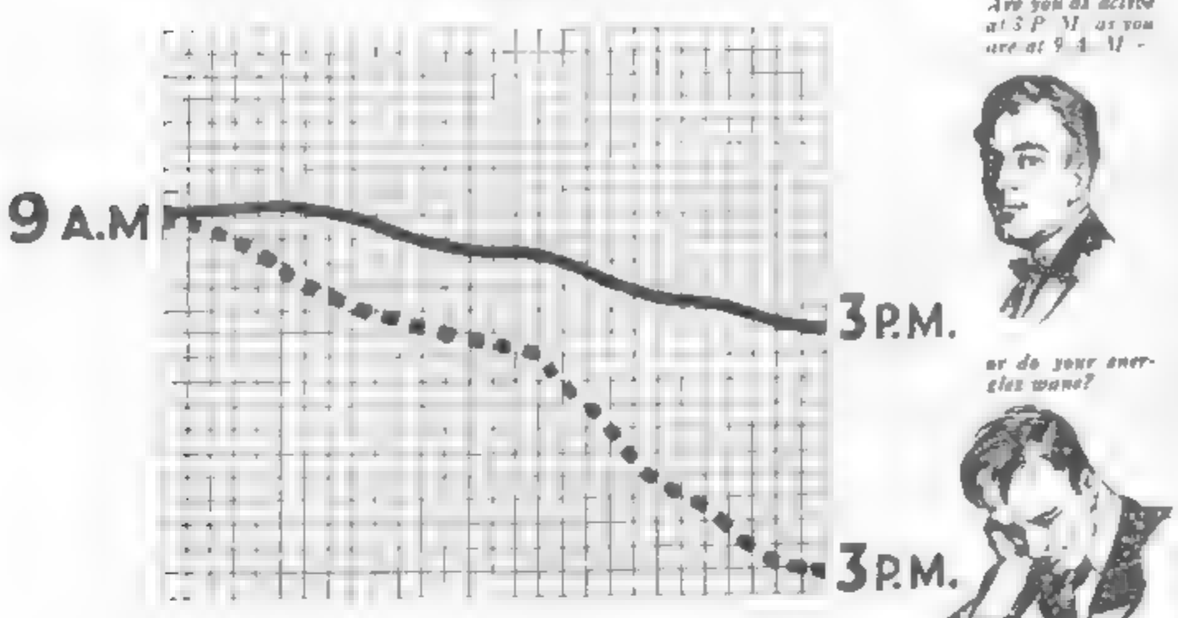
BIG JOBS TO GOOD MEN

There are painters eager to do your big work *right*. Ask your Paint Headquarters for names of such men, if you have big work that calls for their services. *If you hire a painter, hire a good one.*

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
601 CANAL ROAD, CLEVELAND, O.
Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS AND VARNISHES

Which Is Your Energy Curve?



Are you as active at 3 P. M. as you are at 9 A. M.—

or do your energies wane?

A New Swiss Beverage Builds Surprising All-Day Energy

—*Endorsed by 20,000 Doctors*

Here is Nature's way to overcome fatigue and waning energy—overstrained nerves. If you feel run down by three or four o'clock in the afternoon—if you sometimes seem to lack energy to carry you through a busy day—there is

A cup at night" that "picks you up" while you sleep.

now a way to build up lasting vitality. Endurance!

A Swiss Discovery

It's a new double-action food beverage from Switzerland. One that "picks you up" instantly. Stimulates at once. In a natural way. No drugs.

It has a delicious nut-like flavor all its own.

Ovaltine is the name. Used abroad for 30 years. Today, in America it is prescribed by over 20,000 doctors. In thousands of cases of sleeplessness, nervous fatigue, weak digestion—malnutrition. For nursing mothers and backward children. Also for those whose strenuous life requires more energy building foods than modern fare supplies.

You can now get Ovaltine at all drug stores. In tins for home use or at the soda fountain. We offer you free a three-day test of its remarkable recuperative power.

For Sound Sleep

Many now drink Ovaltine several times a day for its quick stimulation. But to feel its full effects we suggest taking it before retiring at night.

A cup at night brings sound, restful sleep, quickly and naturally. This is why!

Double Action

First, Ovaltine is both *highly* and *quickly* nourishing. One cup of Ovaltine contains more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract. It not only digests quickly itself, but, secondly, *it also has the unique power to digest* 4 to 5 times its own weight of *other foods* that may be in your stomach. This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Nerves are quieted. Digestion goes on efficiently. Sleep comes. Sound restful sleep. Your body gathers strength and energy to carry you through the entire day—without let-down.

You wake mornings with new energy. A new sense of freedom from fatigue. Buoyant strength to carry you through the day.

A Sample Sent Free

It is truly remarkable, the difference Ovaltine can make in your sleep and daily energy. Just three nights' use will prove a revelation.

Ovaltine is sold in tins of 4 sizes by drug stores. But to let you try it without cost we will send a 3-day introductory package free. No cost or obligation. Just send your name and address to—

THE WANDER COMPANY
Dept. 1104, 37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

OVALTINE

Builds Brain, Nerves and Body

(Continued from Page 72

purlieus of Greenwich Village. She is on her way. But she is still faithful to momma in her own fashion.

"I was listening in on what you said to that customer up on Park Avenue," she admitted.

"That isn't done in the best investment circles, Gladys."

"Yeah, I know; but I gotta do something to pass the time. And, anyhow, it give me an idea. I want you should talk to momma."

"What about?"

"She's inherited some money."

"Fine! And you want me to advise her how to invest it?"

"Yeah. She ain't got no sense, momma hasn't; she's an awful greenhorn; she don't speak only Yiddish yet. I want she should move out of that awful dump and buy a swell house up in the Bronx, but she won't budge. What's the use of being rich, I say?" Two bright tears glassed Gladys' big, bold, dark eyes.

"Never mind. Let her be happy in her own way. Be kind to her."

"I am." She winked away her tears. "An' I'm ashamed to be ashamed of her: hut I am, and that's the truth. And now that we've come into a fortune ——"

"Is it a lot?"

"Yeah. But you won't tell momma I told you? She's kinda suspicious of anybody that don't belong to the synagogue. She's nutty on that."

"Bring her in and you can sit in on the conference," I promised.

Gladys strolled out, carefully repowdering her nose from her vanity case. How much was the fortune? Five hundred, five thousand, five hundred thousand? Impossible to say. Once a shabby old woman in a rusty shawl came in to talk with me. After she'd satisfied herself of my honesty, she went down into her stocking and dug up five one-thousand-dollar bills. The next week she brought five more. Within the next few months I invested thirty thousand dollars for her. At first she didn't even know the meaning of Liberty Bonds; stuck them away in an old bandbox under the bed, and one day when house cleaning sold a lot of useless stuff, including the bandbox, to a junkman. Luckily, we had the numbers and got them back. Now that old woman is one of the shrewdest investors on my books.

A Flyer on Margin

The next visitor was my friend Mrs. Sands, a woman of independent fortune who has been my client a few months and is just beginning to paddle her own financial canoe. Her husband wanted her to put her money in trust, for there's a reckless streak in her blood, but I persuaded her that to learn the essentials of sound investment, with her background of intelligence, wasn't more difficult than to learn how to play golf, besides giving herself something solid in the way of a hobby to bite her teeth into. There's nothing like education to put a bit and bridle on recklessness. She's a large woman, red-headed, warm-hearted and bubbling over with life.

"Texas," she began—I come from that state and she says there's something about me which reminds her of the g.o. spaces; she's from the Sunflower country herself—"Texas, I've been sowing some wild oats. Not just one, like Rollo, but a whole ten-acre lot."

She sat back, hands folded, and stared at me like a naughty child; her blue eyes sparkled, but there was a look of worriment underneath.

"Gambling?"

She nodded.

"Well, why do you come to me? This is not a bucket shop."

"Texas, that was a dirty crack. I come to you because I'm in a hole and I want you to pull me out."

"What did you buy?"

"I took a flyer in ——"

She mentioned a notoriously speculative stock which had gone up like a rocket and was now falling down like the stick.

"Phew! oats? I should say so!"

"Don't phew at me," she said gloomily. "I haven't slept a wink for two nights. I'll never hear the end of this from Steve. He'll have the bulge on me until kingdom come—that is, if I tell him."

"You wouldn't hide it from him?"

"Betcha! If I can get away with the corpse. That's why I came to you. I thought I'd try to grin and bear it like the Spartan lad; but this morning when I called up and found the darned thing still tumbling, I decided that sitting still and having your vitals clawed was a silly, senseless thing, and so I came to you. What do you advise, Texas?"

"Sell."

"And lose all that money? Ouch!"

"You'll lose more if you don't. Cut your losses while you can. He who cuts his loss and runs away lives to gamble another day."

She sat staring at me gloomily, chewing the corner of her lip.

"Oh, all right," she grumbled finally, fetching out a big sigh. "But it's a tidy lot to lose, Texas, you don't know what a fool I feel! And now I've got to tell you something worse."

"Let's get this sale through first. How many shares did you buy?"

"Buy?" she blushed. "Who said anything about buying? I didn't. I wanted, just once, to gamble like a man, to stick up my money on margins and then watch it go up and up. Instead of which the thing went down and down. And they kept asking me for more money, as they said, to cover."

"Of course they did. How many shares were you carrying?"

She wet her lips and just breathed, "Two hundred."

This was bad enough, yet better than I feared. We rang up her broker, who advised her to hang on.

Speculation or Gambling?

"Oh, what'll I do, Texas? What'll I say?" she whispered hoarsely, cupping the mouthpiece with her palm, her eyes round as moons.

"Say anything you like. It's your money. I never heard of that broking firm. It's probably some gilded bucket shop, if that's the kind of advice they hand out. But these are strictly your obsequies and you have a right to say what they will cost."

"They've cost enough right now." She spoke briefly to the broker, hung up the receiver and sighed. "Oh, well, everybody has to burn his fingers once."

"Yes, but you don't need to burn your whole arm off up to the shoulder blade. You could have learned exactly the same lesson, got exactly the same thrill by putting five shares on the toboggan slide."

"Go on, beat me up, Texas. I deserve it. And I don't intend to tell Steve."

"If you had an irresistible impulse to gamble, why didn't you come to me?"

"You have a healthy nerve to ask me that," she retorted with spirit, "when you've always acted as if speculating were one of the seven deadly sins."

"It is—for a greenhorn. And you weren't speculating; you were gambling."

"What's the difference?"

"Quite a lot. To speculate, in the proper sense of the word, means to spy out, to observe, to cast the eye of experience ahead and foretell what will be by a shrewd, inside knowledge of what now is and has been. Many successful men are speculators; but their speculation, at bottom, is nothing but vision based on experience, keen judgment and common sense. They bet, so to speak, that a certain thing will happen in business, or with a certain firm, because they know that firm's origins, its present conditions, the market and the kind of men who have built it up. But the gambler goes it blind. He's like a man that can't swim who blindfolds himself and walks off the pier.

"To give you a single example in speculation: Some time ago a woman, trained by her husband for years before his death in financial affairs, walked into my office and asked my advice about buying certain securities which were being quoted extremely low. The company had been under a cloud. Its affairs had been badly managed, but it had been recently reorganized and put on a firm basis, with good men at the top. As a money earner the proposition was essentially sound; it had gone downhill mainly because of the weakness of some of its directors, and those directors were out. Inside investigations showed it was forging ahead. But it still had a black eye with the public. This woman knew the situation; we talked it over and in the end she bought some stock; not enough to cripple her in case our prognostications were false. Since then that stock has risen twenty points and is still going up.

"That was a speculative venture; but it wasn't pure blind-luck gambling, because it was based on good business judgment and

(Continued on Page 76)

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(Continued from Page 74)

common sense. The point is, she didn't, like you, go it blind. First of all, she wasn't a greenhorn; she possessed knowledge, experience. But she didn't trust that. She checked it up with the best expert advice she could find. She dropped in at her bank one day and made general inquiries. Then she came to me and used my best brains plus the best brains of this house. And even after that she didn't invest enough to wreck her. She used moderation. She buttressed herself all around. That's the difference between what might be called legitimate speculation and gambling. As to playing the market on margins—oh, well, why don't you take the L to the Battery and distribute your money to the bums on the benches waiting for their ships to come in? Or be a real hot sport and bet five thousand dollars with your neighbor in the subway that Cal Coolidge will enter the door before you get down to Fourteenth Street?

"I have an acquaintance who played the market for a year; he made a business of it, studied it from the inside. His uncle was a member of the Stock Exchange and his family was well known in financial circles. So he wasn't just a plain puddinghead throwing his hat into the financial ring. At the end of the year, checking up his books, he found he'd netted less than a thousand dollars. He quit. The job wasn't good enough. All that stress and strain and worry for less than a thousand a year! So here's one of the ten commandments for women investors: Don't gamble. If you're an average woman of average business experience, you'll find the dice loaded against you about nine hundred and ninety-nine times."

My next visitor was the kind I don't love to see. Her attitude, transparently veiled, was, "Any man knows more than you do because you're nothing but a woman. I don't understand how you come to occupy this position anyway. Probably through pull."

"You'll be glad to hear," she began, "that I made a really fine investment last week."

"If you've already made it, why do you come to me?" But this I did not say aloud. I smiled what Mr. Dart calls my granite smile.

"You don't ask me what it is, nor whose advice I took," she continued.

"Not that of your lawyer friend, I hope."

She colored and shook her head. My last job for this lady had been to extricate her from an A-1 mess. A lawyer friend had unloaded on her a lot of worthless securities. Every one that wasn't a lemon was a lime. I had advised legal action, and rather than face the publicity the friend had settled the matter with her lawyer out of court. I scribbled something on my scratch pad and turned it upside down. It was a private little bet I was laying with myself that this lady had been stung a second time, and by a gentleman friend.

A Foolish Buy

"Tell me about your lucky strike."

"I've bought a hundred shares of Supremo Bunk."

"I'm extremely sorry to hear it," I said. "I'm afraid you've acquired another lemon grove."

She gave a little jump at that and turned pale. I felt sorry for her; she was badly handicapped by that pantaloon complex of hers. Most women get stung once or twice by men, but she was a glutton for punishment.

"I think you're mistaken," she said. "Mr. B, a good friend of mine, let me have some of his shares as a special favor. He told me they were very hard to pick up these days. But you see that is——" She paused and intimated with a meaning smile that Mr. B had fallen a victim to her *beaux yeux*.

"And he was kind enough to turn over to you one hundred shares of these fine, gilt-edged securities just to please you?"

"Oh, of course I paid him the market price."

"I suspect you paid him more than that. And did it never occur to you that the reason he was so willing to get rid of Supremo Bunk might be because it was not all he claimed it to be?"

"Oh, no! He said all the world knew about Supremo Bunk—what a fine company it was. And I asked my cousin, too, the manufacturer, and he said Supremo Bunk was all right. At least, what he said was he'd never heard that it wasn't."

"Well, it's not all right," I replied somewhat wearily, "and it hasn't been all right for two years. It's been steadily deteriorating. Please tell me the date he sold you the shares."

"Why?" she demanded suspiciously.

"I wish to see whether he overcharged you. That would be one evidence of his bad faith."

"But he wouldn't do that," she reiterated. "Why, I've already told you he—he likes me."

"I'm afraid I know somebody he likes better—the first person singular. Look here," I continued, "I'd like to explain to you about this company and then you can step out and check it up with Mr. Dart. Ask him for our reports. That concern is on its last legs."

"I don't believe it!" she exclaimed angrily.

"All right," I replied pleasantly, and rang the bell for the next client. But my caller kept her seat. She had brains, but it was uphill work to make her use them.

"Will you tell me why you—you think that?" she asked, gulping as she pulled down her flag. That question showed, first, intelligence; and, second, that she had inwardly caved. She still wished to abolish me on general grounds, but as she couldn't she decided to listen to what I had to say.

Women's Catchwords

"Certainly," I said. "We base our conclusions on private investigations and reports, as well as upon the history of the firm, extending in this case over a long period of years. It's true, Supremo Bunk has a famous reputation, and that's what it's living on now. The life of a company is something like the life of a man. First, there's the period of infancy when the newborn organism is struggling to live; that is its highly speculative period, when it needs financial nourishment and you could buy its stock for the proverbial song. Then comes the age of lusty youth, when it's growing, expanding, stretching out on every side and its stock appreciates in value every day. Then comes the period of maturity, of full, vigorous bloom; it's in the heyday of its power; its stock is away up beyond par. That condition may continue for years.

"Then comes the decline. Its strength, its prosperity begin to wane; slow deterioration sets in. This may come from many causes—from lack of new blood, changing markets, old methods or failure to keep abreast of the times. Supremo Bunk is in that final stage. It is a one-man show and that one man is old, obstinate and set in his ways; he refuses to admit that conditions have changed, with the result that his competitors have run off with his market. Supremo Bunk right now is nothing but a shell, a husk, a battered old has-been with one foot in the grave. And I very much fear that your friend knew this when he goldbricked you."

By her eyes I saw that she feared it too. But she rallied her forces and rose.

"I'm sure you think you are right," she said politely, "but of course I couldn't take ——"

"I don't wish you to take my word for it," I said. "It would be unwise of you to do so. Women are far too trusting. That's your trouble. But go to the bank across the street. Go to your own bank. Or Mr. Dart is a very good man. Why don't you consult with him for a while? Don't take amateurs' or outsiders' advice; they'll always shake you down. And make Mr. Dart explain as he goes along; ask him questions. He'll take care of your Supremo Bunk. You'll lose some money, but he'll see to it that in future you don't lose any more."

She thanked me and went out. A moment later my phone rang. It was Mr. Dart.

"I'm going to kill you for this," he promised savagely *sotto voce*.

"What? For keeping a good customer in the house? Look here, that woman has been handed two wallops lately, both from men, and I've elected you to heal the wounds. I don't think her finances will stand a third raid on the treasury. She has sense, but she's the kind that can't learn from a woman. So be good to her. Otherwise I'll have to see that she puts her affairs in trust, for I won't stand by and see her robbed; but I'd like to give her another chance to educate herself—under you."

"How'll I educate her?" he growled. "Being a financial governess to coy elderly damsels is not my line."

"Tell her the four reasons why she shouldn't trust her money to any private individual—relative, lawyer or friend. Write them down on a piece of paper. She'll get it through her head and admire your handwriting at the same time."

Mr. Dart laughed; he writes the worst hand in Wall Street.

"Just for that slam, I'll oblige the lady," he said.

Marketability! Marketability! A woman gets a catchword like that in her head and she can't see anything else. She uses it as a measuring rod for everything. This afternoon a client came in to talk over some alterations in her investments. She is pretty and clever and quick; she has the makings in her of a good investor. But of every issue I mentioned she asked, "Has it got marketability?" That was all she knew to ask and she kept on asking it like a little repeating cuckoo clock. Finally I questioned laughing, "Where did you get hold of that word 'marketability'?" I knew it was a recent acquisition from the frequency with which she trotted it out.

"From my husband," she beamed proudly. "He told me never to get stung with securities that didn't have marketability, that I couldn't sell readily without loss for spot cash. Isn't that right?"

The Matter of Appreciation

"It's right as far as it goes, but it doesn't go all the way. There are other important questions to take into consideration when you invest; marketability is only one of the tests. A man in business needs to pick some of his securities from the point of view of whether he can dispose of them readily, for to him they usually mean good collateral, something he can borrow on or cash in quickly should a crisis arise. But to a woman, and especially to a woman not actively engaged in business who doesn't need big sums in haste, marketability alone is not such an important consideration as to a man. And many very excellent forms of investment are not immediately marketable. So that is only one test. Undoubtedly, you must take it into consideration and have a solid portion of your capital in easily convertible form in case of an emergency. But if you buy solely from that single point of view, you narrow your field and lower your income, for high marketability implies low interest as a rule. Perhaps 60 or 65 per cent of your holdings should be easily convertible; but beyond that, unless your condition is exceptional, you're paying too high a price for supersafety alone.

"There's a second problem you ought to consider in buying—that of appreciation in value. Some securities are steadily mounting in value; others are prosperous, but stationary; still others are gradually declining, slipping downhill. The whole business edifice is like a mighty arch, with credit, public confidence the massive center supports which hold the structure in place. Now it is evident you don't wish to purchase, as a permanent investment, securities which are steadily deteriorating in value; you prefer them, on the contrary, to increase.

"But here again a woman must be cautious or she may pay too high a price, for there's a great risk in buying issues of a company still in its infancy. It's hard, even for trained investigators, to size up the situation on all sides and say whether a certain company can withstand the buffets of those first years of storm and stress.

"So, even if you buy low, with excellent chances of increase, you may find you have paid too high a price in the end—in uncertainty, worry, loss of sleep. A good rule for the average woman to observe in investment is this: Let somebody else get in on the ground floor, as it is called, and do the worrying and sitting up nights. Wait until the new company has cut its teeth and is past the measles and whooping-cough stage, then step in and take a reasonable profit. But don't do even that except upon the best, unbiased technical advice."

Four Corner Stones

"A third question you have to work out for yourself in investment is that of income. You'll get more income with some securities than with others, but at a greater risk. How much money must you have? How much risk can you stand? Now it's obvious, if you have a large income, you have a bit more leeway; you can take more chances than if you have a small capital and are absolutely dependent on it, or if you have children to rear. In the latter case, you can't afford to take chances; you're morally bound to play safe. That means high grade, double or triple A securities, with a lower income. You pay for your safety, you see. In the case of a business woman earning her own living, her position is practically that of the business man. She should put the bulk of her investments into good marketable securities, after which she may buy some speculative issues with chance of increase—safeguarding herself by good technical advice, of course.

"Finally, there is the question of variety or diversity of investment. No matter how fine a proposition is, it's bad judgment to concentrate all your money in one place. There's such a thing as having too much of even the best securities, for in this world of chance and change there's no telling what moment may bring a drive against that particular company. So diversify. Don't buy big blocks even if you can afford to. It's like limiting your garden to one kind of vegetable or flower. So here are the four corner stones of sound investment: Marketability, appreciation, income, diversity. Each is important; each must be considered, and a woman should not throw undue weight on any one."

We worked out a tentative list together and she proved shrewd and quick.

"You'll be the financial adviser of your husband some of these days," I laughed.

"I wish I could!" she replied. "Dave is pushed to the limit of his strength by the creative end of the business; that's what delights him, absorbs him; the investing end leaves him cold. He just lumps the surplus in something he can get at quick."

"There's no reason why you shouldn't be his financial partner. Propose it to him some day. Not right away. Wait until I've coached you as my father did me."

"I wondered where you got your training," she remarked.

"My father gave me my first lesson when I was very young. He told me one day if I didn't stop howling he'd sell me for two bits. I stopped. But I pondered his words. And that night at bedtime I asked how much I could sell him for. He ran his hand over his jaw and replied that, when shaved, he'd fetch a dollar at least, but I mustn't mention his price to any of the big grown-up girls about town or they'd be slipping a stepmother over on me. That was my first introduction to the world of intrigue and high finance. Then, about five years ago, the doctors gave my father one year to live. He decided to teach me how to handle my financial affairs after he was gone. But he fooled the doctors—and here I am! If women ——"

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Novelties Toys
Electric Parts
Piano Actions
Railroad and Street Railway
Rolling Stock
[illegible] Cane Handles
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Gasoline and Oil Pumps
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Medicine Cabinets, etc.
Toilet Seats
Typewriters
Vacuum Cleaners

Finished with DUPONT DUCO

Look for the DUCO Nameplate

HOW A TARIFF IS MADE

Continued from Page 33

given special attention to the wool and sugar schedules. In the order of rank upon the committee, the next two members on the Republican side were the writer of this article and Mr. Longworth, now the Republican floor leader in the House, who had been a member of the committee when other tariff bills were under consideration. Next in order of rank was Mr. Hawley, of Oregon, a profound student, an untiring worker and capable in all legislative matters. New England was ably represented by Mr. Treadway, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Tilson, of Connecticut.

On the Democratic side, in order of rank upon the committee, were Mr. Garner, of Texas, Mr. Collier, of Mississippi, and Mr. Oldfield, of Arkansas. All three were extremely active members, of proved ability, forceful in debate, and together with other prominent Democrats they kept up through all the time the bill was pending a constant fire upon what they considered were its errors and mistakes.

Under the classification that has prevailed for a number of years, our tariff contains fifteen schedules of rates and the administrative provisions. Each of these schedules was assigned to a subcommittee. Mr. Fordney became chairman of the committees on the wool and sugar schedules; the writer was chairman of the committee on the cotton schedule; Mr. Longworth, who had made a special study of the dye industry, which had now become so important and which was to become a leading feature of the subsequent tariff discussion, was made chairman of the committee having charge of the chemical schedule; the committee on the agricultural schedule was headed by Mr. Hawley, and that on metals by Mr. Tilson.

In making these assignments to the subcommittees it was intended to have as chairman of each a member who by virtue of special study and experience had become an expert with relation to the matters to be considered by his committee. It was also desired that among the members of the committee someone should be selected from a region which was especially interested in the subject assigned, and also one from a region which had no especial interest therein, in order that a broad view of the interests of the whole country might be taken, and this purpose was carried out as far as possible.

The American Valuation Basis

After all the Republican members had been assigned to the various subcommittees it was found that it was necessary to settle some important questions of general policy. The foreign exchange of certain countries had fallen so low that it had the effect of materially reducing the price which goods cost abroad, and in some instances prohibiting American competition. Though the valuation for the purpose of assessing the tariff had heretofore been the cost of the imported articles abroad, it was believed by many that in order to meet the exchange situation our system would have to be changed and the value of the goods when landed in our country taken as a basis for assessing the tariff.

After much discussion it was concluded that the customs duties should be assessed on the basis of the American wholesale selling value of similar or comparable articles, all the Republican members favoring the plan except the writer. This question of valuation eventually brought the House and Senate into conflict, as the Senate, after long discussion, rejected the American valuation.

It was decided that the rates, for purposes of comparison with previous tariffs, should be made first upon the foreign valuation and afterward changed to the appropriate rate upon the American value. The committee also determined that in general the rates should be lower than the rates of the Payne-Aldrich Bill, which was the last protective measure that had been in force.

Among other questions of policy which were discussed but not definitely settled before the subcommittees commenced their work were those relating to the duties on raw material. The Republican tariff policy had been in general to permit raw materials for manufacturing purposes to enter the United States free; but it was often difficult to draw the line between a raw material and a finished product, and a semi-finished product sometimes is the raw material of another manufacturer. For example, wool is the finished product of the sheep raiser, but it is the raw material of the manufacturer; crude oil is the finished product of the driller but the raw material of the refiner; a hide is the finished product of the farmer but is also the raw material of a tanner; while the tanned hide, in turn, is the finished product of the tanner but the raw material of the shoe manufacturer. When the general policy had been decided as far as seemed practicable the Republican members of the committee divided into subcommittees and the active work commenced in the fixing of the rates.

Material for Study

In many of the schedules the first thing to be done was to fix a basic rate for all or part of the articles contained therein. Thus, in the wool schedule a basic rate must first be established on wool in order that what are called compensatory rates to the manufacturer might be worked out. As the manufacturer's raw material had a duty upon it, it was necessary to increase the duty upon goods manufactured therefrom in order to make allowance for the increased cost.

In making rates it was necessary for the committeemen to consider all the factors entering into the question, including raw material, labor, overhead, machinery and equipment, imports and exports, and many other items. In so doing they had the benefit not only of the long experience of some of the members but also of the assistance of a tariff expert on the special schedule, from the Tariff Commission, who was assigned to each committee. This expert did not give his opinion on questions of policy, but was expected to supply the subcommittee with the necessary matters of detail with reference to technical features of manufacture and use of the article under consideration.

For the information of the committee a vast amount of material was at hand, much of which had already been examined with painstaking care by one or more of the chairmen of the several subcommittees. In 1911 the Tariff Commission, or board, as it was then called, made an elaborate report in four volumes on wool, and in 1912 a report on cotton. The cotton report contained elaborate specifications of the cost of the different kinds of cotton cloth and cotton manufactures as obtained from an examination of the books of a number of mills. Though wages and other items entering into the cost of manufacturing cotton goods had greatly increased since the making of this report, it was possible, by applying the percentage of increase, to make this report quite valuable. Still more useful were the monographs which were issued by the Tariff Commission, giving detailed information with reference to various manufactured articles upon which it was probable a tariff would be laid. Some of these had already been issued and some were issued while the bill was in preparation. Altogether there were about 143 volumes of these booklets which were combined and printed as Tariff Information Surveys.

No sooner had the subcommittees commenced to fix rates than other troubles began. It was expected that the action of the subcommittees, and also of the full committee, would be kept secret until the bill was finally prepared. The ever vigilant and active newspaper reporters very soon made it evident that they had some method of ascertaining what action had been taken, and very often the tentative rates appeared in the newspapers the next day after they had been adopted by the subcommittees.

Immediately thereafter the several subcommittees were besieged by industries that were affected, or their representatives imagined that they might be affected by the rates. Sometimes they wanted a higher, sometimes a lower rate—usually the former; but in either event some representative of the business, and often a whole delegation, waited upon the members of the subcommittee and insisted on arguing the matter with the individual members. Propaganda in the form of letters and briefs poured in in great volume.

It is unnecessary to say that this greatly interfered with and delayed the work and very seldom gave the subcommittees any additional information. Some of the subcommittees were so thoroughly beset on all sides that it became necessary for them to bury themselves in some out-of-the-way place in the House Office Building or in the home of a member in order to go on with the work uninterrupted. One important schedule was written in the attic of the House Office Building, where there was no telephone and where musty files and papers and an occasional rat scurrying across the floor were the committeemen's only companions.

The chemical schedule became of increasing importance owing to the fact that it included dyes, and the manufacture of dyes indirectly included the manufacture of high explosives. The War Department was very insistent that the dye industry should be preserved in order that, in case of another great war, we should have abundant means of manufacturing high explosives. The manufacturers of dyes contended that no tariff would protect them against the importation of German dyes bought on the basis of the greatly depreciated exchange.

They demanded an embargo, and this had been granted in the emergency tariff, so that dyes could be imported only under a Treasury license. This matter had to be submitted to the full committee of Republicans, which was reluctant to grant the embargo; but it was finally included in the bill as it was originally presented to the House.

The method of applying the rates to manufacturers of cotton under the Payne Bill and other protective measures had serious difficulties, resulting in many instances in a finer grade of goods being given a lower rate than coarser articles. A new system was adopted on the recommendation of the Tariff Commission which was simpler and uniform in the progression of rates.

The Wool Schedule

This subcommittee, after having framed its schedule with tentative rates, sent for an expert from the customhouse at New York, who brought with him samples of the principal cotton goods imported in order that the subcommittee could satisfactorily determine how the schedule would work under foreign costs prevailing at that time, by taking the articles separately and computing the tariff rate in order to ascertain what the landed cost of the article would be. For the first time a really scientific and harmonious cotton schedule was thus prepared.

This subcommittee had its trials in abundance, as its members were not in entire accord and some of the manufacturers took vigorous exceptions to certain of the rates which it fixed, and certain members of the committee, in turn, took exceptions to the claims which had been made by some representatives of the cotton industry. In the final outcome it was found that it was not safe for the manufacturers to assume a lack of knowledge on the part of the committee.

The tariff on wool, when any is laid, as there always has been in Republican bills, has usually excited more controversy, both in Congress and among the people at large, than any other provision. A new controversy arose as to whether the tariff should be laid on wool in the grease—that is, as it comes from the sheep's back—or upon the clean content thereof after the dirt and grease have been removed. The removal of the dirt and grease causes the wool to shrink in weight from 10 per cent to 70 per cent, depending upon the nature of the wool, the finer wool as a rule shrinking much more than the coarse wool. The Payne Bill levied the duty upon wool in the grease, and the subcommittee adopted in general a plan similar to that of the Payne Bill, except that carpet wool was put on the free list. It had carried a moderate duty under the Payne Bill.

When the report of the subcommittee was submitted to the full committee of the Republican members, the controversy was renewed as to the method of levying a tariff on wool. After a stormy session, the majority decided that it should be levied upon the clean content and rewrote the whole schedule.

While the full committee was going over the schedules prepared by the subcommittees, the bill was being discussed by the

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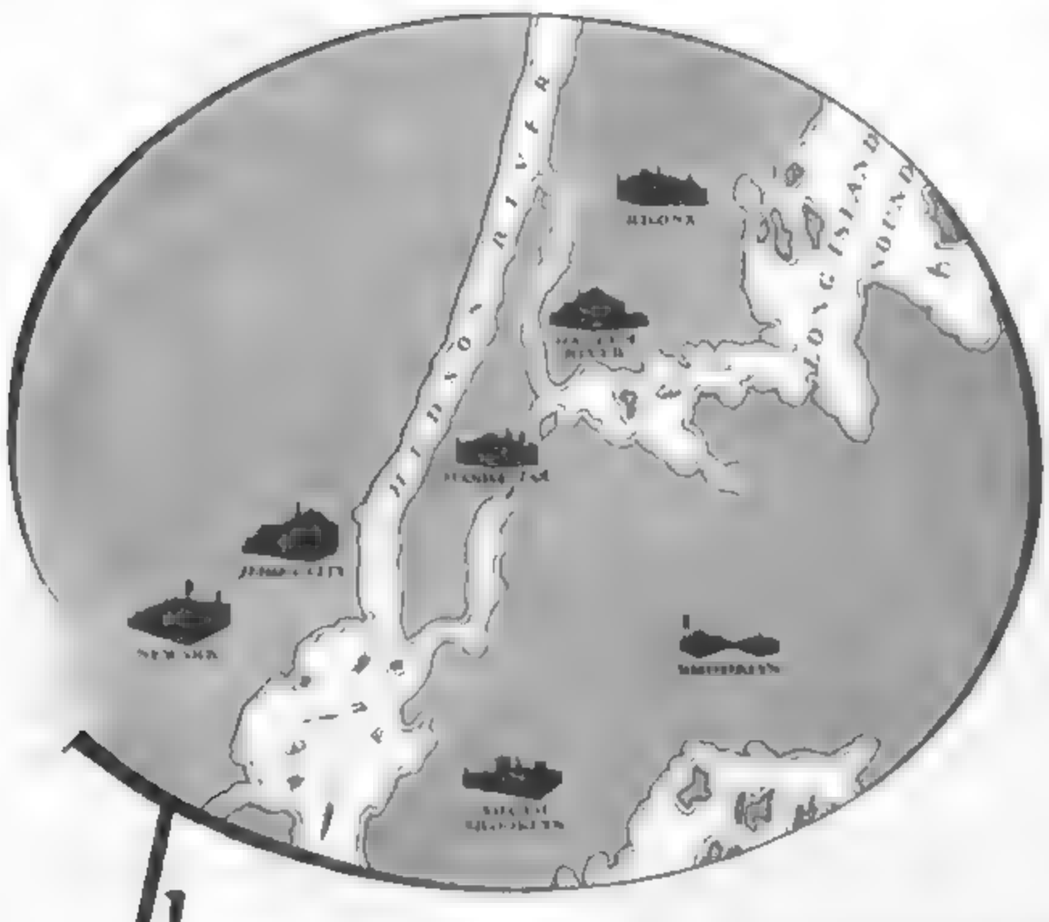

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members of the House outside of the committee. The question of licensing importations of dyes and coal-tar chemicals, duties on hides and skins, potash, crude oil and petroleum, long-staple cotton, asphalt and lumber were debated, and groups were formed which either favored or objected to the policies adopted by the committee. The Minnesota members, and some others, acting through Mr. Newton, of that state, were insistent that the free list be enlarged so as to include all kinds of lumber, and especially shingles, and were successful except as to shingles. The sugar producers were making a last-minute drive to keep the duty on sugar as high as possible. The alcohol manufacturers and makers of cattle feed were in force, seeking to keep blackstrap molasses on the free list.

When the bill was finally introduced it contained a dye-licensing provision, duties on potash, oils, asphalt and shingles, while hides and cotton were on the free list. The committee had not been unanimous with reference to these matters, and as some members of the committee had reserved the right to demand a separate vote in the House thereon, it was decided to have these matters determined by a Republican caucus of the House.

A caucus was called, and never was a Republican caucus more fully attended. Copies of the bill were placed in the hands of every member present, and a general and very lively debate ensued upon questions of the rates and other matters in dispute. The Republican members in general desired to support the bill. Some were quite ready to take it as it stood. Others wished to have an opportunity, when the bill came before the House for consideration and adoption, to submit amendments and demand a separate vote on important questions. A rule for procedure in the House was presented and adopted, under which committee amendments would be in order at any time, and a separate vote was to be allowed upon five distinct measures. These motions were to strike out the dye and licensing provisions and the duties on crude oils and asphalt, and to place duties on hides and skins and on long-staple cotton.

Following the caucus, a meeting was called of all the members of the Committee on Ways and Means, and after a short and spirited session in which the Democratic members voiced their objections, the bill was ordered reported.

Final Touches

But the work of the committee did not stop here. The bill contained 1710 paragraphs in the portion thereof that related to the duties imposed. In addition to this, there were more than sixty pages of the administrative provisions. No computation has ever been made of the different items included, but these probably number about 10,000. It was inevitable that some typographical errors should occur in the printing of the bill, and there was, of course, an insistent demand by members of the House for slight changes.

The bill was taken up in the House on July ninth, and a memorable debate followed, led in turn by the Republican and Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee. Meanwhile experts of the Tariff Commission and of the Legislative Drafting Service combed the law word for word and comma for comma for errors, and complaints about language and rates were reduced to writing and presented to members of the committee. Each day, about two hours before the House met, the majority members sat in the chairman's room in the Capitol and went over these matters. Those that were accepted and agreed upon were put in the form of amendments by the clerks.

The committee amendments were placed in charge of the writer, who presented them during the discussion of the bill by the House.

It was to be expected that some changes would be made in the bill. Mr. Frear, of Wisconsin, a Republican member of the committee, led an attack on the dye embargo, which was successful, and it was stricken out of the bill, as were also the duties on crude oil and asphalt. The motion to put a duty on hides was strongly supported, but failed because it would have made necessary a duty on leather, boots and shoes.

The motion to put a duty on long-staple cotton also was lost. As thus modified, with some other minor changes, the bill was passed by a vote of 288 to 127.

The proceedings in the House and the votes taken made, in some instances, a peculiar record. Some Western members were strong for a duty on hides but unwilling to grant a compensating duty on boots and shoes. Many Southern members spoke earnestly in favor of a duty on long-staple cotton; others favored a duty on peanuts and vegetable oils but were quite unwilling to grant a similar duty on other products. One Progressive strongly urged, during the committee hearings, a high duty on a product chiefly grown in his own state This was granted, but to show his opposition to protective rates elsewhere, he voted against the bill. One New England member voted against the bill on account of the duties on agricultural products. The Louisiana delegation wanted the sugar duties as provided in the measure, and most of them consistently voted for the bill.

The opponents of the bill claimed that the duties it fixed were too high; but among the manufacturers there were many who claimed that the rates in the bill were too low to protect them from the underpaid labor of Europe.

At this time a strong demand arose for an immediate revision of the national revenue laws. It was evident that Federal taxes were heavier than was necessary, and the demand for revision became general throughout the country. In the Senate a controversy arose over the basis of valuation for levying the rates of the tariff, and the Finance Committee asked a report thereon from the Secretary of the Treasury. Awaiting this report, the Finance Committee held up the tariff bill.

A New Era Opens

In the meantime the House was at work on a new revenue bill, which was passed by that body one month after the passage of the tariff bill. The Senate acted with unusual alacrity, and on November 23, 1921, it became a law.

Shortly after the revenue bill passed, Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, chairman of the Finance Committee, was stricken with his last illness, and passed away December 31, 1921. Senator Porter J. McCumber, of North Dakota, then became chairman of the committee and Reed Smoot, of Utah, its vice chairman, with Robert M. La Follette ranking third. Thus the greater influence in this powerful committee, as was already the case in the Ways and Means Committee of the House, passed from the East to the West and Middle West. It was a new era in tariff legislation, although it was but another evidence of a change that affected Congress as a whole. Congress had already passed the Emergency Tariff Act, which had been introduced by the writer and was designed wholly to protect the interests of the farmer, although including a provision with reference to dyes inserted from the standpoint of national defense. But the power of the agricultural states was to be exercised still further.

Keen eyes in the Senate had seen this ultimate control and were prepared for it. A few senators representing farming states had invited coöperation with a view to the further protection of farm industries. The accessions to this group were rapid, and before long there came into existence one of the most powerful factions in the Senate, namely, the so-called farm bloc.

Thus, when the Finance Committee went into executive session early in January to consider the tariff bill, the farm bloc was a well-oiled and thoroughgoing machine.

As soon as the revenue bill was passed, the fight began once more over the question of American valuation. The Finance Committee of the Senate had already given some consideration to the subject, and held hearings on this question and certain of the schedules. Senator Smoot had from the first been a strong opponent of the American valuation, and as the controversy went on the feeling upon the subject became more bitter; but it was evident that the opponents to this plan were gaining ground, largely because of the difficulty in administration of the plan and the adjustment of the duties under it.

The first agreement that the Finance Committee reached was to discard the American valuation as a basis of assessing customs duties and to assess them on the foreign value. It also increased the scope of the Tariff Commission and wrote it to the law a provision which would permit the President, under certain conditions, to

(Continued on Page 85)

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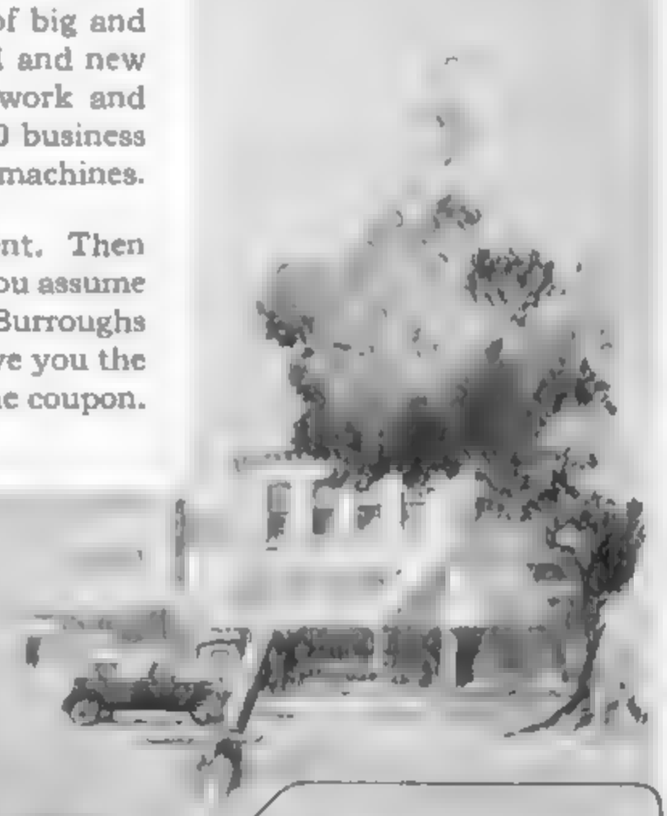

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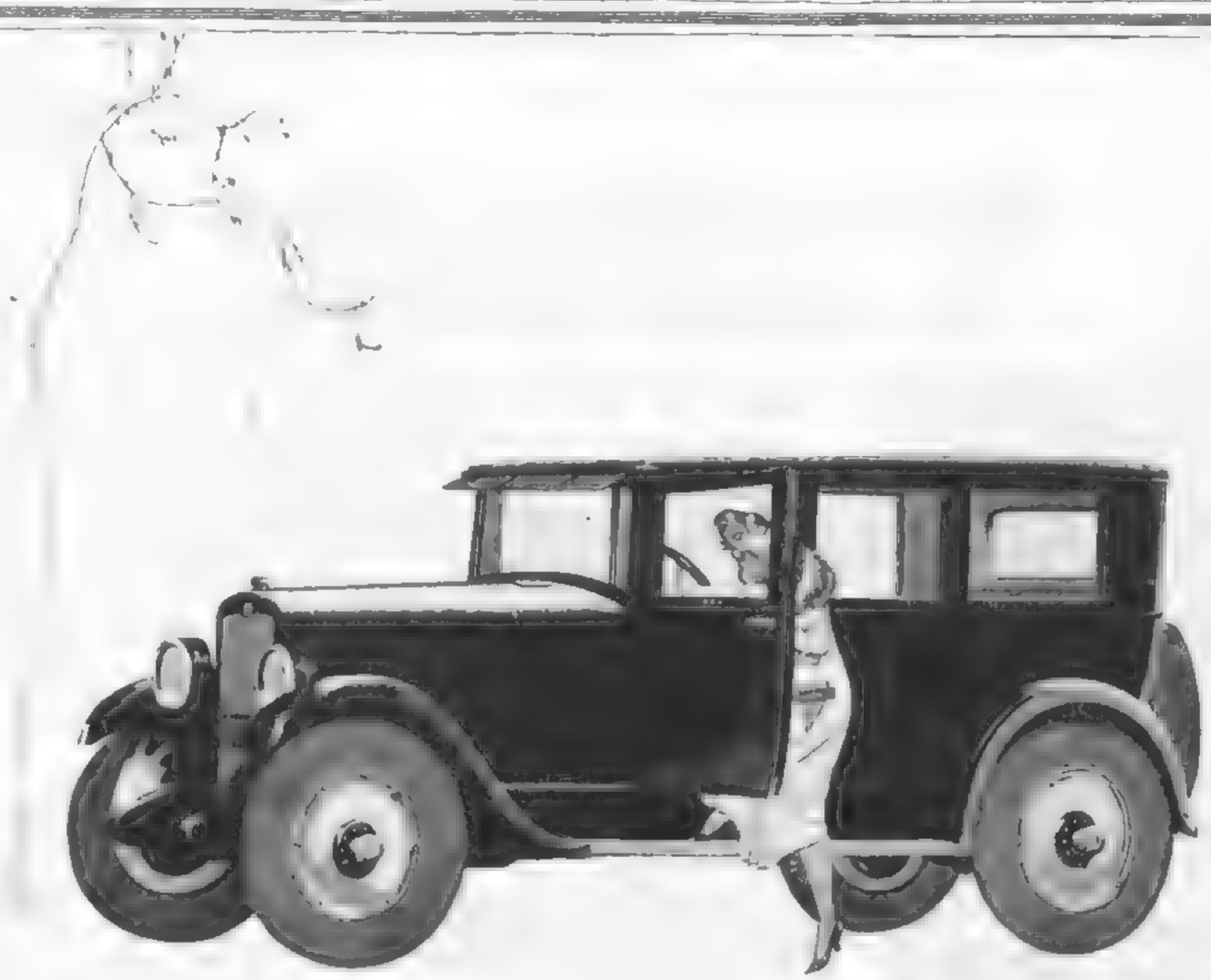

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(Continued from Page 82)

lower or raise duties to the extent of 50 per cent. This was in part to compromise with the friends of the American-valuation plan.

This change in valuation made it necessary that every ad-valorem rate in the bill should be changed, the rate necessarily being higher on the European valuation than on the American value. The Finance Committee had already heard at length experts from the customs service and the Tariff Commission; but while the bill was being redrafted in the Senate, propaganda and information by the ton were pouring into the committee room. Some of it was new, but most of it was old matter revamped. Enterprising senators were often in attendance, although members of the House, when the bill was being considered before the Ways and Means Committee, were content to present their claims to individual members. Representatives of the farm bloc were in almost daily attendance in the interest of increased duties on farm products.

Thus, under the constant pressure from within and without, and spurred on by the demand for some sort of tariff bill, the Finance Committee worked for months. Business interests became impatient over the uncertainty, and many senators were coming up for reëlection in the fall. Finally the committee agreed to report an amended bill subject to still further amendments as the debate on the floor of the Senate progressed. It was about three months after the active committee consideration of the bill began that a bill containing more than 2000 amendments was reported to the Senate. The great majority of these amendments resulted from the change from American valuation to foreign valuation as a basis for assessing the duties, but many of them were vital in importance.

The report of the bill by the Senate Finance Committee merely postponed conflict over many features of it. There was organized opposition to many of the rates on the Republican side, and a filibuster began immediately on the part of the Democrats. There had been much strife in the committee over the rates on sugar and wool; but battles now began on cutlery, dyes, coal-tar products, shingles and lumber, laces and embroideries, long-staple cotton, magnesite and other articles; in some instances as to the rates and in others as to whether the article should or should not be put on the free list.

Flexible-Tariff Provisions

But while the Senate filibustered, the Committee on Finance worked. One member remained on the Senate floor, ever alert for parliamentary moves, while others considered and reconsidered. The onslaught from the Democratic side was met with committee amendments, for the most part reduction in rates. Senator Kellogg, of Minnesota, made a determined effort to have shingles put on the free list and succeeded in reversing the action of the committee. Senator Gooding and the so-called farm bloc obtained a much higher rate on wool than the House bill carried, and an increase in the rates on vegetable oils.

As a consequence of the change in valuation, the administrative features had to be largely rewritten. There were also added the so-called flexible-tariff provisions authorizing the President, after a consideration of the case by the Tariff Commission and report made by it, to raise or lower duties not exceeding 50 per cent.

The Senate finally passed the bill on August 19, 1922, having considered it since April eleventh of the same year. Immediately thereafter announcement was made in the House that the Senate had passed the bill with sundry amendments, in which the concurrence of the House was requested. The House then went through the usual form of taking the bill from the Speaker's table, disagreeing with the Senate amendments and asking for a conference, which was agreed to by the Senate.

The conferees on the part of the House were Mr. Fordney, the writer and Mr. Longworth, on the Republican side; and Messrs. Garner and Collier on the Democratic side; for the Senate, Messrs. McCumber, Smoot and McLean, on the Republican side; and Messrs. Simmons and Jones for the Democrats. While the minority members take part in a conference, the real control of the bill is in the hands of the members of the majority political party in the case of a bill upon which the two great political parties are divided.

The power of the conference in such cases is very great; for though the members may not increase a rate so as to make it higher than either bill, or decrease a rate so as to make it lower than either, they can accept the rate in either bill or agree upon any rate between, and it is difficult to get their decision changed, and on minor matters practically impossible. If an article is on the free list in one bill and dutiable in the other bill, their decision becomes extremely important; but though it is often said that the conferees write the bill, this is not strictly true. On the other hand, the influence of the Republican conferees in preparing this great measure for final adoption was so strong that it was controlling in cases where they were in complete agreement.

The bill had been under consideration so long that the pressure for its speedy enactment was renewed and the conferees were inclined to bring the matter to a conclusion as soon as possible.

In addition to the clerical amendments and amendments made necessary in the rates by reason of the change in valuation, the Senate bill had in many instances raised the rates carried in the House bill. The principal differences between the House and the Senate were with reference to the rates on wool and sugar, the dye-licensing proposals, the duties on magnesite, potash and shingles. All these matters were again fought over in conference.

The Bill in Conference

The first matter to be determined in the conference was whether the American or foreign valuation should be adopted as the basis of the rates. Senator Smoot was the champion of the foreign valuation, and Mr. Fordney was equally strong for the American valuation. The writer had from the first been personally opposed to taking the American valuation as a basis. As a conferee, it was his duty to sustain the bill as reported from the House as long as there was a reasonable chance of its enactment. But in the time that had elapsed since the bill had passed the House the sentiment in the House for the American valuation had weakened and the general situation had greatly changed. After several days of discussion of this question in conference, the House conferees receded, and with their recession all support for the American valuation vanished. Nearly everyone now concedes that it ought not to have been adopted.

A struggle then ensued over the other points of difference between the House and Senate bills. After seventeen days of most exhausting work, and after having summoned experts from the Tariff Commission and the Treasury Department to aid in giving facts with reference to controverted questions, the conferees finally reached an agreement. That agreement included a compromise on the wool rates, a very slight raise in the duties on sugar from the House bill, a limited embargo on dyes and a duty on potash

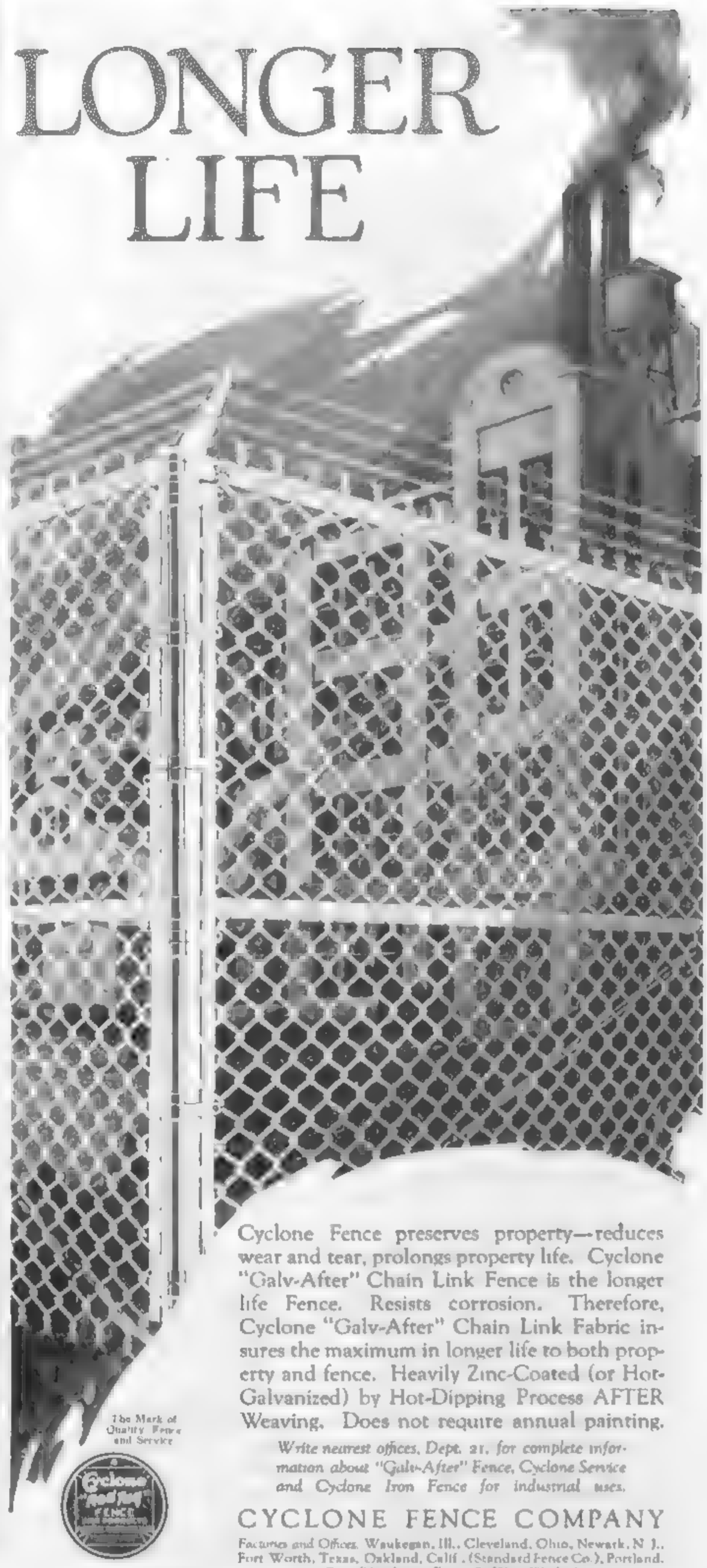
When the conference report came before the House for adoption on September thirteenth the embargo provision and the duties on potash were again attacked. Mr. Garner, of Texas, moved to recommit the report to the conference, with instructions to place potash on the free list and to strike out the proviso relating to dye embargo, and the motion carried. The bill was again taken up in conference and agreed to and reported and passed by the House on September fifteenth.

Four days later the Senate agreed to it, and on September 21, 1922, the President signed the bill in the presence of members of both committees.

The work of revising the tariff had been completed. The members of the House who prepared the original bill were strongly impressed with the importance of their duties and the fact that they represented not merely their own districts but the whole country. They had built the measure upon the principles of their party, and had also framed it so that the average rates were considerably less than those of the Payne Bill

They believed it would build up business at home, increase our foreign trade, sustain wages and bring to the Treasury a far greater revenue than any tariff bill that had preceded it. It has now been on trial long enough so that whatever merits or defects it has should be fully known.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Green.



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Factories and Offices, Waukegan, Ill., Cleveland, Ohio, Newark, N. J., Fort Worth, Texas, Oakland, Calif. (Standard Fence Co.), Portland, Ore. (Northwest Fence & Wire Works.)

Cyclone
"Galv-After" Chain Link
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PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

TUSKA RADIO

There are only two knobs, one to pick up stations, the other to control volume and eliminate unwanted programs. A guide card is furnished to show settings for the different stations. Tuska Superdyne selectivity represents a tremendous advance in radio

Why wait for the ultimate *it never comes!*

RADIO moves so fast! It *is* bewildering. But why sit back and allow its gorgeous harmonies to pass you by, unheard? If you are "waiting until it is perfected," then you will wait forever, and forever you will miss the riches that radio can pour into the chosen moments of your life.

Through the Tuska Superdyne you can enjoy the best that radio has to offer, to-night if you wish. You can have results that will satisfy the musically critical; results that will astonish the seeker for distant stations; astounding results with maximum ease and minimum operating expense.

Perhaps some day a better radio receiver than the Tuska Superdyne will be built. But that will not make the Superdyne any less extraordinary than it now is. Complete satisfaction in radio may be yours *now* and for the years to come through the Tuska Superdyne.

Not because it is new, for that is fleeting distinction; not because it is the ultimate, for that is impossible; but solely because in appearance, simplicity, economy and results it permanently fills the most exacting demands, buy the Tuska Superdyne.

THE C. D. TUSKA CO., Hartford, Conn.

Connecticut Hears England

"You may be interested to hear that on Thursday, at 7 P. M., I was [illegible] England, using your Tuska Superdyne Receiver. Other people in [illegible] your Superdyne."

HERMAN H. WEBER
Rockville, Conn.

TUSKA RADIO

The Superdyne Radio Frequency Receiver

The model illustrated above is priced at $[illegible] in Mahogany [illegible] prices from $85 to $350.

Write for beautifully illustrated thirty-page catalog No. 21-E.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

scenarios, and just loved to mess around the kitchen Sunday nights. He was the most all-around man I ever met, and that doesn't mean that he was a sissy either. He could box, play tennis and really knew the finer points of mah-jongg, but he drank his soda water with a straw.

Paul was a poet with the soul of a dove. I felt like an angel after he had purified me with his declaration of love, but he wore a ring on each hand.

Edward was a strapping giant. Any girl would be proud to be seen walking down the street with him. Why, I could wear high heels, a fancy hat, take a deep breath, and still feel like a little girl walking by his side. He was what is known as a perfect specimen—but he would take two or three bites without swallowing, and then wash it all down with a drink.

Henry was good. My mother said she could love him as a son, and that is saying a great deal. He was honest, sweet, generous, a Napoleon in business, a Galahad in love. He had the quaintest sense of humor and would say the driest little things without knowing he was a bit funny, or at least without showing that he knew it. A sense of humor is wonderful in a man—but he wore white neckties and ate peas with a spoon.

However, I doubt if I would have taken the veil if it hadn't been for Walter. He was an out-and-out highbrow and he didn't care who knew it. He wore his Phi Beta Kappa key for a fob and always referred to Harvard as Cambridge. You know what I mean. He believed in psychology, or maybe it was psychoanalysis. He switched off onto eugenics in the midst of his proposal and called himself a Nordic. But when he said he was interested in my reactions I knew that the other sex was not for me.

—*Julie Dupont.*

The Whale of the Saucy Anna

A SAILORMAN hoary, was Patrick McRory—
A seasoned old son of the sea.
When telling a yarn he would never use blarney—
At least, that is what he told me!
"I'll tell you a new one, a perfectly true one,"
Said he as we rambled along.
"Let's see, now! The date is 'way back in the 80's,
My very first trip to Hong-Kong.

"The brig Saucy Anna had sailed from Savannah.
Her cargo? Just what she could get!
She raced two windjammers clear past the Bahamas,
Her sails every inch of them set.
She kept on her way in a smother of spray,
With a breeze that was steady, though light,
Till, all in a flash, came a terrible crash,
In the black of the tropical night.

"The crew, in a panic, with fury Satanic,
Fought madly to get to the boats;
But with curses and thumps they were set to the pumps,
As I shouted: 'Keep cool, men! She floats!'
But 'twas plain she was sinking! The old tub was drinking
Much more than her vitals could hold;
Though the pumps helped a bit, she was too badly hit,
And she soon in her death struggle rolled.

"The cause of our plight was revealed with the light,
'Twas a derelict just on our starboard.
The horizon was bare, except for a pair
Of frolicking whales on the larboard.
They were headed our way, as they spouted at play,
And were soon nosing round us a bit,
When one made a dash for the place where the crash
Had occurred when our vessel was hit.

"It seems that the cook had bailed a hook
With a large piece of fat pickled pig.
Splash! Over it went, and dropped clear in the rent
That gaped in the bow of the brig.
The whale saw it splash! With a furious dash
He followed it up with his snout.
'Twas a titbit indeed! He went in with such speed,
That he stuck, and he couldn't back out.

"'Tis a fact scientific, precise and specific,
That a whale, if it's tickled, will spout.
So the cook drove a nail through the end of a rail,
And tickled her under the snout.
She spouted, of course, with consid'rable force,
While the captain was pleased as could be.
Every time she would spout she would throw water out
From the vessel back into the sea.

"They kept the pumps going, they kept the whale blowing,
Till the Anna was dry as a chip;
And the cook fed the whale with some stuff from a pail,
For 'twas now quite the pet of the ship.
And when it had dined it grew very resigned
To its fate, so it helped things along,
By wagging its tail, which, helped by the sail,
Soon took the brig into Hong-Kong.

"Now the crew, by this time, thought it would be a crime
To desert their affectionate pet,
For she'd nowhere to go—so, as far as I know,
She's a-sailing around with them yet."

—*Alfred I. Tooke.*

"Say, Bo, Life in the Country is Being Utterly Spoiled. Three Times This Afternoon I Set Myself to Nail a Chicken, When a Dingblasted Automobile Beat Me to It!"

BOSCH

You need these other BOSCH necessities

Bosch Shock Absorber

A new scientific device that controls car springs perfectly and provides true riding comfort at low cost. Prices per pair: For Fords, $10. For Medium Cars, $15. For Heavy Cars and Trucks, $20.

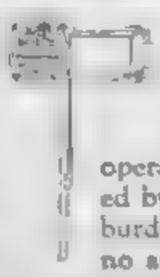
Bosch Spark Plug

The big sure-firing gas-tight plug with the unbreakable insulator and the nickel steel electrodes. Get the genuine—it's red! Regular Sizes . . . $1.00 Ford Size . . . . . 75c.

Bosch Ford Ignition

TYPE 600

A new ignition system—big, rugged, efficient, waterproof—with automatic spark advance. Makes starting easy—adds power and speed—saves gas and repairs—keeps plugs clean—prevents all ignition troubles. Price $12.75.



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An absolutely reliable automatic cleaner that is operated electrically. Not affected by engine speeds. Puts no burden on the battery. Requires no attention. Price $9.50 each.

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GLIMPSES OF OUR GOVERNMENT

(Continued from Page 42)

often so purely militant as to call for remonstrance. I wrote on October 3, 1918, to Mr. C. M. Woolley, my nominal representative on the War Trade Board:

The essential duty is laid upon the United States to win the war. . . . There are other duties, subordinate but important. . . .

Here, as often, one thing must be done and another thing must not be left undone. . . . We have the experience of our allies and enemies to show the necessity of the dual outlook. . . .

We should not on a large scale now take advantage of the intense concentration of our allies on the war to undermine their business for our advantage. To exploit their trade in their stress would be too like a German act. We ought to cultivate by every means not certainly needed for war such portion of our commerce as we can so treat. It should be a subordinate but a definite duty to do this. . . . The questions "how" and "how far" must be answered differently under different conditions, but the duty is none the less plain. To do nothing but fight the war would be as wrong to our people as it would be unfair to others to take advantage of the war to exploit their trade.

This counsel was needed rather than heeded. On one occasion the War Trade Board refused to permit the shipment from Yokohama to San Francisco of a large lot of furs which were urgently required by their American owners although the available Japanese steamer had not a full cargo. The reason given was that it was hoped the Japanese would find through such a policy on our part that their transpacific ships were running at a loss and would consent under pressure of this kind to transfer some vessels to the Atlantic for use in the war zone, where they were wanted. I told them without avail that it was not wise to use force of this kind with the Japanese and that the course was unjust to the Americans concerned.

On its scientific side our war work was conducted on a principle opposite to that followed with our commerce. Our scientific services were not only maintained but enlarged; new buildings and equipment were provided and a permanent gain to the country for peace has resulted. Additional laboratories for the Bureau of Standards, the Bureau of Fisheries and the Coast and Geodetic Survey were built from the fund for the national security and defense. These are not temporary structures, such as were erected on public reservations for some of the new war services and to provide space required by the military departments. We worked during war for the peace that was to come, and there the buildings are, substantial, strong, enduring. Chief among them were three new laboratories for the Bureau of Standards, all of permanent value, especially the great industrial building with its diversified productive units, including a pottery and glass works. The force of this great scientific bureau was doubled. Its touch with Army and Navy was intimate and constructive; the three departments worked in the closest coöperation in scientific concerns, and with perfect harmony.

A Busy Bureau

The scientific history of the war has not been written, and when the story is told it will reflect credit on all connected with it. The Bureau of Standards not only retained but developed its full functions throughout the war without discord and without debate. There were no councils there to control what was done, no boards to guide or to misguide. It operated steadily and smoothly under demands from both military services, which at their height came at the average rate of one every twenty minutes, nights and Sundays included.

I have emphasized the development of the Bureau of Standards partly in justice to its former distinguished chief, Dr. S. W. Stratton, and partly because it points to the proper war organization of the Government. Its work in war was a natural outgrowth of its work in peace, and so should all government war functions be. We should never again go through the heartbreaking period of uncertainty how to organize for conflict. As every army in peace has mobilization plans, so should every department plan to mobilize—not by creating new organisms, but by enlarging and empowering those which are. One of our great weaknesses in government affairs is that we take events nonchalantly till a crisis comes, and then create in haste some special separate temporary body to deal with it, while all the time the proper means are ready to our hands if we will but see them, will foresee the need that may arise and prepare for their adaptation to it. The primary form of preparedness is that which has to do with the very fabric of the Government.

Special executive officers are doubtless required in war, but each should be related to an existing department and so be tied in to the government structure. Something in the nature of a coördinator will be required to adjust the varying demands that arise in war, but this function should be that of assimilating the conflicting elements and advising the executive concerning them. There it should stop; it should be informative, advisory and no more.

The war government should be the peace government enlarged, equipped, empowered to meet the necessities of war. The kind of coördinator suggested exists in some of our great corporations, where his work has grown up naturally and is effective.

The Fisheries Conference

It illustrates the pressure of the time to say that, though much was heard of course about the so-called war cabinet, I knew little concerning it. As I had no direct responsibility with it there was no occasion for inquiry and there were always reasons for keeping closely to my own tasks. Some of these reasons were peculiar. In the midst of the stress and strain of war we were troubled in several of the department offices by a series of anonymous letters which attacked the character of a number of our employes. Some of these letters came to me filled with malignant abuse of the persons who had incurred the writer's dislike; other similar ones were sent to the homes of the parties under attack. They were obviously written by one familiar with some details of the personal or official lives of the victims, but were without justification either in their animus or in their substance.

The writer was so skillfully concealed that special detectives from the Post Office Department worked long in vain at the problem of finding the author. As the matter grew serious with the repetition of the letters, which grew more virulent, extra efforts at detection were made. At last it was discovered that the typewriter upon which some of the letters were written had a defective letter. None of the typewriting machines in the department showed the fault. By keeping the whole matter silent, with the knowledge of the detectives, so as to give the individuality of the writer opportunity to show itself through a repetition of the letters, we at last limited the possible authors to the small number of persons who could have known the circumstances which the letters described. A typewriter showing the defective letter was then found in a distant part of Washington in the house of a relative of a clerk in one of our offices, and this led to the discovery and dismissal of the writer, who was probably morbidly insane.

Incidents of this kind so long as they remain a mystery are a source of serious anxiety, for no one knows what falsehood may next be told or what villainous misinterpretation of some innocent act may be spread abroad. No defense is possible against the unseen assailant, no one knows who the next victim will be, or when or where or in what form the attack will fall.

For the first half of the war the Council of National Defense and its related activities filled the time that could be spared from my department and cabinet work. During 1918, the American-Canadian Fisheries Conference took me away from Washington for weeks together. This conference was an attempt to take advantage of the good feeling existing at that time between Canada and the United States, because of our association in the war, to settle the century-long fisheries disputes. The commissioners for the Dominion of Canada were J. D. Hazen, G. J. Desbarats and William A. Found, and for the United States Edwin F. Sweet, Hugh M. Smith and myself acting as chairman. They first met in Washington in January, 1918, and thereafter held public hearings in American and Canadian ports on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and in Alaska. A later important session was in Ottawa. The conference met finally at Lake Champlain, New York, on September 6, 1918, and adopted a unanimous report.

This led to a treaty covering the entire subject which was signed by representatives of Great Britain, Canada and the United States, September 2, 1919. Meanwhile both the Canadian Government and our own took steps by executive action to modify their respective regulations so as to remove several existing causes of complaint. The treaty and all the documents of the conference were duly transmitted to Congress.

There in the Senate the treaty lies buried, but it is of record that a harmonious conclusion was reached unanimously on this involved subject of the fisheries, so long and at times so bitterly contested between two friendly peoples.

Whatever the defects of our war organization the spirit of our people was inspiring, whether one met it in Washington or felt it reflected from all over the land. I have never understood how the men and women of my own department managed to purchase Liberty Bonds to the value of several millions. In most cases their pay was modest. They were busy in Red Cross work and in other activities; the cost of living was rising; yet in a spirit of sacrifice that meant serious deprivation to many they took, in the aggregate, large sums out of slender purses to support their country. The eagerness thus to serve, the enthusiasm for sacrifice of these men and women of small means, made the few cowardly objectors, in Congress and out of it, seem to stand isolated either by their blindness to the duty of the hour or by their unwillingness to do it.

There was in Porto Rico a laborer in the Lighthouse Service named Pedro Hernandez. He spoke no English. His duty was to attend the range lights in the harbor of Mayáguez. This work took perhaps an hour or two each day, for which he was paid fifteen dollars a month. In the summer of 1918 he wrote a letter to his superintendent which that officer sent to me through the usual official channels. It said in substance: "I have been thinking of what I should do to help along. It has been impossible for me to subscribe for Liberty Bonds. I have not even bought War Savings Stamps. The reason is I have not the money. But," he added, "I can do this. I can give two days' pay to the Red Cross. Please take it out of my pay."

An old lightkeeper in Chesapeake Bay had through years saved three hundred dollars out of meager wages, with the thought that it would provide decent burial for his aged wife and himself. He wrote to inquire if it would be wrong to put this entire fund—all he had—into Liberty Bonds. He knew little about securities; he and his wife were quite willing to sacrifice all they had, if need be, for their country.

Joe's Prize Potatoes

At the time when a shortage of food was threatening we instructed the keepers of our various stations throughout the country to allow their workers to cultivate any unused ground for their own benefit, and so many war gardens were made in unusual places. This opportunity became known to Joe, an assistant cook at a station on our Eastern coast, and he felt that it was a call to service. Joe was poor, for the wages of an assistant cook were small, so he could only scrape together enough money to buy a quarter of a peck of potatoes. But Joe was intent on doing the task at hand to the best of his ability, so he got his quarter of a peck of potatoes and was allowed a small piece of land at his station. There he planted the potatoes and there he carefully tended them through the season. Never were potatoes better cultivated, for Joe gave himself very freely to his unusual work. At the end of the season he had a fine crop, something like eleven bushels of excellent potatoes.

One day a farmer came to visit the station superintendent and saw Joe digging his crop. Said the farmer, "Joe, that's a fine lot of potatoes you have there. You ought to take them to the county fair." Joe thought he was joking, but the farmer persisted, and at last Joe did take them to the fair. There, to his great astonishment, he took the first prize for potatoes from all the farmers in the county.

Two other brief stories will illustrate phases of the war. There was a great review at Fort Myer. A large number of troops were about to leave for France. Secretary Baker made a moving and inspiring address and then the long lines of strong young men swept past us, their swinging step showing manly vigor, their faces shining with enthusiasm. One good woman stood near me praying over and over, "O Lord! O Lord! Send them all back again." But she said to me, "I know they will not all come back."

Over the sea in France many priests were serving as private soldiers in the French Army. One of these good men, when his regiment was in billets, gathered the children of the village and taught them. One day he had a group of the little people about him and told them the story of Joan of Arc. He explained to them that she had been a simple untaught peasant girl, living in a remote village, and described her love of country, her devotion to the work of her humble home and her spirit of sincere religion. He told the children of the voices that came to the modest peasant girl and how they led her out from the quiet village life to become the leader of great armies and the savior of her country. When he had finished, one little boy spoke up, "But, father, do we hear voices now?" The good priest was a little embarrassed to know how to answer the child and hesitated before replying. As he did so there came through the open window the sound of an American bugle. The priest turned to the group around him and said, "Yes, my children, we do hear voices now."

Changing a Shipowner's Views

Though there were appealing human phases to the great struggle and much that gave enlarged vision of spiritual realities, the prevailing note in my remembrance of those days is one of hatred for the rule of force in all its forms. The spirit of force subtly took control of men and produced in them something akin to the mob spirit, however it was disciplined and regulated. The usual sanctions lost their control or disappeared, and were replaced by the use of arbitrary power, the desire for which grew with its indulgence until it ventured into other fields than that in which it was for the time necessary. It made men callous and indifferent to the sufferings of others, and it showed its ugly head even in civil pursuits where it had no right to be. I am no conscientious objector, no pacifist by settled conviction, but war, even successful war, is a curse to a nation, even if carried on as our struggle was, for a righteous cause. It is a case of an easy descent to depths, and of a long, slow, painful struggle upward.

One day there came to my office by appointment the head of a steamship company with an unusual request. He asked me to waive some of the provisions of law whereby a certain amount of life-saving equipment was required on passenger steamers, so that he might utilize the space thus saved to carry more passengers. His request was made sincerely, the ships were modern and well managed and he had no thought of incurring any unusual risk, but apparently his thought was directed first and foremost to the earnings of his company. After he had presented his case fully we discussed together in a very frank and friendly way the obligation which rested upon the officers of a company like his own as trustees for the lives of the passengers on their ships. I urged upon him that this trusteeship was their supreme obligation and that the law in prescribing life-saving equipment imposed the minimum of what should be required. His request had to be refused, but an effort was made to do it in such a way that he would see and accept voluntarily what was not so much a demand of law as the duty of a friendly guardian over the persons of those who intrusted themselves to his care.

Some days after our interview he wrote me a letter which it was a joy to receive, for by it I learned that we had come to a cordial understanding, that he had seen and accepted in a very fine way the trusteeship for his passengers of which we had

(Continued on Page 93)

Westinghouse

COZY GLOW Gives Warmth Where You Want It

Discover for yourself the many places where the friendly warmth of Cozy Glow is needed.

Cozy Glow's flood of warmth brings comfort for baby's bath. The favorite chair where the old folks like to sit is another spot that has always longed for Cozy Glow.

Dad's shaving, Mother's need for warmth in a room hard to heat—frosty mornings, chilly evenings before the furnace fires are lighted—*any number* of uses make it wise that you provide *your* home with Cozy Glow.

Be sure you get the genuine Cozy Glow. Its artistic design and finish will harmonize with every room. Its price is $10.50. Always look for the name Westinghouse when you purchase electrical appliances.

HERE'S Cozy Glow, Jr. It's small only in size. The same careful workmanship; the same delightful finish; the same Westinghouse quality throughout. $6.50

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WONDERFUL
Homes with old *radiator warmth*

The New IDEAL ARCOLA
Hot-water Heating Outfit *for parlor or dining room*

With its glistening gray-enamel jacket, and its pyrex glass door through which the fire glows with genial warmth—an ornament in any living room or dining room. Connected with an American Radiator in each room, ARCOLA fills the whole house with even, healthful warmth. It requires minimum attention—almost runs itself by means of its self-regulating damper control—and soon pays for itself in the fuel it saves, compared with old-fashioned heating methods.

The New IDEAL Assembled Sectional Boiler
for small homes with basements

Another new member of the IDEAL family, also sold on easy payments, comes completely assembled and is very low in price. It is designed for either steam or hot-water warmth and fits comfortably in low-ceiling basements. Even the smallest house with a cellar can now enjoy radiator warmth at low cost. Only a few dollars down will put this wonderful little boiler in your home, completely installed.

Put this easy payment plan to work for you

Your Heating Contractor is AMERICAN RADIATOR

NEWS!

fashioned heaters can now have *for a small down payment and the balance in easy installments*

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT means *comfort* to millions of American homes. Beginning today, it is possible for you to employ your credit in the installation of a modern heating plant, financing the purchase as most American families have financed the purchase of their homes and their cars. Three factors have combined to make this new service possible:

The plan The plan is simple and financially sound. It involves no red tape. The coupon on this page will bring you a booklet which explains it fully. Write for it today.

The product The Institute of Thermal Research of the American Radiator Company has designed a finer and better ARCOLA—a hot-water radiator heating outfit—so attractive that it is an ornament in any living room or dining room—so efficient that it pays for itself in fuel saving. This, and the new IDEAL Assembled Sectional Boiler for installation in small homes with basements, make possible radiator warmth for small buildings of every type. Your Heating and Plumbing Contractor has these new boilers on display; he can install either one at once.

The men No men have performed a larger service for this country than the steamfitter and the plumber. A generation ago homes were heated with fireplaces and stoves; today millions of homes have modern warmth. These men have wrought this change. They are safe counsellors; let them explain this plan to you.

So inexpensive Quantity production makes ARCOLA surprisingly inexpensive. The smallest ARCOLA heating outfit (including radiators) can now be installed under average conditions for a surprisingly small down payment. An estimate for your home, store or garage will be cheerfully furnished by your Heating Contractor and involves no cost or obligation. Get one and decide now to be comfortable next winter!

Write for the booklet and consult your heating contractor today

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AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Dept. 195, 1803 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, New York

My home has_____rooms. Send me the book describing the particular IDEAL Boiler for a home like mine and explain how I can buy one on easy payments.

Name _____

Street _____

City, State _____

My home has a cellar _____; has no cellar _____

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The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Founded 1792

The alarming increase in the number of fires, which annually destroy more than $500,000,000 in property alone—yet are 60% preventable—is a problem with a three-fold application.

It is a national problem. This enormous loss in wealth and the destruction of so much property retards the progress of national affairs.

It is a community problem. Fire causes suffering and want and unemployment. It interrupts business, destroys prosperity and increases living costs.

And it is an individual problem. No single home is safe in any community that harbors unnecessary fire risks.

Your local insurance agents are trying to make your community more safe. It is to your interest to ask them about Fire Prevention.

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA
and the
Indemnity Insurance Company of North America
write practically every form of insurance except life

(Continued from Page 88

talked, and from that day to this we have been cordial friends. I have always regarded the outcome of this incident as one of the happiest events of the eight years or more spent in Washington.

It reminds me of another incident which was singular in the respect that it had no outcome at all. We heard a great deal, before the Seamen's Act was passed, about the defects in our navigation laws, but we never could get a specific complaint. Those that professed to be such always evaporated when they were examined. I took advantage on one occasion of the fact that the officers of many of our steamship companies were in Washington to ask them to my office, and after discussing other matters I asked them plainly what suggestions they wished to make respecting changes in the navigation laws. They looked rather blank and said nothing, so I repeated the question. Still no response. Then I pointed out to them that much had been said in the press and otherwise in the way of complaint about the navigation laws, but that such definite statements of the kind as had reached us had proved to be without foundation and that I should like to learn from them as experts what the defects were and what they would recommend as an improvement. I paused for a reply, but it never came, and after a speaking silence of some minutes the meeting adjourned.

So much has been said in criticism of the construction work which was on the cost-plus basis that one who is unfamiliar with the facts may naturally suppose that there is some inherent impropriety about that method of work. Indeed it seems to have been assumed by some critics to involve a necessary element of stupidity if not of moral obliquity. Experienced contractors of unquestioned character had been building on a large scale before the war on the cost-plus basis and the method was adopted by private owners whom it would be ridiculous to call stupid or careless. When we built the large industrial laboratory of the Bureau of Standards we accepted the cost-plus basis as a matter of course, because we could not permit the delay required to get competitive bids under war conditions and because the bids, if any could have been had, would have involved more expense than the cost-plus method. We took care, however, to limit the contractor to a maximum profit. The building was constructed rapidly and as economically as possible under the intense pressure of the time and amid the restrictions placed upon materials and their movements by the Government itself. Its cost was reasonable; it could hardly be constructed today for less.

The policy of securing competitive bids may, like every other good thing, be pushed rather far. It is said that a former chief of engineers was so devoted to it that when he needed some dental work he caused specifications of it to be drawn up which he presented to several dentists for competitive estimates. It is alleged that he awarded the contract to the lowest bidder. Did he appoint an officer of his corps to serve as inspector of the work while in process?

Months before the war ended, studies in preparation for peace were begun. Some of the investigators were given offices in the Commerce Building, where our commercial library of more than one hundred thousand volumes was available to them. The very existence of such a library is unknown to most people in Washington. No one in Congress seemed aware of it, and it surprised me to find it when I became secretary.

It is but one of many things that exist within our Government of which neither press nor people are informed.

It is hard to believe that an envoy can ever have gone to a peace conference better equipped with information than was President Wilson. Thorough research into the historical, political and economic facts which could be assumed to be involved in the adjustments after hostilities, had been carried on by a large group of men whose experience and training fitted them for that special duty. There was no neglect in this direction; no hesitancy to seek advisers.

I wish the selection of the envoys who accompanied President Wilson might have been different. It seemed to me a time when not the Administration alone but the whole country should be represented, without regard to divergent policies or perhaps because of them. I recall the surprise with which I heard at a cabinet meeting of President Wilson's intention to go to Paris, and have never been able to satisfy myself of the necessity for that course. I wish, however, that he might have had with him, for his own sake and for the sake of the country, a few men of outstanding repute for character and ability from the opposite party as well as from his own. It has always seemed to me that it would have been high statesmanship to have thus brought the challenge of contact with the actualities of the Peace Conference to his political antagonists and to have associated them in its grave responsibilities. But I recall the bitterness of both political and personal attack that would have made such a course most difficult; and there was in President Wilson's convictions, I believe, the obstacle of a different social outlook, by which political chasms were created, too broad to cross. President Wilson had his eyes fixed on a lofty goal and had set his course steadfastly to attain it. That goal was of infinite value to mankind. It was a noble aspiration in him and his effort to reach it was an unselfish one. The ideal was so great, the purpose so high, the demand of his vision so compelling that political considerations were lost to sight in following the new light which he believed could be made to shine into the lives of nations and of men.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Redfield. The next will appear in an early issue.

EXILE

(Continued from Page 21)

at the bank. Perhaps it could be managed in less than ten years, after all. Perhaps ——

He came to regard Emily Nairn as a blank wall against which it was possible to toss memories of Laniston and catch them, like a tennis ball, on the rebound. It was natural enough to stop at the library for other books, especially as he saved money by renting them instead of buying; it was perfectly safe and innocent to talk about Laniston, and Emily almost always said something about Jennie without waiting to be prompted. He discovered, too, that it strengthened his determination to tell about it, that every time he talked to Emily Nairn he was a little surer than before that he was going back to Laniston, that he could do it sooner than he'd planned. There wasn't any reason why he shouldn't let her understand why he lived in a cheap boarding house when he could afford comfortable rooms and good food, why he had no time to waste on novels or fun or friends.

"Take your mind off your work!" he exclaimed, one rainy Sunday when he had dropped in at her little flat. "Waste your money and—and take the edge off the fun of going home. I know lots of men that couldn't go back where they came from because they'd be homesick there, because they've tied themselves into friendships here.

"Not me! I don't have to have a good time. I learned how to wait for my fun."

He waved his hand at the friendly little room.

"It's your business, of course; but it's a mistake, living this way. You've got to be uncomfortable if you're going to get on. I learned that much from Aunt Libby. If we'd had a place like this I'd never have wanted anything better, most likely."

Emily said something pleasant about Aunt Libby. For some reason it angered Elwood Bishop. She thought of Aunt Libby as just a sourly devout old maid. She didn't know.

He heard himself telling about the candy cane, a heat of pride in his tone, as if it was something to boast of.

"Oh, sweet!" She didn't look up from her sewing. He was startled by the word—the word he'd wanted ever since he'd begun to seek expression for his thought of Jennie. Sweet! That was it—when you said it the right way, the way it sounded when you spoke of home, sweet home! That was it too. He perceived that there was a relation between his feeling about Jennie and his thought of Laniston. Home—the old, grave, benign houses smiling at you over their gardens; a girl with soft, cool, kindly eyes, profoundly blue; a tall girl, slenderly strong and straight and—and sweet!

It dwelt in his mind like a song, a song that he heard over and over, that came back to him whenever he thought of Laniston, home, quickening that steadfast purpose, reviving and brightening the shining memory pictures, bringing them nearer, till they were almost real.

He discovered a kind of pity for Emily Nairn because she didn't see what he did, because she thought of Laniston as something superficially beautiful, instead of realizing that it wasn't beauty that mattered, but friendliness, welcome. She could speak wistfully enough about the old houses smiling out above their gardens at the hill beyond the lake; but she called them lovely, just as she called Jennie pretty, stunning, instead of—instead of sweet! That was why she didn't ache to go home with the same passionate intensity of desire that possessed him; that was why she wasted money on a counterfeit of home, a couple of rooms that looked out on dreary, alien roof tops, a few bits of forlorn and exiled furniture, an absurd kitchen in a cupboard!

Sometimes he tried to share his vision with her, to make her feel as he did; but she never seemed to understand. He decided that it was because Laniston was just a place, to Emily, because she didn't think of it as intricately associated with people, because, like Jennie Marvin, it was lovely and beautiful, instead of being sweet. And yet she seemed to sympathize with him in his little dogged progress toward that shining goal, to be interested and partisan when he told of rises in his pay, of cautious investments that turned out well, of the partnership that was almost near enough to be grasped and held.

He listened now and then to talk of her affairs, helped her with a simple bookkeeping system and shook his head over the unreasonable percentage of profit it revealed. There was real money in this library scheme; much more than there ought to be by rights; tempting silly people into wasting time and money on novel reading. He pointed this out patiently, annoyed that Emily didn't see it.

"They wouldn't do it if they didn't like it," she said slowly. "I don't think there's any harm in being happy."

His disapproval didn't restrain him from jumping at a chance to share the profits when Emily decided to open a branch in the Terminal and let him guess that she would be glad of some extra capital. Twenty-five or thirty per cent, with safety, was too much better than five or six to be forfeited on an abstract principle. He saw ways of swelling it, economies in book purchases, a more efficient method of circulation that kept the idle shelf stock to a minimum. The Terminal branch prospered so abundantly under these reforms that it was only common sense to open others in other big office buildings. He was a little disappointed that Emily wasn't as thrilled over the results as he was, that she wasn't excited at the prospect of selling out one of these days and going home.

It must be just because she hadn't any such picture as that one that came nearer, clearer, as he added to the bundle of bonds in the safe-deposit box—a picture of the old High Street houses smiling down in welcome, of a girl with kind deep-blue eyes; a tall girl, slenderly strong and straight and sweet.

They often spoke of Jennie Marvin, and sometimes Elwood Bishop resented Emily's inaccurate remembrance; tried, by rejecting her epithets, to trap her into saying that one descriptive word so that he might use it afterward with the innocence of a quotation. He mentioned, in an unwary moment, the peculiar blue depth of Jennie's eyes, and pitied Emily's want of observation when she said, after a little pause, "Were they blue? I'd forgotten."

He managed to hold his tongue. It was better not to tell her just how blue and kind and soft they were; she might think —— He hadn't learned to face the thought himself without that sense of profanation. But if he could go back, before—before Tom Parmalee or somebody —— He hated that thought so that he couldn't complete it. If he went home in time, if he could double the money this year —— It startled him to realize that he

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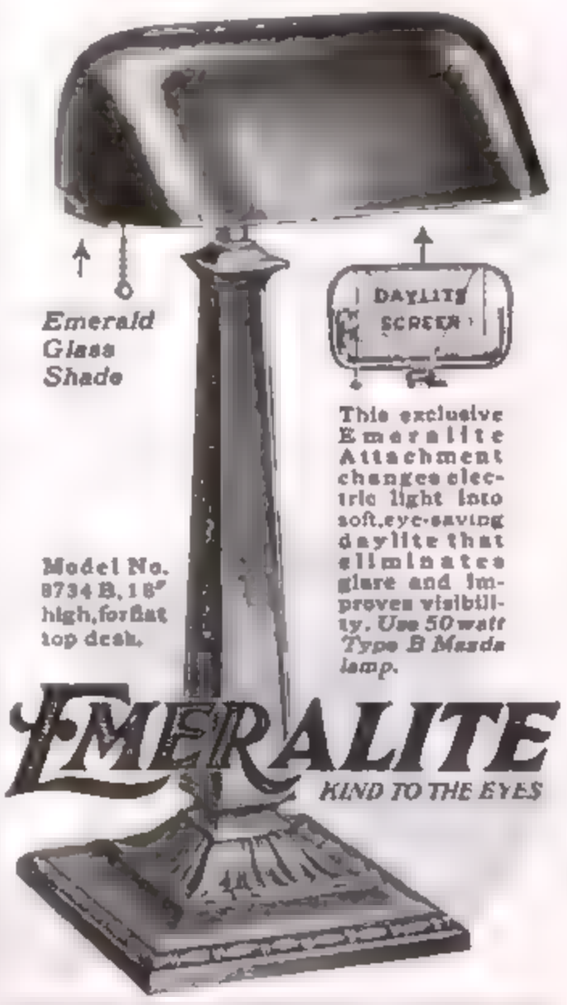
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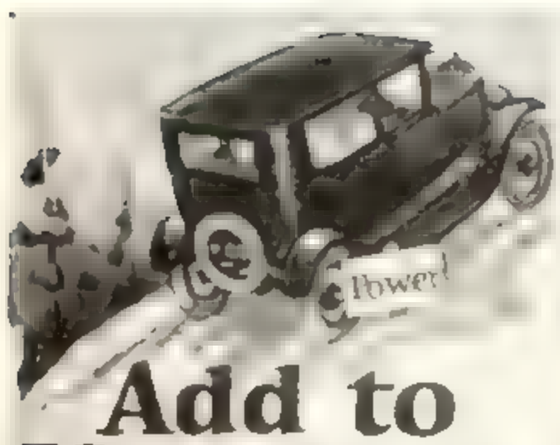

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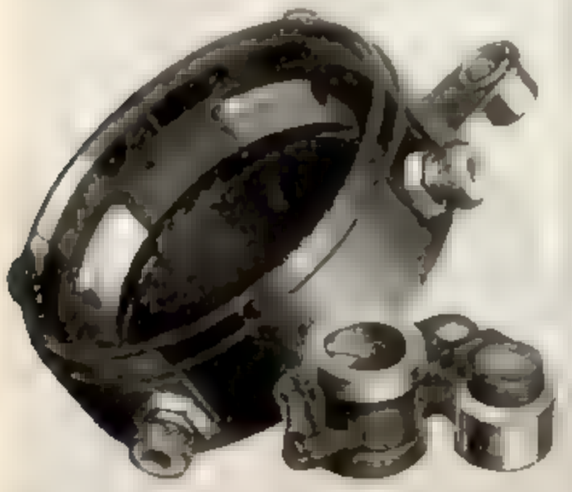

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was thirty, that Jennie would be twenty-eight! A fear laid hold of him; people changed, even people like Jennie! Suppose, when he went home, he found her—different! He shook the panic from him scornfully; time dealt with the surface; it couldn't change Jennie.

But the fear hurried him nevertheless. He cast about for other ways of making quick, sure profits, until the quickness seemed more vital than the certainty. People paid more willingly and freely for pleasure than for anything else, he'd learned, and he'd stopped feeling any guilt about capitalizing that discovery of human weakness. There must be money in these cheap theaters, remodeled stores and even open lots, where fools gaped and sniggered at silly pictures flickering on a canvas screen. He investigated, made a canny venture, another, and saw the dream come very close at last.

A little longer—another year or two like this, a little luck—and he'd go home. Home—old friendly houses under great arching elms, the gleam of the lake and the green and gold of the farm patterns on the farther hill, and a girl with soft, kind eyes—again the phrases echoed like a song—tall and slenderly strong and straight and sweet!

He resigned his place in the accounting office and threw himself into the new work with a cold fury that measured the long odds against him and beat them down. He plunged, but he knew before each successive crazy risk that he would win. Other men made bigger, quicker winnings, lost them and won again, but Elwood Bishop didn't lose. He hated it all too much: it was the men who liked the disorderly haste and recklessness of the new game that were fooled by it, men who didn't detest the slovenly inconsequence of dimes and nickels that mushroomed overnight into loose untidy millions that melted just as swiftly and with as little seeming reason. Elwood Bishop saw it with straight hating eyes, trained on years of calm unbiased study of neat ledgers that recorded failures and successes, and the cause of both.

He saw less of Emily. There wasn't time in these crowded days and nights for his game of throwing his memories at her to catch them as they bounded back; and there was less need, too, of her effect upon those visions. He could see them for himself now, very close and clear and real. He told her bluntly when he had done with it, when the last speculative interest had been turned into safe bonds.

"Stopped in to say good-by, Emily. All through. Going home tomorrow."

She didn't answer at once; she spoke, after the pause, without looking up from her sewing.

"It'll be lovely there now. I always liked it best in June."

He frowned. She didn't understand even now that it wasn't beauty that had drawn him back. He listened uneasily to random talk of gardens, of the lilacs that hedged in the old Avery place and young ivy leaves shining against the gray wall of the church.

"I guess there'll be a good many changes," he said at last. "Twelve years is a good while"

"It'll be lovely anyway," she said. Her insistence on the word annoyed him; he repressed an impulse to challenge it, and got away as soon as he could. Emily wouldn't ever feel as he did; she didn't care enough about Laniston to envy him—if he hadn't known better he might almost have thought she was sorry for him—sorry for Elwood Bishop, on his way home!

He breathed deep, and the refrain of his song came back to him, keeping time to his step.

III

AS HE began the old returning journey through High Street toward the Hollow, Elwood Bishop gave angry battle to a deepening depression, a groundless fear that closed in upon him like a cold gray mist. It was absurd to be anything but pleased and proud and happy. Nothing had changed, except that the triple arch of elms was higher, the gardens more beautiful, the old houses older and statelier than ever. If, as he'd been afraid he might, he had come home to find Laniston altered, like other towns, there might have been some reason for the ache in his throat, the obstinate, unreasoning loneliness that he'd never felt in exile. But Laniston was just as he had left it, just as he had seen it all these years in his wistful dreams of coming home. There was the great hedge of lilacs around the old Avery lawn; it might have been yesterday that he had caught its faint fragrance as Tom Parmalee drove him past. Why should it hurt him now? Why ——

They were all the same, those old houses, looking out above their flowering lawns at the roofs and spires of the lower town, the infolding arm of the lake, the farm-patterned hillside beyond it, the same houses that had seemed to smile with grave benignity at Elwood Bishop, to bid him carry them in kindly recollection. Why, now that he had won his way back to them at last, did they gaze out past him, as if they were taking pains not to see him? Lovely, yes. Emily Nairn would have been content with them; but where was their welcome, the friendliness that Elwood Bishop had been so sure that he would find?

He tried to rid himself of the persisting sense of some default about all this, to argue with the aching loneliness that held him by the throat, heedless of reason. It had been better than he'd dared to hope, hadn't it? Coming back to the selfsame town he'd known, instead of a new, big, strange Laniston; meeting a dozen familiar faces in the first half hour, faces that lighted with welcome and recognition; greeted at the bank as if he'd been Tom Parmalee's best friend. What did he want, if all this wasn't enough? Why did he feel as if, after all the years, he hadn't yet come home?

The depression lifted as he came abreast of the Marvin house, although the fear still lay upon him. Jennie—when he saw her it would be all right, of course. That was what was wrong with him! He might have realized it; he'd thought of her and Laniston together so long that there'd always be that sense of something wanting in a Laniston seen by itself, without that vitalizing, glowing figure in the foreground. He heard the songlike refrain again, and for a moment the old house seemed to see him, to smile and bid him welcome home. He stood before the open gate, gazing up the flagged walk toward the fanlighted door.

Something held him helpless while a woman opened that door, hesitated briefly on the step, came toward him, came so near that he couldn't even hope he'd made some absurd mistake in thinking it was ——

He saw the face change from doubt to reassurance, greeting. He heard a voice.

"Why, how do you do? I hardly knew you!"

He felt his hand move, felt the touch of fingers against his own, but he couldn't speak. This was the Jennie Marvin that Emily Nairn remembered; through a blurring daze, he acknowledged the accuracy of her adjectives. Lovely, beautiful—yes; but not Jennie Marvin, not the girl who belonged in that song that seemed to beat itself into his brain

Changed—but she hadn't changed; she'd always been like this. Why had he thought of her as tall, when she was little? Why had he thought her eyes were cool and soft and kind, when they weren't even blue? Why ——

He mumbled inevitable answers to careless, incurious questions, shrinking under the voice, the thin counterfeit of interest and friendliness, hearing a malicious, mocking echo—sweet, sweet!

She passed him with a double nod of good-by, a vague speech about seeing him often, now that he'd come home. He tried to shut his mind against another jeering echo—home, home, home!

His thoughts cleared quickly after she had gone; he'd learned to look facts straight between the eyes, without flinching. It wasn't anybody's fault but his; he'd fooled himself all these years; there wasn't any such place as home for Elwood Bishop; there'd never been. He'd invented it, just as he'd invented that girl with soft, home-sweet eyes, and kept on dreaming of her till even how it seemed as if she were real and the other Jennie Marvin nothing but a woman in a tale.

If he hadn't come back they'd have kept on being real; if he hadn't seen Jennie he'd still believe in that girl he'd made up. He reasoned it all out, patiently logical, as he walked back toward the trolley. If he didn't stay here, confronted by the reality, perhaps a little of the dream would come back even now. Perhaps if he were somewhere else Laniston would seem like home; not as it had seemed before, of course, but better than nothing at all. He might learn to cheat himself again, but not here—never here.

He tried not to look at the houses as he hurried past them, afraid that, now he was bidding them good-by for always, they might meanly pretend to be sorry, might smile at him as they had seemed to smile that other day twelve years ago, when he'd believed them.

He was glad that he hadn't waited to unpack; with a little luck, he'd catch the noon train. The thought held a sort of comfort; he found words for it—it was better to be homesick anywhere but at home. You couldn't stand it there.

On the train the theory justified itself. It wasn't home that Elwood Bishop was leaving behind him this time, but it was a little more like home than it had seemed up there on the hill. He discovered that he had regained a sense of affectionate pride in the town's loveliness, that he left it with a pang—not wholly pain—of yearning and regret. Perhaps it was right—that fantastic idea that he could only rediscover the old warming thought of home by going back into exile. If only he hadn't seen Jennie ——

A gray sky and a fine mist of rain depressed him as he came out of the Terminal. Sunday, too. He left his bag at the hotel across the street and yielded to the impulse of old habit that reminded him of Emily Nairn's flat and the cocoa bubbling on the gas ring in the cupboard.

He could tell her that she was right in thinking of Laniston as beautiful; it wouldn't disappoint her if that was all she looked for. Perhaps that was all home meant, anyway, to Emily.

He was suddenly ashamed of the thought, seeming to know surely that Emily felt it all more deeply even than he; too deeply to be lightly moved to speech. He'd misunderstood her silences all along; had never guessed that ——

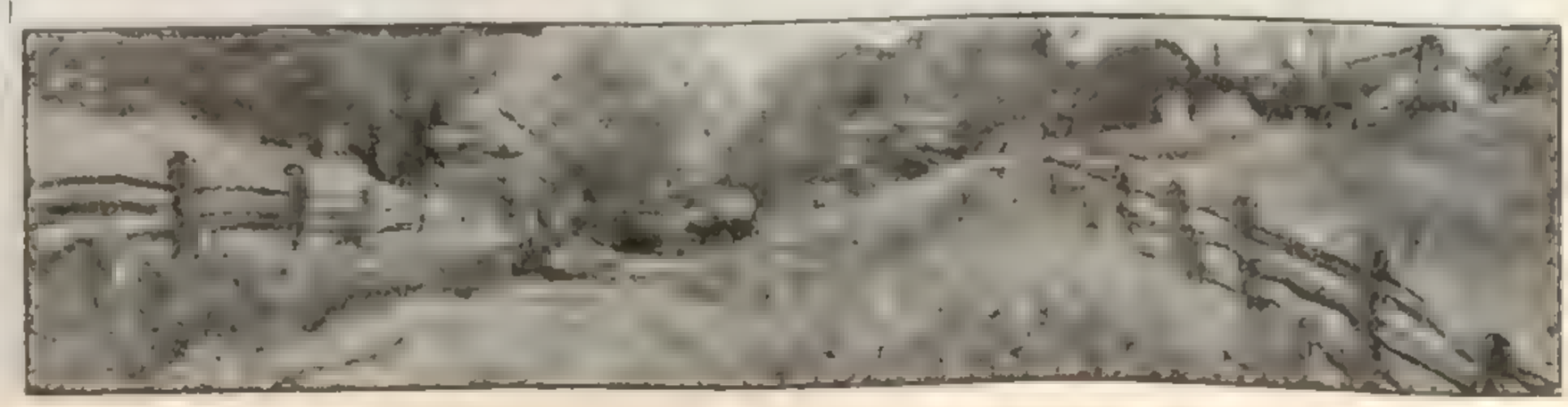
She'd have to be told then. He mustn't let her go on thinking that she'd find home waiting for her back in Laniston, home as they both had dreamed of it. It would be just cruel kindness to let her in for disillusionment when her turn came. Emily wasn't the sort of woman who wanted to be lied to, cheated.

He found that he was running up the dingy stairs. His hand fumbled with the knob at the summons of her tranquil voice.

"Why, Elwood! Didn't you go home?"

He saw her rise and come toward him; saw, at last, that she was tall and slenderly strong and straight; saw that her eyes were softly cool and blue, and, with the sweetness of home-coming after exile, sweet.

"Home?" He heard himself laugh unsteadily. "Home? When you weren't there?"



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THE ALLEN A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

WEBER AND FIELDS

Continued from Page 47

the margin between the overhead of the show and the revenue of a capacity house was slender. Outside of New York, the company played in theaters of two and three times the capacity of the little house at Twenty-ninth Street. Joe and Lew perceived where the big money lay and decided to give more time thenceforth to the road and to shorten the Broadway season accordingly.

Stardom claimed Peter Dailey that summer. He signed a contract to head a musical-comedy company of his own, and Joe and Lew scurried about the Rialto seeking a successor. They found a happy one in De Wolf Hopper, who this last summer headed a musical stock company in Washington and tempered the heat of a capital summer to a panting populace. Yet he was sixty-six last March. Lean, perhaps, but no slippered pantaloon he.

Weber, Fields, Warfield, Dailey, Kelly and Ross came up from obscurity. Will Hopper, as his name really is and as his friends know him, was born in New York City, but of the socially elect. His father tried to make a lawyer of him, but an amateur performance left the son fatally footlight blinded. With the $50,000 that came to him on his father's death, De Wolf organized his own company and made his professional debut in Our Boys, a comedy that had made a smashing success in London. It made a smashing failure on this side. With what remained of his inheritance he financed and managed a tour of the South and the West of a company playing One Hundred Wives, a record that Mr. Hopper so far has not quite equaled. The company stranded. Hopper lost his all and returned to the ranks with Edward Harrigan. Studying music with the intent of taking up grand opera, he fell into a small part with the McCaull Opera Company. In Philadelphia the chief comedian was taken ill. Hopper was shoved into the rôle of Pomeret in Desiret and walked off with the show. By 1891 he was a star. That was the first season of Wang, with Della Fox. He was just back from a flattering engagement in London in Sousa's El Capitan when the Weberfields snared him.

A Galaxy of Stars

Mabel Fenton was gone again, but Fay Templeton was back in the fold after a year's absence. Russell! Templeton! Bessie Clayton! Fields! Weber! Warfield! Hopper! Kelly! Ross! A chorus of forty-two! Their number, not their age. Julian Mitchell directing! Edgar Smith and Honey Stromberg doing the words and music! The like will not be seen again.

If Elsie Janis, Fannie Brice, Will Rogers, Ed Wynn, W. C. Fields, Walter Catlett and Joe Cook, just for example, could be induced to share the honors of one stage, which they jolly well couldn't, what would the harvest be? A Follies chorus and the rest is assumed. At a $6.60 top and the Hippodrome to do it in, the demented producer might survive a week. Times have changed. Weber and Fields did it with 700 seats. But their weekly overhead in 1900, with nominal wages for themselves, was less than $6000, theater rental, stage crew, house staff and an orchestra of twenty included.

This was the company that opened in Fiddle-dee-dee on September 6, 1900. Hopper was as nervous as a bridegroom at the altar, and all the congenital idiots in the audience must yell "Speech" at his first entry. The Music Hall was a new environment to Hopper, and particularly was he dazzled by the proximity of Lillian Russell, with whom he never had appeared until then.

In an early scene the two had to sit in the branches of a stage tree in full view of the audience for four minutes without a line to speak, until Fields should perpetrate the pun, "Ah, I seem to hear a rustle"—Russell—"in the trees." The minutes were forty to Hopper. Lillian was serene as always. Her awed vis-à-vis fixed a frozen smile on his twitching face, and sat like a small boy at his first party.

As Fields exploded his pun and Miss Russell and Hopper rose to descend from the tree, the serenity abruptly left the fair face. She clutched frantically, then whispered in anguish, "Will, have you a safety pin? My bloomers are coming down!"

Warfield, Weber and Fields were back in their familiar Jewish and German low-comedy rôles. Weber and Fields were proprietors of a life-sized mechanical doll they hoped to sell to Hopper, who was Hoffman Barr, a Wall Street magnate.

"What is a magnate?" Lew asked.

"Something that eats holes in cheeses," Joe explained.

Warfield broke the doll and was compelled to impersonate it in a scene as ludicrous as the Music Hall ever knew

In the second scene, laid in the Paris Exposition's Swiss Village, Weber, Fields and Warfield emerged from a papier-mâché mountain pass, to be confronted by a growling St. Bernard dog, played by George Ali. A chance sally of Weber's in this scene exploded the first-night audience. As rehearsed, Warfield was to attempt to conciliate the dog, then Fields to try. Both failing timidly, Weber was to kick the fearsome animal contemptuously out of his way.

Warfield began.

"Here, Abie," he called. The dog snarled. "Nice Mose. Cute little Izzie," he tried again.

"Whoever heard of a dog called Abie or Mose?" Fields scoffed.

"Maybe he would be a cocher spaniel," said Warfield.

Fields tried it.

"Come, Otto," he wheedled. The dog showed its teeth. "Hans? Rudolph? Adolph? Schneider?"

George Ali as Our Dumb Animals

As Weber waited for his cue, a possible line occurred to him. The Music Hall method was to try everything on the audience. If it laughed, the joke stayed. Weber made the experiment doubtfully. He said, in place of his rehearsal line, "Maybe it's not that kind of a dog." George Ali rose brilliantly to the occasion. At "Julia," spoken endearingly by Weber, he barked, pranced joyfully and wagged his tail. The impromptu drew the show's biggest laugh.

A small cask was attached to the dog's collar. Fields explained learnedly how the monks of the St. Bernard hospice sent their great dogs out, each with a small cask of brandy fixed to the collar, to succor wayfarers lost in the winter storms. Warfield smacked his lips in anticipation, but Weber turned the cask around, disclosing the word "Powder" painted on it.

"Powder?" Warfield exclaimed. "What kinds of powder? Seidlitzes powder? Talcums powder? Bang-bang powder?"

"Flea powder," said Weber. "What would dogs want?"

The second half of the show was given over to Quo Vas Iss, a burlesque of Quo Vadis, the theatrical best-seller at the moment. Liberties were taken with Sienkiewicz's plot. As translated by Edgar Smith, the W. C. T. U., having closed the saloons of Antium, threatened next to burn rum, to the alarm of the Emperor Zero and others. Zero ordered the lovely Lythia, of the Rome W. C. T. U., tossed to the wild borax in the arena, in reprisal. The mighty Fursus, depended upon to rescue her, turned out to be a whited sepulcher of a strong man once his leopard-skin robe was removed.

He failed even to burst the chain of pretzels and link sausages with which he had been bound, but Lythia got saved somehow; just how, no one recalls.

Ross plumed himself on his rich orotund voice, and not unjustifiably; but he could not sustain it through a long scene. In Quo Vas Iss he was thrown against Hopper in a long passage, and few such resonant speaking voices as Hopper's have been known on our stage. Hopper, moreover, had a figure and personality that would permit him to play straight parts. All this was a threat at Ross' four-year monopoly of the Weber and Fields concession of looking and acting handsome. Others in the company waited interestedly.

On the opening night Ross' voice began to pinch down in the middle of his long passage with Hopper. As the newcomer began to take the stage away from him, Ross tried the old trick of the legitimate stage of dropping his voice half a tone under Hopper, thereby forcing him to take a higher pitch. Hopper knew the trick, and dropped half a tone below Ross. The latter tried again, and Hopper again outmaneuvered him. The round was Hopper's by a wide margin. The next day Ross buttonholed Edgar Smith.

"You know, Edgar," he confided, "I think I'll play this part a little lighter. I was too heavy last night." Which, translated from the patter of the stage, means that Ross knew when he was licked.

Augustus Thomas' Arizona had opened early in the season at the Herald Square to immediate success. The Weber and Fields burlesque of it was ready by mid-October. Warfield, minus Hebrew dialect and make-up, was the villainous captain who had set out to corrupt the womanhood of Arizona, and especially his colonel's wife, by teaching them to smoke cigarettes. Fields was a German sergeant, Weber his wistful daughter Lena, hired girl at the Aridvapor ranch, presided over by Hopper as Henry Cannedbeef. Kelly was scarcely recognizable as Colonel Bunjam. Sarsparilla, wife of the colonel, daughter of Cannedbeef and sister to Beneather—Fay Templeton—was Lillian Russell's rôle. Charley Ross played Lieutenant 'Tention, and was glad to be rid of Quo Vas Iss. Hopper, in the Theodore Roberts rôle, no longer competed in manly charm.

A trick cow, the ranch's only livestock, concealed George Ali, whose face was doomed never to be seen in a Music Hall show. The cow laughed rudely at Warfield's approach. Lena apologized.

"It makes him laugh whenever he sees an army officer," she said. "Since the Cuban war any fresh beef has the laugh on the Army." Is it so long since Santiago that the canned-beef scandals must be retold for a new generation?

Lena aspired to give up the life of a Kitchener and become the daughter of the regiment. Fields would have none of it.

"I'm your fader, ain't it?" he chided her. "If you vas the daughter of the regiment, I would have to be the regiment's husband."

"Remember, Lieutenant 'Tention," Lillian Russell declaimed, "that you are in the presence of your colonel's wife, in your colonel's wife's father's house and in the apartments of your colonel's wife's husband."

"I am glad," Ross answered, "that you remember that speech, madam. At rehearsals I sometimes doubted that you could do it."

When the colonel intercepted the fatal letter from Sarsparilla to the captain, Cannedbeef intervened to protect his daughter's name.

Ross Leaves the Company

"Hold on!" he cried. "The cow stamped upon this letter. The cow belongs to the Government, hence it is a government stamp. I reckon you wouldn't obstruct the mails, colonel."

"There's nothing male about a cow," retorted the colonel.

"I guess I made a bull of it," the ranchman said sadly.

"Put down both gags," ordered the colonel. "They may get a laugh in the War Department."

At two o'clock on the afternoon of December nineteenth, at a dress rehearsal for a new burlesque, a composite of A Royal Family, Florodora and Gay Lord Quex, Charley Ross came down with an attack of temperament. He knew his part thoroughly, he said, and refused to rehearse. The opening performance was only thirty hours away, but this was a defiance that Joe and Lew could not overlook. They gave Ross his choice of going on or of getting his salary. Ross drew his money.

Ross' real name was Kelly. He had been a jockey in early life, and took the name of Charley Ross on going on the stage. It was a shrewd bit of showmanship, for Charley Ross was the best-known name in America at the moment. It was that of the boy who was kidnaped from his parents' home in Germantown, Pennsylvania, on July 1, 1874, and never more heard of, the most notorious crime of its kind in our annals. Ross had met Mabel Fenton at Deadwood, South Dakota, where both were playing. They married and came East with a straight-comedy act that attracted attention, straight-comedy sketches being a novelty to Eastern variety patrons.

At one o'clock of the next afternoon, with the opening now but seven hours off,

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Joe and Lew found an actor to take Ross' place. Charles Frohman loaned them Fritz Williams from his Empire Theater Company. Theatergoers of today will recall Williams as the doctor in Rain, which still was playing to full houses after two years when the Equity dispute closed it on June 1, 1924.

From one o'clock to five o'clock Williams rode in a hansom cab in Central Park and studied his part. John T. Kelly rode with him and coached him.

"If you miss any line, I'll throw it to you," Kelly assured him when they parted at five.

Williams was letter-perfect that night. Kelly, who was notoriously slack on first nights, stumbled twice, and was prompted by Williams on both occasions. Kelly did get off a nifty, however, congratulating Williams on how well he kissed Miss Russell on such short preparation.

It is the boast of Weber and Fields that they never once discharged a man or a woman from the Music Hall, that Ross was the only member of the company, one chorus girl excepted, to leave under unpleasant circumstances, and that those who left to better themselves always departed with the good wishes and blessings of the proprietors. Broadway called the Weberfields the Happy Family and marveled at how the lion lay down with the lamb.

Fields put the secret in seven words once in reply to a question from Joseph Jefferson. The creator of the stage Rip Van Winkle and his crony, ex-President Cleveland, were often at the Music Hall, Jefferson frequently backstage.

"How do you boys keep the peace among all these stars?" Jefferson asked, voicing the general wonder.

"We're always wrong and they're always right," Lew replied.

Mr. Isman asked De Wolf Hopper the other day what memory of the Music Hall was most vivid to him after twenty-four years.

"The fact that I enjoyed every moment I was there," he said. "The Ross incident excepted, I can't recall an unpleasant word, look or gesture. Yet there never was another stage so cluttered up with the high explosives of temperament. Half a dozen stars managed by two other stars! There is no parallel for it in my knowledge of the theater.

"I don't know how it was done, but one for all and all for one was achieved at Twenty-ninth Street, and against the most unlikely odds. I do not say that there was no jealousy; that would be absurd. Had there been no jealousy, there would have been nothing remarkable in the harmony. The astonishing thing was that everyone kept a tight rein and curb bit on his or her envy. If anyone had a gag or a bit of business he could not use at the moment, it was nothing for him to pass it along. With six or seven exceptions—my wives—those were the happiest moments of my life."

Bad Guesses

Fay Templeton sang I'm a Respectable Working Girl for the first time in this burlesque. Miss Templeton did not fancy the song, and was so certain that it would not go over that she memorized but one verse. The first-nighters made her respond to four encores. At each she could sing only the first verse over. By the following night she knew the entire song. She had few more popular ones.

On the other hand, much was expected of My Japanese Cherry Blossom, which was the Oriental setting for a Templeton coon song, and it failed flatly at the Music Hall. The coon song had been raging for five years and more. Stromberg and Smith believed that it had been done to death and that the moment had arrived to ring a change on it. But they found that the Weberfields public wanted just what they thought it had tired of. The Japanese song really had a lovely melody, and was the success of the season in Europe. Rosie, You Are My Posie was substituted hurriedly for it at the Hall. There must be those who remember the polka-dot costumes of the chorus that helped Fay Templeton sing it. Of all that long succession of song hits that Stromberg and Smith wrote for the Music Hall, Rosie Posie probably led the list. The sheet music of the Music Hall shows carried the fame of Weber and Fields to the farthest village. The grocer boy in Corpus Christi, Texas, was whistling Rosie Posie within the month and the young ladies of Paradise, Montana, were trying it on the parlor organ. Echoes of it are heard to this day. Stromberg composed the air originally for some dance music for Bessie Clayton, but she and Julian Mitchell did not like it. When My Japanese Cherry Blossom failed, Stromberg and Smith dug the other out of the discard.

Another bad guess was made in the burlesque of Arizona. In this the chorus was costumed in one scene as a company of dusty campaign-stained troopers, and drilled in the manual of arms and squad formations for weeks by an army officer. The effect was expected to be the talk of the show, but the audiences turned thumbs down. They did not want to see the girls dusty and drab even for a moment; a chorus was there to look pretty.

The burlesque of Florodora was confined to a parody of the famous sextet by Warfield, Weber, Fields, Bonnie Maginn, Allie Gilbert and Belle Robinson. Only a photograph can suggest how risible it was. Stromberg's music was a remarkable bit of work. He succeeded in the rare feat of imitating all the musical tricks of Tell Me, Pretty Maiden without repeating the melody.

The horseplay backstage at Weber and Fields' was continuous. One of its forms was the writing of fictitious mash notes and offers of fabulous salaries to one another. Warfield received such a letter signed David Belasco, and tore it up.

"Why do you always pick on me?" he grumbled.

This particular letter happened to be genuine, and Belasco was accustomed to prompt and grateful responses to his overtures. When no reply came he was on the verge of dropping the matter, but his business judgment conquered his pride. He called in person and repeated the offer to make a star of Warfield.

The One Dull Moment

The business methods at Weber and Fields' were sketchy. Contracts usually were verbal and no thought was taken of next season until next season arrived. Joe and Lew had marked Belasco's frequent presence in the theater, however, and his interest in Warfield. As they stood in the wings one night waiting for their cues, Warfield came up.

"Is it all right for next season, Dave?" Fields asked.

"I'm sorry, boys," Warfield answered. "I'm going with Belasco in the fall. It's a big opportunity for me; but if it's all right with you, I'd like to feel that I can come back if I fail. Failure in the theater isn't like failure in business. If I go starring and do not succeed, I will be worth more money than before, because my name will have been up in the electric lights for a season."

"Go to it, Dave, and the best luck in the world," his bosses told him.

Warfield put himself under Belasco's tutelage at the end of the season. In September, 1901, he made his appearance in The Auctioneer, under a contract that gave him $300 a week and 20 per cent of the net profits the first season, 25 the second, 30 the third and 50 per cent thereafter. He never has left the Belasco management since.

Hoity Toity opened the sixth season on September 5, 1901, a hot, a noisy and a gala night, to a $10,500 house, and no standing room sold, an average of something like $15 a seat. Sam Bernard was back to take the place of Warfield, the only missing face. Fritz Williams became a regular and had the song hit of the piece, The Pullman Porters' Ball. Lillian Russell's gowns and the chorus costumes, designed by Will R. Barnes, gave Broadway a new mark to shoot at. Julian Mitchell marshaled a company of sixty without confusion on the smallest stage but one in New York. Russell and Templeton had fasted all summer to gratifying results. Russell, Bernard, Templeton, Williams, Kelly and Harrison made speeches, and the house called vainly as in previous years for Honey Stromberg, Weber and Fields. Pete Dailey and Charley Ross were out front beating their hands sore.

"There is only one dull moment in Hoity Toity," Robert Edgren wrote the next day, "that being the interval in which you step out to puff a cigarette, take a deep breath and get ready for another scene." The Evening Post critic said that there was "nowhere else in the world where you see such a droll pageant." The World, borrowing the English of Weber and Fields, wrote, "What's the use of asking anybody to write

(Continued on Page 100)

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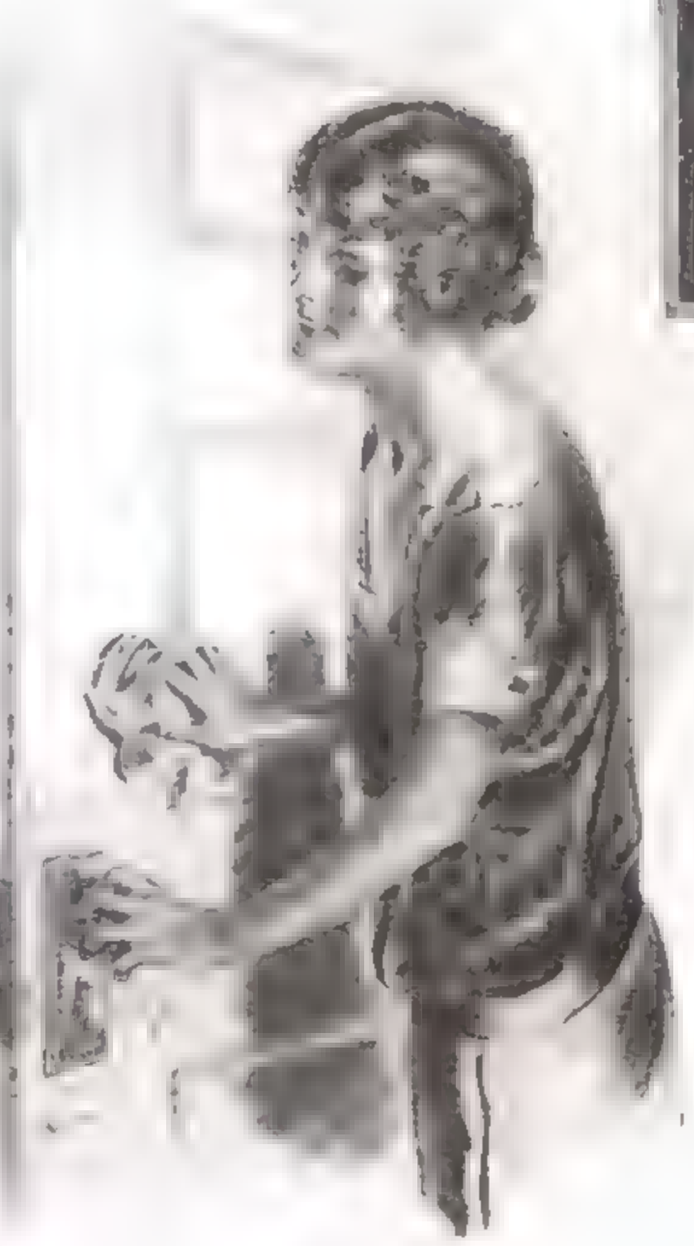

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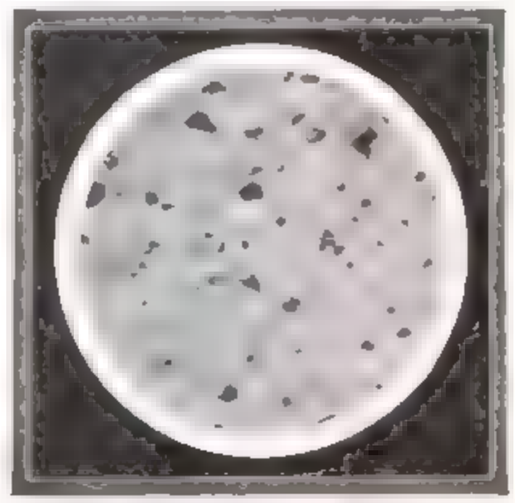

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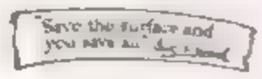

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(Continued from Page 98)

anything about something that there is no use writing anything about?"

Hopper was General Steel, a billionaire widower at Monte Carlo with six debutante daughters, Bonnie Maginn, Mayme Gehrue, the Moyer Sisters, Belle Robinson and Goldie Mohr, who demanded frequent parental kisses.

"Who wouldn't be a Weber and Fields papa?" Hopper asked the audience.

Verily, the life of a good joke is longer than Methuselah's. A favorite anecdote of the postwar period has been that of the Jewish soldier who lay dying in the trenches, when an Irish priest came by and administered absolution.

"Do you believe in the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, my son?" the priest asked.

"I'm dying and he asks me riddles!" the soldier complained. It has a modern sound, but it is to be found in Anecdotes of the Rebellion, published in the 70's.

All of which is preliminary to the unearthing of more old friends in Hoity Toity. One of Hopper's daughters lisped her discovery that her beautiful silk dress came from a poor insignificant little worm.

"Yes, I'm the worm," was Hopper's line.

Another daughter asked, "You would not go so far as to marry again?"

"I'll go as far as any father, and I may go a step farther and give you a stepmother," papa answered; adding, "But as actors frequently say after pulling one of the author's best lines, let us return to the book."

Many will remember Hoity Toity best for the put-in-and-take-out banking scene and the poker game, two of the best bits in the Weber and Fields anthology. The idea of the banking scene came to Weber, Fields and Bernard as they were lunching at Shanley's during the rehearsal period and a newsboy passed their window crying an extra. Another bank cashier had absconded with a large sum. Why not a banking scene? They passed the bare bones of the idea along to Edgar Smith, the author. The bit ran for only five minutes the first night. Before the end of the season, Sam, Lew and Joe had expanded it to twenty-five-minute length, the longest and much the funniest scene in the show.

Like most Weberfieldian humor, it loses much in any attempt to reproduce it in type. The three comedians were East Side delicatessen dealers who had cornered the sauerkraut market and come to Monte Carlo to spend their money. Weber was entranced with the beauties of the Riviera. What a heavenly spot! What smiling skies and sea and shore! He would settle here and sell sausages. Fields and Bernard argued for starting a bank.

The Famed Banking Scene

"But I don't know anything about this banking business," said Weber.

"So much the better; we would teach you."

"Is it a good old-established business like the sausage business?" Weber asked.

"Older! The sausage business only dates back to Cincinnatus, while there have been banks since the days of Pharaoh."

The fundamentals of banking were explained to Weber. A bank examiner was described as one who "comes around occasionally and overlooks the books." Weber was to put up all the money, Fields and Bernard to give him their joint notes for their interests.

"A joint note," they told him, "is a note signed by three or more people who all become unreliable for the full amount." Weber wanted to know who the third signer was to be. He was it.

The bank opened, Weber behind the barred window, the bars to remind him of his finish, Fields explained. As the initial transaction, Fields borrowed ten dollars from the bank. He gave half to Bernard, who approached the window.

BERNARD: Mornings.

WEBER: Mornings. Put in or take out?

BERNARD: I wish to make a posit of five dollars.

WEBER: I got back five dollars anyhow!

Bernard asked for a check book and left the window. Fields approached.

FIELDS: Evenings.

WEBER: Evenings. Put in or take out?

FIELDS: Push my name in the book for five dollars.

WEBER: That's ten dollars I never expected to get!

Fields received a check book and left the window. Bernard meanwhile wrote a check payable to bearer for $200 and presented it for payment.

BERNARD: Mornings.

WEBER: Mornings. Put in or take out? Huh? Do I have to pay this?

FIELDS: Don't ask the foolishest of questions.

BERNARD: If you please, hurry. Time is money.

WEBER: Have some time then.

BERNARD: The check reads for $200, not hours.

WEBER *(passing out bills reluctantly)*: Don't grab!

Bernard was for making out another check at once, but Fields declared that it was his turn. They struggled for the one pencil. Fields wrested it away and made out a check for $200, which Weber likewise cashed. Sam and Lew hugged each other; but Joe, who had been sweating over his books, announced the discovery that each was $195 overboard. He demanded payment.

"Will you take a check?" they asked.

"Sure! Checks are good. Didn't I already give you money for them?" said Joe.

Bernard drew a check for $302, pushed it through the window and asked for $107 change. Weber balked, but was silenced scornfully.

"What do you know about banking, anyway?" Bernard sneered. "Only what we teached you. Anyway, it's the principle, not the money, with me. Money means nothing." To prove it he wrote a check for $1,000,000, tore it up and blew the fragments from his hand—pouf.

The Dealer Who Overtrained

"This banking ain't quite clear to me," Weber admitted. "I get on to it after a while, maybe."

Fields paid his overdraft with a check for $502, demanding $307 in change. When Weber's funds appeared to be exhausted, the sketch ended in a run on the bank, Bernard and Fields running offstage.

Lillian Russell made the fourth in the poker game that followed, she fleecing Fields and Bernard of all they had taken from Joe and what they had overlooked. Fields boasted that he was the champion long-distance pokerer of the world, to which Bernard retorted that he meant that he could play longer for less than anybody. On the first hand Lew asked Sam if he had stacked the cards.

"Sure! I was trained by a gambler."

"You must have been overtrained," said Lew. "I've got five aces of spades."

Fields heightened the comedy by crouching low to examine his hand card by card in the manner of a suspicious player. As he jerked each card from the table he would flash the ace to the audience. It was Bernard's job to arrange the deck and hand it to the property man before each performance. Props nodded one night and Fields was incensed at drawing a Weehawken straight, jack high, instead of his five aces. He accused Bernard of treachery and would not be consoled. At the next performance Weber happened to experiment with a new bit of business in the poker scene, and drew a laugh from the spectators. Fields, whose face was averted, heard only the laugh and jumped to the conclusion that Bernard was up to more trickery. When the unaccounted-for laugh came again the following night, Lew called in his brother Charley.

"You stay out front tomorrow and watch Bernard," he ordered. "He's slipping something over on me."

Brother Charley stood watch, detected Weber's new business, and harmony was restored.

Charles Hawtrey's A Message From Mars at the Garrick arrived at the Music Hall in burlesque form in November. The original told the story of an acutely selfish man reformed by a supernatural visitor from Mars. In the travesty, the Martian A. D. T., Hopper, came to cure Fritz Williams of his morbid generosity. Hopper made an explosive entrance from the Subway, the blasting for which was shaking Broadway in the autumn of 1901, to find Williams listening to the pitiful story of a Florodora sextet maiden clad in a pink opera coat and seventeen eighteen-carat diamonds. Her mother, she wept, had turned her out of doors until she should bring home a motor car. Williams bought her one instanter. Hopper, explaining the hatred of humor on Mars, suggested that this was why she and her sister planets were favored locales of comic opera.

Fields made a straight character portrait of the tramp inventor and carried off first honors in the reviews. Broadway discovered tardily, as in Warfield's case, that it had been underestimating an able character actor. The inventor had just left the hospital "eight dollars short of having forty cents." His most notable achievement was a locomotive cowcatcher that not only picked up the cow but milked her and tossed her back unharmed into the pasture.

Pink pajamas were prominent in the costuming, in deference to Pauline Chase, who was making those garments famous in The Liberty Belles. Both Miss Russell and Miss Templeton had entirely new wardrobes, replacing the Rue de la Paix creations which the Little Duchess company had copied.

When the critics wished to speak superlatively of a burlesque they said it was as good, or nearly so, as Catherine, that triumph of the third season. This was the verdict on The Curl and the Judge, a travesty of Clyde Fitch's The Girl and the Judge. Annie Russell, it happened, was the star of each of the originals, and Fay Templeton had both the corresponding rôles.

Frankie Bailey, whose fatted calves had been on tour with Peter Dailey and Anna Held, was home again, her return made glorious by a brand-new pair of geranium tights. And while Bonnie Maginn stepped into trousers to play a minor speaking part, all the men save Hopper were in skirts. Sam Bernard put aside his dialect and did Mrs. McKee Rankin's rôle of the garrulous boarding-house landlady who had seen better days and whose lodgers had seen better boarding houses. Her *pension* was furnished in what Fields called the Louis-the-Fourteenth-Street period. Large red lobsters rampant on a bright-green field was the wall-paper motif, and a passion for cretonne had been carried to the length of draping the washbowl, pitcher and coal scuttle.

Fields in Heavy Disguise

Fitch's play was all about the theft of a jeweled brooch by a presumably respectable woman who proved to be a kleptomaniac. In the burlesque, Fields was Mrs. Tankton, who had been told by her doctor that she had kleptomania, and was "taking things for it." Fields had been on the stage minutes before the audience penetrated his make-up. He stole a false curl from Fritz Williams, who had the part played at the Lyceum by the venerable Mrs. E. H. Gilbert, then in her eighties, and the fidelity of his copy was astonishing. Bernard first was suspected of having pilfered the curl to add to the hash. A moment earlier he had inquired if anyone had found the can opener in the hash; he required it to nail down the matting. Bernard served coffee in the rooms. It would be extra in most boarding houses, he said, but he threw it in.

"It would be thrown out anywhere else," Fields said.

John T. Kelly, as Tankton, was Fields' husband and Fay Templeton's father, a drunkard who would drink anything, but had decided to stick to mucilage. Hopper was a judge to whom the Tanktons took their marital difficulties. Kelly's first act was to drain the ink bottle on the judge's desk. This habit, Fields told the judge, had made her husband a black-hearted wretch who deserved to be sent to the pen. Kelly demanded a divorce and rested his case on Fields' face.

"What'll you have?" the judge asked Fields.

"I'll have the same, and a little alimony on the side," was the answer.

Fields accused Kelly of having given him a black eye. The court was skeptical.

"What? That physical wreck?" Hopper exclaimed.

"He wasn't a physical wreck until he gave me the black eye," Fields came back.

Weber was a Jewess pawnbroker and fence who persecuted the court with pleas that her son be sent to the penitentiary.

"Didn't I tell you the last time that your boy is too young to send to state's prison?" the court demanded.

A New Use for Auburn Hair

"Ah, but he's been studying so hard since then!" Weber implored. "Now he's a regular thief, even if he is young. Ain't you, Micky? Steal something for the nice gentleman! Judge, you wouldn't believe what a life I've led trying to bring that boy up to walk in his father's footprints and be a credit to us. He's too lazy to be a good thief. If you don't send him up the river this time he might grow up an honest man and break his poor mother's heart."

"I'm sorry, but the reformatory is the best I can do," the court ruled.

The boy was insulted.

"Gee, the gang would give me the laugh!" he complained.

"Take it or leave it, madam." Hopper rapped with his gavel. "If your boy can't learn to be a thief in the reformatory, then he's no good. If you bring him in here again I'll send him to the House of Refuse."

"Constructed without the slightest regard for historical accuracy and performed by the following daring cast," read the playbill of Du Hurry, a burlesque of Belasco's Madame Du Barry, which closed the season. The authorship of Du Barry had been taken into court, both Belasco and Jean Richepin, the French poet-playwright, claiming it.

"Any author who thinks he wrote Du Hurry need not bother to enter suit," the Music Hall program announced. "He is welcome to it."

Genevieve Dolaro, of the chorus, had been cast for the rôle of a gypsy hag. When Julian Mitchell criticized her reading of her five lines at dress rehearsal she quit, and Mitchell had to take the part himself on the opening night.

Sam Bernard was Louis Quince, King of France. On his taking a flying leap from the center of the stage to the throne, Fritz Williams remarked, "That's a big jump."

"Yes, from the third act to the fourth," said Bernard, and the action of the play proceeded accordingly.

Jeanette Vaubernier, the doll of the world in Belascoese, became Jeanette d'Auburn-hair at Weber and Fields in token of Mrs. Leslie Carter's locks, and the pièce de résistance of the travesty was the frying of an egg over the flaming hair of the bogus Mrs. Carter, Fay Templeton. Bonnie Maginn held the frying pan, Frankie Bailey dropped in a lump of butter and Fields broke the egg into the sizzling skillet and produced it fried forthwith. Fay sat up in bed and ate the egg. Weber was Du Barry's aristocratic and wounded lover whose blue blood discolored his frilled shirt front. Hocking the Kaiser, done to death in the late war, made its appearance in Du Hurry. It was not, however, original, having been lifted bodily from Mr. Dooley.

Which brings the Music Hall to its seventh and next to the last season. Great changes were afoot.

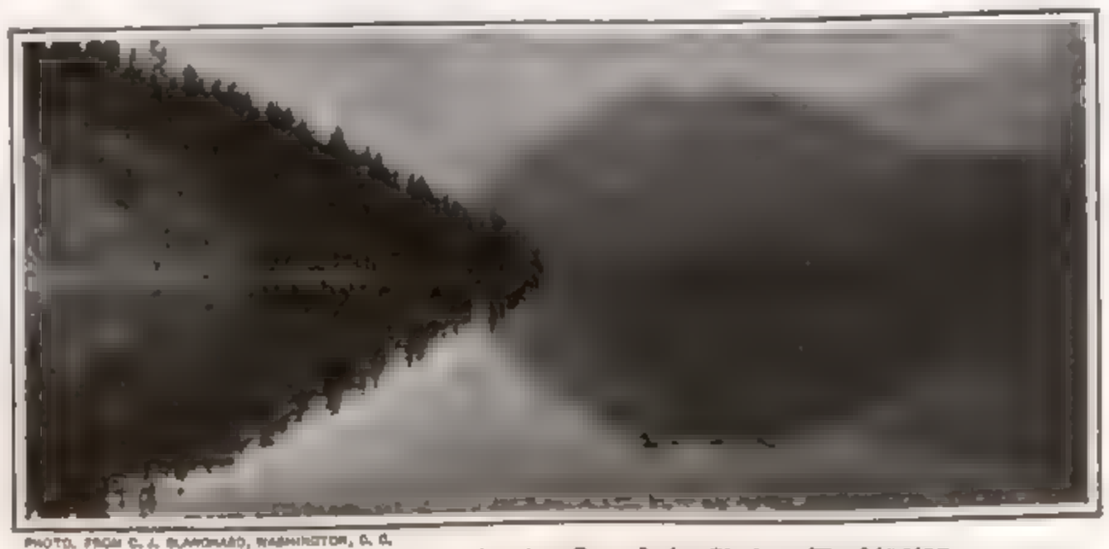
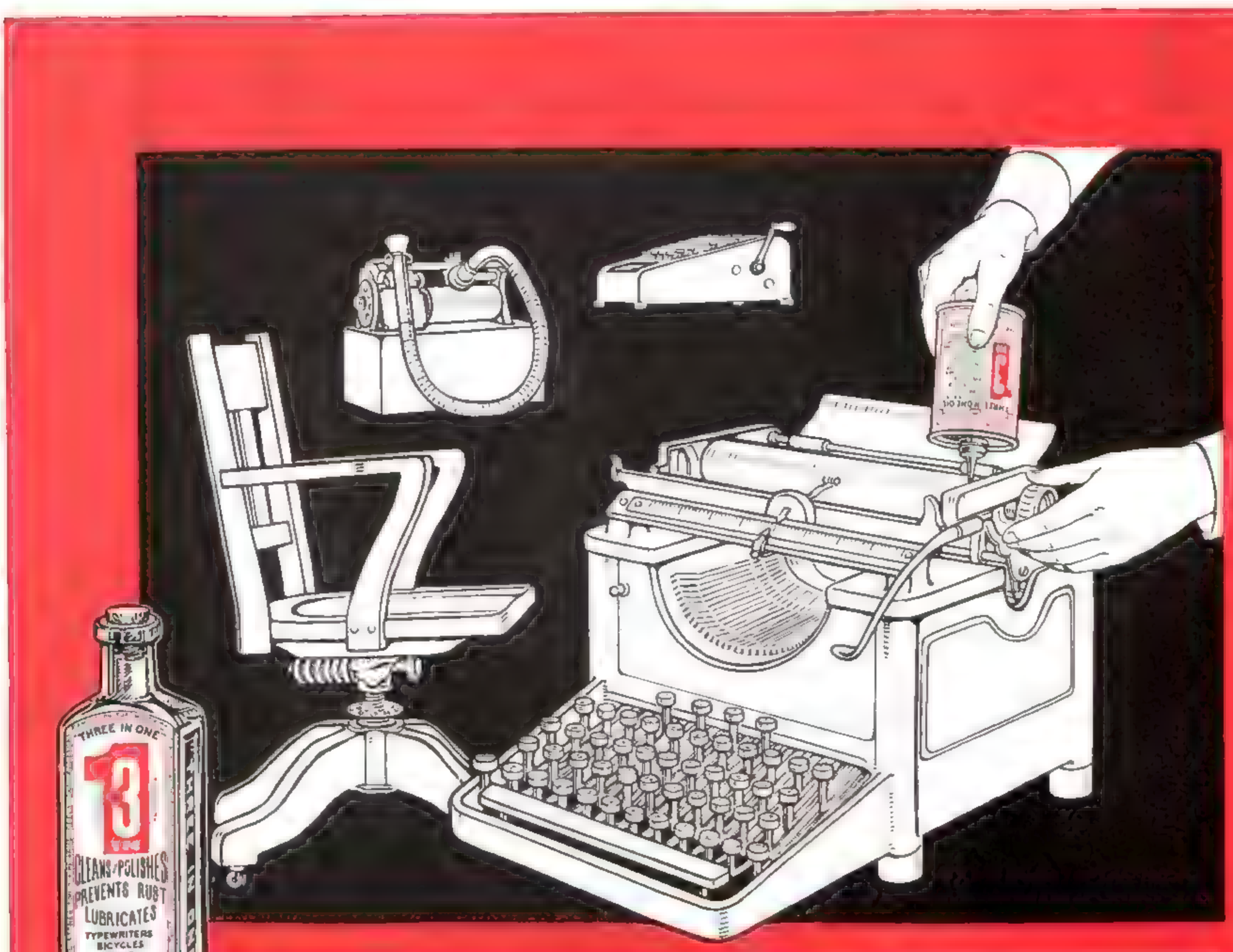


PHOTO. FROM C. J. HAMMOND, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Rugged Shore Line of Reflection Bay, Lake Chelan, Washington

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Mr. Isman and Mr. Stout. The tenth and last will appear in an early number.



Cuts Down Office "Up-keep"

Repairs to office mechanisms soon run into money. Keep them down to bed rock by using 3-in-One, the most widely sold bottled oil in the world.

You will be surprised at the number of uses you will find for 3-in-One every day. And you will be more than gratified with its fine lubricating qualities. Note how quickly it penetrates; how it stays in the bearings, making things run smoothly and keeping the repair man away.

3-in-One *The High Quality Office Oil*

is so pure and highly refined that watchmakers use it on the finest timepieces. Fire-arms manufacturers pack a sample of 3-in-One with every gun and pistol, recommending its regular use.

Use 3-in-One on typewriters, computing and duplicating machines, dictaphones, time clocks, dating stamps, office chairs, door hinges and locks.

3-in-One also polishes and preserves the fine finish of office furniture and removes surface scratches. Use this way: Wring out a cloth in water. Apply a few drops of 3-in-One to the cloth. Rub a small surface of the furniture at a time *with the grain of the wood.* Polish with a soft dry cloth.

Don't send your office boy for "machine oil." Tell him to ask for 3-in-One and to look for the Big Red One on the label.

At all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles; also in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. The 8-oz. bottle is the economical size. Contains most for the money.

FREE — Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal or use the coupon at right.

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PALM

Some day a debutante

The same mild daily cleansing that has retained mother's schoolgirl complexion will give baby, when she grows up, an attractive, wholesome skin and gain her life-long gratitude

A debutante! That little bundle of fluff—baby. Mother remembers her own début, not so many years ago. The thrill of parties, attentions, popularity. Some day baby, too, will make her bow. Will she be lovely, attractive—popular? Or will she be handicapped by a poor complexion—a wallflower?

Mother's duty to baby is obvious. The tender, rose-petal skin needs the same simple care that mother's does. Constant attention, the thorough cleansing that dermatologists recommend, will give baby, when she grows up, the complexion that women envy—men admire.

For by this simple method, superior to costly beauty treatments, the complexion is built, wholesomely protected, with a result which renders cosmetics unnecessary or of secondary importance. For if the skin itself is right, artificial aids are little needed.

A simple, wholesome "beauty treatment"—do this just one week—then note results

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But *never leave them on* over night. If you do, they clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it gently into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. *Then repeat both* the washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly before retiring.

Unattractive skin no longer excusable

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty and charm.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt, oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be the problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Note the difference just one week makes.

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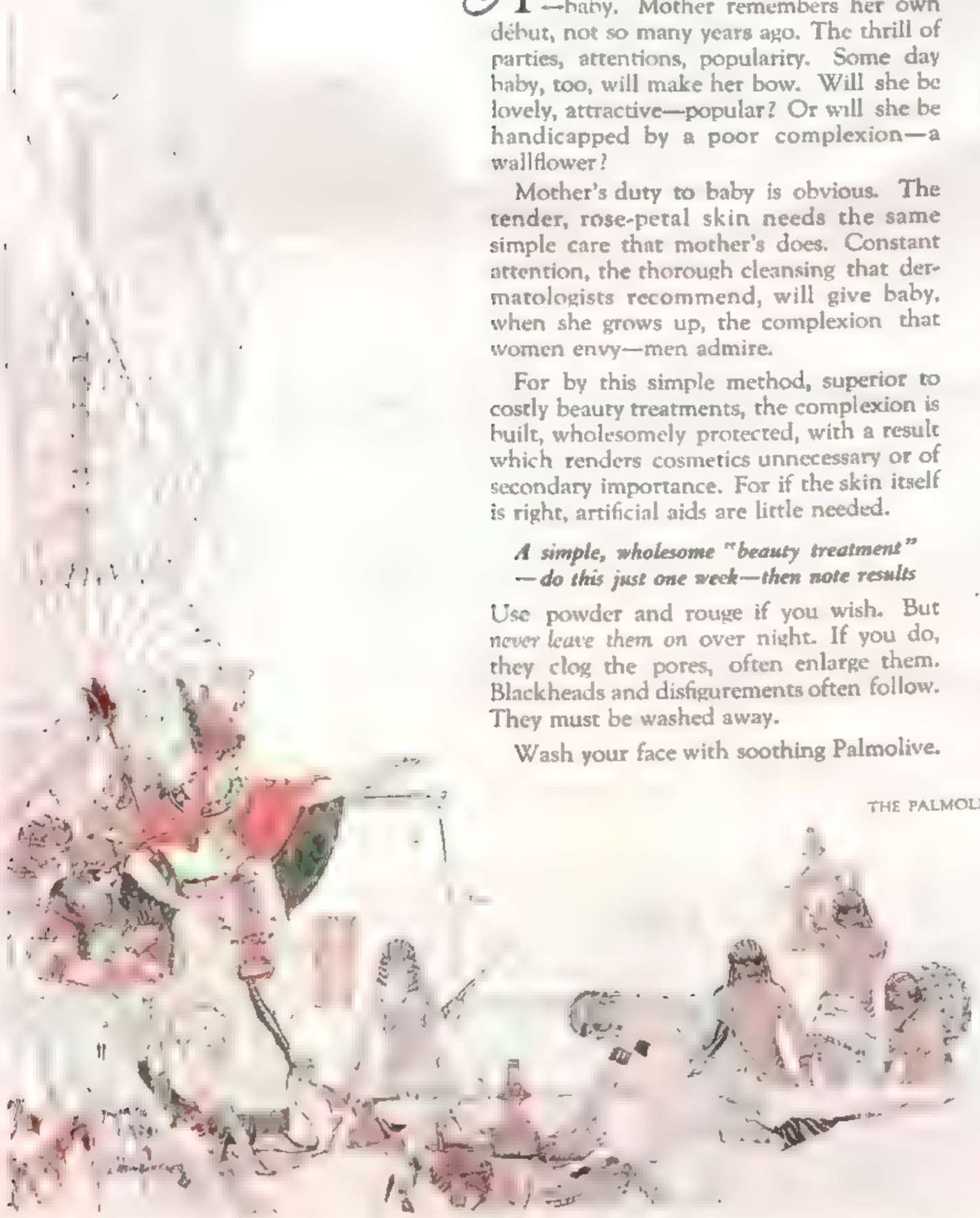

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap

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Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

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If for one day everyone were to speak the truth

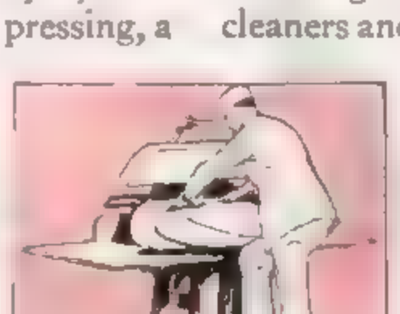
TIME and again he had been refused the position he coveted most. On this day he would hear the president explaining, "The plain truth, Wilson, is that the position requires a man of good appearance—some one, like Marshall over there, who can look the part."

Instead, too, of the hackneyed plea of a "previous engagement," he would hear from the girl he most admired, "Really, Robert, I'd love to go—but can't you guess? Why can't you perk up a bit, so I can be proud of you?"

On this day he would hear in person what people say in private, "Isn't it a pity? If he only would dress like the man he really is!"

It's an intimate, personal concern, this matter of clothes and their care—that's why friends hesitate to tell one—and yet, with such a simple thing as Hoff-Man pressing, a transformation can be worked.

In Hoff-Man pressing, moist, sterilizing steam that freshens, mellows, and purifies, surges through the pores of the garment—exactly the same treatment as your suit received when it was made. Then, when pressing is complete, all steam and moisture are instantly drawn off, setting the cloth so it will keep its shape. This method, used today by every maker of high quality clothing in America and abroad, is *exclusive with the Hoff-Man.*



Insist, therefore, on Hoff-Man pressing—such as can be obtained from any modern cleaner and dyer. Insist, too, on Hoff-Man service from your tailor—every up-to-date tailor shop uses the Hoff-Man Method. Hoff-Man pressed clothes will honorably proclaim you for the man you are.

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Garment presses, in more than one hundred different models, including models for manufacturers of clothing and knit goods, tailoring establishments, clubs, hotels, cleaners and dyers, are manufactured by the U. S. Hoffman Machinery Corporation. Whatever your requirements, there's a Hoff-Man for your purpose. Write for full information. United States Hoffman Machinery Corporation, New York, N. Y.

HOFF-MAN PRESSES

Well pressed..is well dressed

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THE ROAR OF THE CROWD

(Continued from Page 7)

and they did not speak to each other. Every member in the club knew of this bitterness, and it was common gossip that Watson was grooming me for his own personal revenge on the other man. But so absorbed was I in the game itself and all it opened up to me in the way of science that I was ignorant of any trouble brewing and of the rôle I had been picked to play in the event that was later to be staged.

I suppose my lack of observation was also partly due to my youth. I was only a kid sixteen years old, and stood too much in awe of the famous amateurs and well-known bankers and business men of the city who were interested in sports and frequented the place, to think of any intrigue or feuds going on in such distinguished company.

Meantime I was coming along at a much faster clip than I knew, and Watson must have been watching my progress with pleasure. About six months after the start of the trouble with Eiseman, Professor Watson staged his first boxing night at the club. In this exhibition he wished to prove to the satisfaction of the members and directors the progress made by all the boys whom he had himself developed, and he hoped that they would show up favorably in comparison with the older men, who had been trained by a former instructor.

This was really more than an exhibition. It was the climax of the feud I have described; and every man in the club that night knew that the real event of the evening was to be the bout between Eiseman and myself, which I thought was merely a friendly exhibition and not at all for blood.

So I was surprised when, in my dressing room, Watson approached me and said, "Boy, from the call of time you go for that fellow with all you've got!"

"What?" I replied, a little puzzled. "You want me to try to knock him out? I thought this was just an exhibition."

"Never mind the exhibition part," he returned. "He is going to try to knock you out, and you'd better get him first."

It was a wonderful night for me, being my first public appearance not only before the famous Olympic Club but in the city. Hitherto my fights had been such as those described, at the engine house and blacksmith shop, or in my father's stable.

The place was packed to the rafters with leading men of San Francisco. But after the first thrill over my audience, I tried to forget them and keep but one thought in mind—that implanted there a few minutes before by my instructor. As directed, from the call of time I went after Eiseman with all I had.

Now although I was ignorant of the real purpose of the fight, he knew it well, and he stood up to me and we slugged it toe to toe for the three minutes without stopping or budging scarcely an inch from the spot in the ring where we met.

Down and Out

At once the big room was in an uproar. Never had the Olympic Club staged so thrilling a fight, so they told me afterward. If I had had time to think about it I would have been surprised at doing so well; but although I was still, because of my early experience, somewhat of a slugger, I had natural quickness, which my friends used to like to call pantherlike; and Watson had added at least the rudiments of science.

It is hard to tell in whose favor this round ended, but it must have been even. At any rate, the spectators got the full worth of a year's membership in those three minutes, and one thing I was glad to see as I rested was that the pace had begun to tell on Eiseman.

During the intermission, as he worked over me, Watson said, "No matter how tired you feel, remember the other fellow is worse off than you are and that the pace is killing him."

Up we came at the call of time—for in those days at the club the beginning and the end of a round were announced by the timekeeper, there being no gong—and again we went at it hammer and tongs, he plainly weakening under the terrific bombardment.

All of a sudden, to my surprise, a right-hander, without any aim or timing, landed on the point of his jaw, and Mr. Eiseman went through the ropes, à la Dempsey-Firpo, to sit in somebody's lap.

Then for the first time I heard officially the count of that sacred number "Ten," and the whole crowd made a rush for the ring as one man and lifted me on their shoulders—bankers, lawyers, merchants, for once forgetting their dignity. Some even went so far as to kiss me on the cheek. And all the time Walter Watson hovered over me and patted me like a little pet dog that had done well something he had been told to do. From that day on until my entrance into the professional ring, four years later, I reigned, first as middleweight and then as heavyweight champion of the club.

During this time many other exhibitions were held, and I had taken to the work so well and advanced so far that they had to call in professionals to meet me in the final and star bouts of the evening, they of course receiving pay, but I no reward except the honor.

One of those selected was Mike Brennan, the Port Costa giant, a recognized heavyweight of the Coast; but probably the most prominent I met was the famous Jack Burke, the Irish lad, then very generally considered the most skillful boxer in the world. Some idea of his ability may be gained from the fact that when Sullivan, then at his prime, was knocking out men right and left in four rounds, Burke stood up eight against him without being knocked out. He also fought Charley Mitchell in some nine or ten limited contests, eight of which, I think, were draws.

Training Magic

My bosses at the bank took a great interest in this fight that was scheduled, and on hearing that Burke was to receive $100 a round, I nothing, decided that the least they could do was to allow me a week's vacation for training. I took this very seriously, though I really did not know very much about the principles of conditioning oneself for a fight. Watson did give me some excellent advice, but in my youthful enthusiasm, like the man who, ordered by the doctor to take one teaspoonful, takes four, thinking he will get well four times as quick, I increased the dose.

I had read somewhere that getting up at five o'clock in the morning and taking a raw egg and sherry on rising would make a man very strong. So, wanting to become a mighty man, I followed this recipe and managed the first few nights of that critical week not to sleep at all, through fear I wouldn't wake up at the exact minute. I impressed Joe, the brother who later played in the National League, then about ten years old, into service as trainer. He acted as alarm clock for me so that I should not oversleep and would steal on tiptoe into my room, in the gray of the morning, shake me by the shoulder, and whisper in my ear, "Jim, hustle! It's time to get up!"

Then I would rise, half drowsily, and draw on my trousers, while he was bringing the magical egg and sherry. This gulped down, I would descend the stairs, shoes in hand so as not to wake the old folks, then slip out to the street.

The next part of this vigorous training was to run miles at top speed, until I almost dropped, exhausting the strength I should have saved for the fight.

But one morning Joe woke me up with some terrible news.

"Jim," he said, as he stood by my bed with a woebegone face, "there's no egg!"

Now, without an egg and sherry, I felt I couldn't run or fight a lick—that drink was the secret of success!

What to do was the question. Well, we spent fifteen valuable minutes in looking through the kitchen cupboards for a stray egg—I say, *valuable* fifteen minutes, because not only was I convinced of the magic of the egg and sherry but also of the hour, and felt I must start precisely on schedule or else all the good of the road work would be lost.

We had no luck; but as I looked through the kitchen window and saw the chicken-house of our next-door neighbor a bright idea occurred to me.

"Joe," I said, "there ought to be a couple over there." And he, being a dutiful younger brother, and almost ready to commit murder if it would help me win the fight, replied "Sure," which reply meant more than mere assent to my statement. So, feeling with all the dignity of eighteen that if he were caught it would be considered only a small boy's prank, while it would be very serious for me, a bank clerk, to be discovered robbing a henroost, I let Joe do it, and off he went over the fence and crept safely into the darkness of the coop.

There was a moment of breathless silence while I watched, but all of a sudden one old mother hen flew out with an alarming squawk. Twenty-four of her female relatives joined in the hubbub, to say nothing of the gentlemen of the family. They made so much noise I didn't think there were so many chickens in the world! Up went the windows, all the neighbors sticking out their heads, and through the back door rushed the owner of the hen-house with a cane in his hand, stuffing his night shirt into his trousers as he ran. But Joe was game and came back with the egg.

By this time my oldest sister, whose executive ability made her the head of the house, had arrived on the scene; also my father, and naturally he wanted to know what was the matter. I think the lecture I got then was worse than the fight. However, we stood by our guns, got the tumbler and started to break the egg—but it was a nest egg—and china!

With hanging head, I went out on the road at half my usual pace, feeling that the fight was hopelessly lost. When I came back to the porch, there sat little Joe, with his head in his hands, thinking hard. All of a sudden he jumped up, and clapping me on the shoulder, cried, "I'll tell you what, Jim. To make it up I'll give you two eggs tomorrow morning!" So again came a gleam of hope and we felt that we still had a chance.

I really think that this incident was more interesting than the fight itself; there was nothing so exciting in the latter as the theft of the egg. I stood up eight rounds against the famous Burke—without a decision, by the way, as he had insisted upon this condition before agreeing to box with me; but in spite of my crude ideas of training I felt that I held my own.

Years afterward, when I was fighting as a professional, I learned I had done more than that, for on meeting Otto Floto, who acted as second to Burke that evening, I was told by the former, "If you hadn't been such a kid and had had more experience, you could have knocked him cold. You hit him more than once very hard, and hurt him; but he covered up and kidded you out of it."

Sparring With Dempsey

It was also during these amateur days that the original Jack Dempsey, the famous Nonpareil, whose name should live forever as one of the real masters of the game, came to San Francisco. He was given guest privileges at the Olympic Club and frequently exercised there. With him was Mike Cleary, heavyweight, and one of the hardest hitters that ever lived, as the records will show.

Cleary worked with me several times, but always insisted on going upstairs above the gym, with the excuse that it was not so crowded there. After several set-tos he said to me, "Boy, you're a comer. You are going to be a great boxer some day."

I felt rather sheepish and embarrassed, and replied, "Thank you, Mr. Cleary; that's very kind of you."

"Kind? Not at all!" he assured me. "You get away from a right-hand punch better than anybody I ever fought."

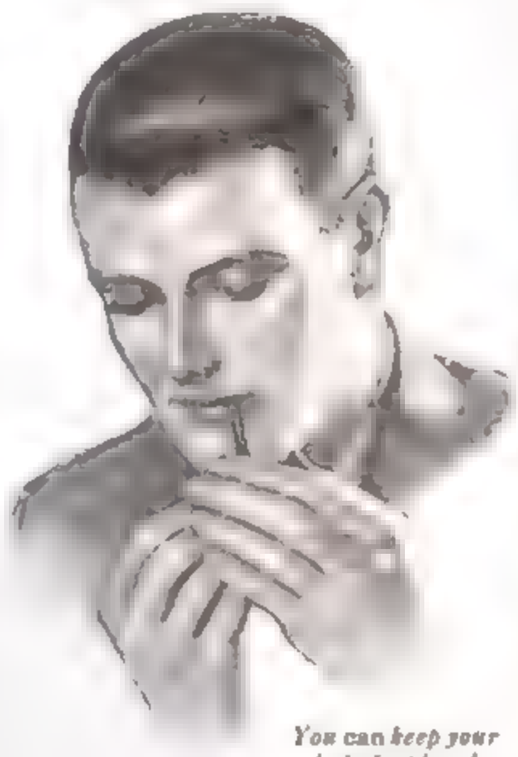
Though naturally I was pleased, I could hardly accept the compliment. It seemed an exaggeration, to encourage me to train harder.

The following afternoon Dempsey appeared at the boxing room downstairs in tights and wanted Cleary to box with him. The latter, having a sore mouth, begged to be excused. I was standing a little distance away, with my back toward Cleary, and I heard him say, "There's a young fellow over there named Corbett. He'll box with you."

Dempsey shook his head. "I want a sweat!"

That was an awful shock to me—to feel that I couldn't even give him practice!

But my confidence returned a little when I heard Cleary reply, "Oh, he'll give you a sweat all right!"



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THERE have never been many men who could easily keep their hair the way they wanted it.

That is why the most conspicuous part of a man's appearance has been most often the least attractive.

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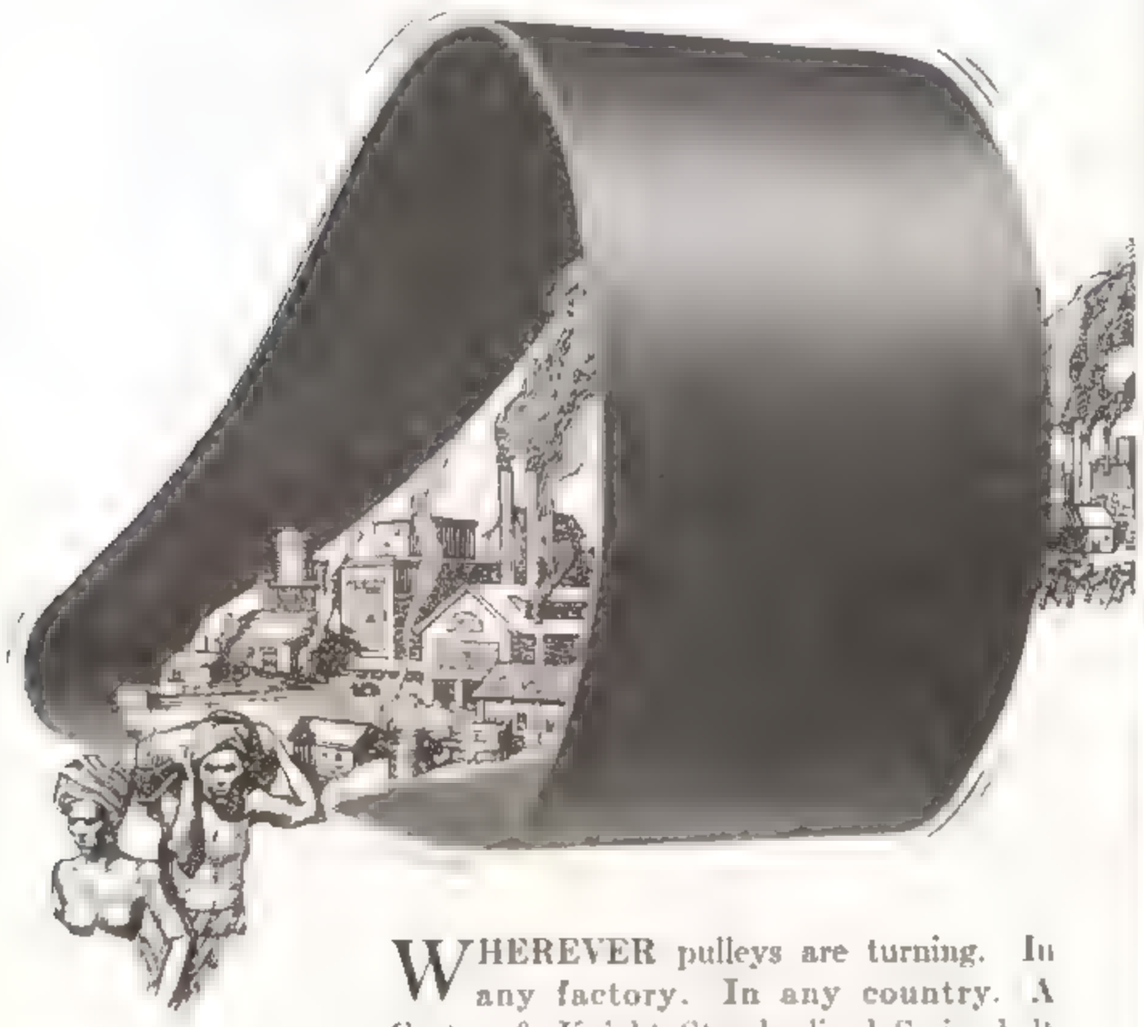

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His interest aroused, Dempsey turned in my direction—not knowing that I had overheard the conversation—and clapping me on the back, said, "Young fellow, put on the gloves with me, will you?"

I, for my part, felt not only pleased at the opportunity but honored and rather impressed, for I had long been an ardent admirer of Dempsey's, who at that time was considered the greatest middleweight in the world and is still held to be one of the greatest fighters of his weight that ever lived.

It will be interesting, and will probably be surprising, not only to the public but to many of the sporting writers, to learn that Dempsey's fighting weight at his prime was only 144 pounds with tights on; also that he was no bigger than Benny Leonard is today. Can you imagine Benny Leonard fighting with Bob Fitzsimmons? That will give you an idea of what a wonderful fighter he was, especially if you read the list of the big men he met.

One of the best in his bag of tricks was feinting, which is, sad to say, practically a lost art now. And the first thing he did with me was to feint. Usually his opponent, unless he were a seasoned ring man, would shut his eyes, retreat, or would show some sort of fear.

I had watched Dempsey box before and had myself practiced his feinting, with many of his other tricks. So I did not budge, having gauged the distance perfectly. Again and again he feinted, but each time I knew by the distance between us that he couldn't touch me. He looked at me in surprise and I could read him enough to know that he was thinking, "Is this boy really clever, or just plain dumb?"

The next time he feinted he advanced a little, and I stepped back a corresponding distance, still gauging it perfectly, he wondering meanwhile whether this accuracy were due to judgment or merely lucky accident. For three minutes this sort of thing kept up without a blow being struck, he doing his best to disconcert me before he began to work on me with his blows. Several times he left himself open and I knew that I could hit him, but I had too great respect for him and felt it a sort of discourtesy to so famous a champion to strike the first blow. I wanted him to do that. Then I could begin.

Obliging the Great Man

The next time he stepped up I said to myself, "Boy, it's up to you to give Mr. Dempsey a sweat—that's what he wanted." So this time I didn't back, and took the blow. It landed—a smart left-hand hook on my face. That started me, and a little later, when I saw another opening, I let fly and hit Dempsey flush on the nose. We exchanged blows for a few minutes, neither having the advantage. If he landed on me, I landed in return, and vice versa. Finally it began to get really serious, the famous Nonpareil feeling that an unknown youngster had held his own with him long enough, and he promptly proceeded to try to stop me.

Then there was a furious battle. We slugged with each other all around that place, and soon word went through the club that Dempsey and Corbett were hot at it. Billiard cues slammed down on the floors, cards were scattered all over the tables, waiters dropped their steins, and in a moment the room was crowded.

We had started at six o'clock, and without the usual intermission of rounds were fighting still at 6:30. The climax came in a clinch. As we were breaking away Dempsey used one of the smart professional tricks, of which I knew very little, and hit me with his wrist across the nose, giving me the first nosebleed I ever had had in my life.

At this my temper flared up and I started after him; but he stopped me by holding up his glove, and said, "Boy, that's enough for today."

He put his arm around me and grew quite friendly, even taking me into the wash room, where he examined my nose, finding nothing broken. Then, to my bewilderment, he took me upstairs to the scales and weighed me. The arrow stopped at 160 pounds, and I asked him, in turn, what he weighed. He jumped on the scales and I saw with my own eyes his weight, 144, which is my reason for making the statement in the paragraph above about this most remarkable man.

Then he looked me over, felt of my shoulders, and after a minute or two of quiet thought inquired, "What did you say your name is?"

I told him, "Jim Corbett."

Then he slapped me on the back and said, "If I was as big as you I'd lick any man in the world!" As he left he called over his shoulder, "Boy, I'll see you again."

I had a confirmation of this flattering opinion when on my way downstairs I ran into a real-estate man of the town by the name of Jones.

He came up to me and said determinedly, "Boy, I'll bet $10,000 on you if you'll fight Jack Dempsey."

"You're jollying," I replied—and believed what I said

"No, I'm not," he assured me. "There's a cool ten thousand waiting for you to sign."

But I shook my head.

"Now, Mr. Jones, you're trying to get me into trouble. I'm going to stick to business and haven't any idea of going into the fighting game."

I had further evidence of the impression I must have made on Dempsey, the following night, when I went to a minstrel show. As I was handing the ticket taker my ticket he grabbed me by the shoulder.

"Are you Jim Corbett of the Olympic Club?" he asked, a little bit excited. As I nodded he called over his shoulder, "Hey, Bill, Jack, this is the kid who boxed Dempsey yesterday!"

Barrymore's Tip on Acting

There was a general shout from the bar, and in a minute I was in there and being generally shaken by the hand.

"This is the fellow Dempsey said he had the tough go with at the Olympic Club yesterday," was their enlightening way of introducing me.

It seems that Dempsey had also admitted that it was one of the toughest goes he had ever had, and entirely unexpected, and he predicted great things for me. This good word undoubtedly had considerable influence later on my choice of a career; but for the time being I felt sufficient satisfaction in having given Mr. Dempsey his "sweat."

I can also say that my theatrical career began at this time. There was an actor named Nick Long in San Francisco, a member of a stock company there and a great favorite with theatergoers of the town. He had broken his leg and it looked as if he would never be able to appear on the stage again. Accordingly a benefit was arranged for him by the two theatrical companies in San Francisco at the time. One, with Willie Collier, May Irwin and Charley Reed in the cast, was presenting The City Directory. The other was Tony Palmer's great stock company, and had Maurice Barrymore and Agnes Booth at the head.

A burlesque of Camille had been decided on for the closing act of this benefit—May Irwin to play Camille; Willie Collier, Gaston; Charley Reed, Armand; and Maurice Barrymore, the Count. It was the latter who suggested that some popular San Franciscan join the cast to give it local color, and as I had many friends in town, they picked on me.

Feeling quite thrilled, I did my best at the rehearsals, and one night I went to Barrymore's dressing room and asked for some suggestions as to my make-up.

Looking me up and down, he asked, "Have you ever been on the stage before?"

"No," I assured him quite truthfully, "I've never been on the stage in my life."

"H'm—let me think," he went on, looking very serious. "Yes, that's it! All the others will have on burlesque make-up, you see, so you go out in full evening dress and play the Count just as I would if I were playing with Modjeska. Be very serious. Stalk out on the stage and try to act, and you'll be so rotten you'll be the hit of the show!"

I was!

About this time I met a man who proved to be a great influence in my career and whom I have always held to be a mighty good friend. This was Billy Delaney, later one of the wisest trainers in the world, and especially noted for bringing out James J. Jeffries. He was also one of the shrewdest counselors of men in the ring, being chief man in the corner for Jack Johnson when he defeated Jeffries later.

Delaney at this time kept a little saloon with a couple of back rooms, at Oakland, just across the bay from San Francisco. It was a queer sort of place, not much better than the sawdust variety you find along the water fronts. He had a wide and varied

(Continued on Page 108)

"Up on his toes—"

requires active feet

"FIRST you must sell yourself, your personality," declares the big business man. And he proceeds to prove his statement by fairly overwhelming his own "market" with his great vitality and personal vigor. He keeps his body fit, and he makes it work for him. He has active, useful, hustling feet. He'll tell you they're worth a cool million to him.

Good feet are easy to have. Just give *your* feet the proper support for the delicately-formed weight bearing structure of the arch, let them stand on a tread-base which doesn't cramp the bones, nerves or blood-vessels, and you'll have good feet. The Arch Preserver Shoe, with its real "chassis," gives such support, because of its built-in bridge, and also provides this easy tread-base because of its flat inner sole. Ordinary shoes with bending arch and cup-shaped inner sole can't possibly do what this shoe does.

Foot health, foot vigor, foot comfort—yet you have the smartest of style, finest of leathers, and best of workmanship. Here's shoe talk with a real moral.

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The Man's Styleful Shoe on a Real Chassis

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THE JUST WRIGHT SHOE

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Send for this booklet

Your feet can help you to a bigger, better success! Or, they can hinder [illegible]. Send for this booklet, "The Footpath to Success" and read about how to make your feet help.

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WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill

Stop Leaks Yourself

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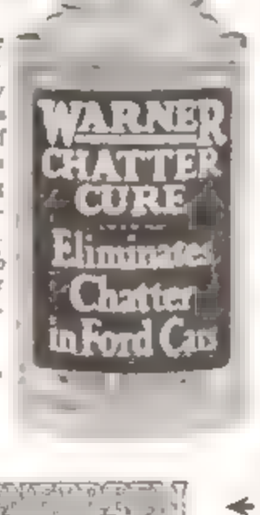

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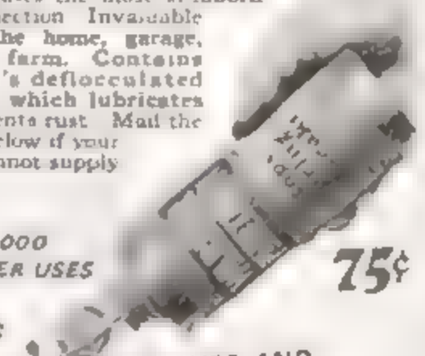

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(Continued from Page 106)

acquaintance, was on good terms with many of the solid citizens of the city, yet knew well the picturesque characters of the Coast underworld.

He was a curious-looking individual, with rather womanish features and a look of the keenest intelligence which a cold poker face could not wholly mask. Coolness under all circumstances was a matter of pride with him, as a little incident of our later career together will show.

While training for the Peter Jackson fight I owned a fierce bulldog, a big brindled fellow. We were sitting one day in the little country hotel where we were training, reading our papers, when a stranger came in the door with another bull in tow. The two dogs looked at each other and in a second flew at each other's throats. A most terrible fight followed, and all in the lobby were standing on chairs or looking for the nearest exits. Through it all, even while the dogs were tearing at each other right under his very chair and around his feet, Billy Delaney continued to read the paper, never even looking around the edges to see the result. Such tactics as this were probably deliberately adopted and certainly increased his reputation for being cool under fire.

It was about this time, too, that, like most boys of my age, I grew foolish enough to think it was smart to dissipate a little. I couldn't resist the temptations, which were many, even more in San Francisco those days than there are now. The boys would say, "Come, Jim, and have a drink," or else, "Let's go to such and such place." I, feeling it was unmanly to refuse, and wanting to be popular, would consent. I became quite well acquainted with whisky punches, though I never liked them, and did lots of other things just to be a good fellow and a good sport.

Sometimes parties of us would go over to Billy Delaney's across the bay, for his place was open to us and we could do about as we pleased. I caught him several times studying me with his cold eye and poker face, and I guess I was hitting it up pretty fast. Anyway, he called me aside, and talked things over with me.

"Jim," Delaney would say, "it's against my interests to tell you so, for I can't make any money by this kind of advice; but I am interested in you and would like to see you make something out of yourself. I've watched you in your bouts and you're a good boy. You can go a long ways, but rushing like this will ruin your constitution and never get you anywhere. Remember, you're not developed yet; you're only a kid."

A Game Fighter

What he said, of course, stuck in my craw. I laughed at him, but suddenly one day I found he was right, when boxing with a man I had always easily defeated. I managed to get through the bout that afternoon, but found myself pretty weak toward the end, although I covered it up so my antagonist did not recognize my condition. I began to realize that I wasn't any different from anyone else; that drinking, losing sleep, putting one's stomach out of commission, and indulging in all other sorts of dissipation wouldn't help a man box or do any sort of athletic work.

I began to cut it out a little, but guess I made only a half-hearted try at it. I'd go along pretty straight for a while, then some good fellow would start me off again for a night. Still, my batting average was better, and on looking back I can now see I was gaining all the time. But it was really one of the toughest fights I ever had—this struggle to come out flat with "No, I don't drink."

It just occurs to me that I haven't mentioned the name of the man I fought more often than anyone else, Joe Choynski—in my estimation one of the gamest and best fighters that ever lived, though a little bit too light for the heavyweight class. He was really as good as most champions I have seen, and this statement covers a period of nearly fifty years.

The first fray took place about the time I entered the Olympic Club. My older brother, Frank, had a job at the City Hall, working alongside of another chap, in the auditor's department. Something started them boasting about the fighting ability of their younger brothers and at lunch time they almost got to fighting themselves in arguing over the question as to which kid brother was the better. Finally Frank arranged with the older Choynski boy to bring Joe, whom I had never seen, to my father's livery stable the following night. I was introduced to him—a magnificent-looking fellow with a blond head and great strength. We had been fighting only for a minute or two when I knocked him cold. However, the argument between the two older brothers still continued, and for nearly a year, Frank crowing over Herbert Choynski, the latter getting back at him with "Even if Jim did lick him with the gloves, Joe can knock the daylights out of him with bare fists."

Accordingly another fight was arranged between us two and scheduled for a Sunday afternoon, in a quarry on the outskirts of San Francisco. My father got wind of it in some way and, calling me into the office of the livery stable, protested.

"Jim," he asked, "what's this I hear about your scrapping with the Choynski boy today?"

"Dad," I said, trying to put the best light on it, "I haven't any grudge against him, but he's been threatening me, and you wouldn't have me back out, would you?"

My father replied, "Jim, my boy, you know how proud I am of your working in the bank, and your mother and your sisters are too. Boxing at the club's all right, but fighting in the street they won't like, and I wouldn't have you lose that job for anything in the world."

"All right, dad," I said, "if you feel that way about it, I won't fight, and I'll go up to Choynski's house like a man and tell him I can't." I did not mention my brother's part in the affair, you see, not wanting to drag him in.

Both Brothers Defeated

"Fine, my boy," my father replied, much pleased. "You know where they live?"

"Up on Golden Gate Avenue," I said; and off I went to explain my reasons for getting out of the fight.

Chauncey, another of the Choynski boys, met me at the door and I asked for Joe. He wouldn't let me see him or explain anything, and began to insult me, saying, "You wait until this afternoon; you'll see him then all right. He'll knock you all over the lot."

One word led to another until I grew mad.

"Bring him out now and I'll show you," I told him.

Sure enough, he brought Joe out, and the five of us walked three or four miles to the sand hills beyond the limits of the town, stopping at a little hollow, where we peeled to the waist. The only spectator was a man out for his Sunday afternoon walk with a baby in his arms, and there he sat, enjoying this free entertainment, little realizing, I suppose, that of those two slugging kids one was later to be a near-champion, the other champion heavyweight of the world.

After our first set-to at the barn, Joe Choynski had joined the Golden Gate Club, another well-known organization of the city, where he had taken boxing lessons, and he now showed the benefit of these lessons in a way that surprised me.

In about ten seconds he landed a terrific blow on the ear, which staggered me. However, I got full revenge for this a few seconds later by knocking him down and almost out. After that I also had the satisfaction of putting out for the count his older brother, who was much bigger and stronger than I.

Then I hurried back to the house and, dodging the folks, slipped up to my room to clean up the marks of the battle. But the two boys with me were so excited over the outcome that they rushed into the stable and told my father I had whipped Choynski.

He came up to my room and said rather sadly, "Jim, is it true that you had a fight with Choynski, after what you promised me?"

"Yes, dad," I confessed, "but I couldn't help it. If you had only heard the names they called me you'd have fought too. If I had backed out I would have been a coward. I licked him and his brother too."

"What?" retorted dad. "Not only Joe but that big fellow who goes past the door every morning?"

"Yes, dad, the two of them."

Turning quickly, he went to the door and called to my mother very excitedly, "Kate, Kate, come up quick! Jim's after licking two of the Choynski boys!"

My mother came up, smiling a little at first, through pride, but suddenly the smile faded.

"Suppose they hear of this at the bank!" she exclaimed

My father scratched his head for a minute reflectively.

"That's so," he said; "they might hear of it." Then he looked at me again and an Irish grin broke all over his face. He seemed to be considering the facts for a minute, then he said, "You licked the two of them—the two Choynski boys? Ah! To hell with the bank!"

The greatest fight I had during those four years was—but I am getting ahead of my story. It's worth telling here, I think, although it occurred a little before the Choynski fight and before I became well known as a boxer.

One night I was calling on a young lady of whom I was quite fond, when the doorbell rang and another chap, whom she knew fairly well, came with a message asking us to join a party of eight couples who were going out to a place called the Fourteen-Mile House for supper and a dance. After we had started she regretted accepting the invitation, for most of the people turned out to be of a sort different from what she had expected, and on the way out the passage was rather rough.

There was one fellow, I noticed particularly, who was continually putting a whisky bottle to his mouth and accompanying this gesture with rather rough language. I soon observed that he always made a show of drinking in the dark parts of the road, where the dim light obscured his actions, and finally discovered that he never really drank at all, and I immediately classed him as a bluff, trying to appear hard-boiled.

At supper this same fellow made some insulting remark to the girl I was escorting and I promptly called him for it. For a moment it looked as if there would be a fight then and there, for all the others, with the exception of the girl I was with and one other young woman who seemed well brought up, took the rowdy's part. For the rest of the evening I was an outcast.

Soon they cooked up a new dodge, and began coming to me between dances and asking for money in addition to the tickets which had already been settled for, and I knew they were just doing this to humiliate me. I had but five dollars with me and when the rowdy asked me for five I handed him this lonely bill, and that left me flat.

After a repetition of this maneuver, I realized their intentions and turned to this fellow and said, "Have you five?" as if I wanted change. He held out the five dollars I had given him and, taking it, I put it in my pocket and said, "Now you won't get a thing!"

Spoiling for a Fight

This sort of funny work continued all evening, I being on the outside looking in. Finally the driver, a friend of my father's, took me aside and cautioned me.

"Jim," he said, "don't fight. You haven't a chance, for the gang will jump you if you do."

When we came to start back home their leader, the one who had tried to appear so hard-boiled and had started the trouble, came up and announced rather nastily, "You don't ride," and I, wanting to save the young lady from notoriety and unpleasantness, for she was of a very good family, tried to patch matters up.

"Give me your name," I suggested, "and I'll send the money to you this week."

This chap who had annoyed us owned a little drug store in a part of the town distant from where I lived, and someone must have posted him, the day following, telling him that he had seen me boxing at the Olympic Club. Anyway, I started for the drug store one night not long after, but took precautions to have a friend with me so that if the neighborhood gang rushed me I would have some support. This friend was a wonderful character, with the magnificent name of Gallagher—Blub Gallagher. He admired me solely because of my fighting ability and considered my position at the bank the most useless thing in the world. "There could," as Bunker Bean used to say, "be nothing of less consequence." Fighting was what counted.

"Hey, Blub," I said, "want to go down to Blank Street? I've got to beat up a fellow who insulted a lady, and they may rush me."

He gave his famous grin, like a darky seeing a slice of watermelon before him, and exclaimed, "Where is it, kid? Lead me to it!"

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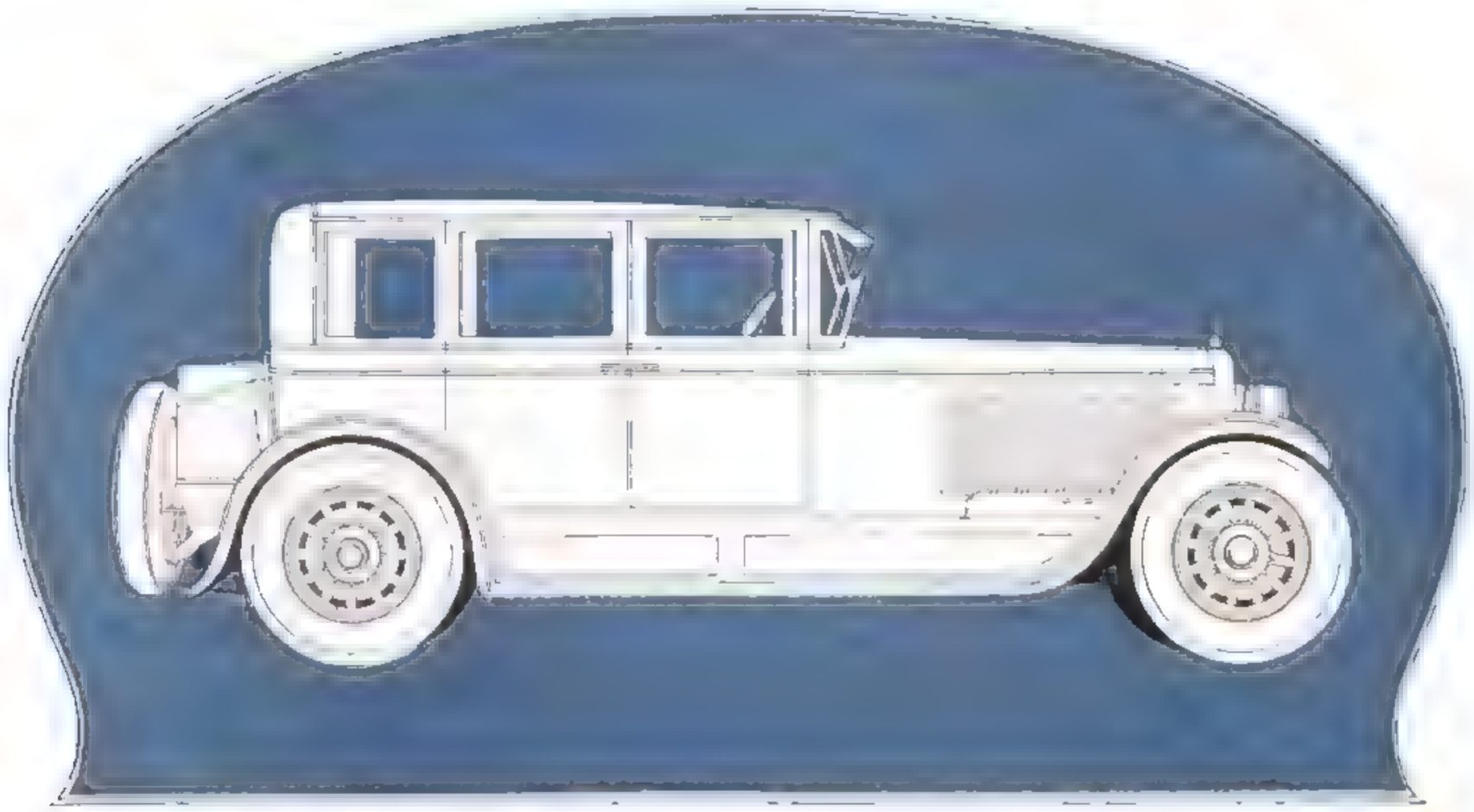

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The smooth, sustained speed of The Great Line Eight is strangely deceiving—forty feels like twenty-five—sixty like fifty—seventy like going somewhere—and seventy-five has happened.

But speed is only incidental in The Great Line Eight.

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Of course it's low—of course it's different—of course it's distinctive—because it's a Jordan.

It's the product of proud, painstaking engineers.

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The Brougham, illustrated, is one of five fascinating body styles including the Victoria, the Sedan, the Touring model and the Playboy.

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Out of the flow of the greenish sea, thrusting our speeding prow through the watery sheath, we two, seaborn and wind-wayward, melt out through the foamy wake and slip away as a speck of cloud on the rim of the sea, the castaways of bliss.

JORDAN

Give daylight the charm of candle light with soft-toned window shades

by Helen Richmond

THE mellow glow of candles brings out new highlights in ripe old furniture, gleaming silver, egg-shell china. And it's so free from glare that it produces a restful effect upon one's guests, helps to create an atmosphere of delightful ease and intimacy.

Did you know you could soften the crude bright light of day with just the same marvelous results?

The secret does not lie, as so many women suppose, in shutting out the light. On the contrary, you should let in *all* the light. But tone it at the source by means of the new interior decorating idea—beautifully colored window shades! These shades transfuse the light with their own soft tints. And the crude glare of day is modulated to a mellow radiance that has all the flattering charm of candle light—is equally warm and inviting.

In its soft illumination your decorations will reveal unsuspected harmonies. Lovely rugs and hangings will develop subtle overtones of color. An exquisitely appointed room, softly lighted, has an inviting charm that irresistibly puts people at their ease.

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Smooth, quiet, dependable service year in and year out—that's what you secure in Columbia Guaranteed Rollers. They insure you shades you can always depend upon—that roll up or down when you touch them quietly, without jumping or jerking, that always stay where you put them, never snapping loose or running up unexpectedly. And they last 30% to 40% longer.

Elsie Sloan Farley's new book, "Beautiful Windows" is a veritable mine of suggestions for the woman who is decorating her home. It contains illustrations of more than twenty different color schemes affording countless more ideas that you can work out yourself. Any amateur decorator can follow out Miss Farley's plans, so detailed are the descriptions. And toned sunlight as a last principle in successful decoration is clearly explained. Send 10 cents for your copy of this useful book. *Columbia* Mills, Inc., 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Circassian Brown
Persian Gold
Etruscan Ivory
Chamois
Strained Honey

(Color names Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Some colors great decorators advise

In choosing window shades you should be guided always by the quality of light each room receives. Those on the south or west, bathed in sunlight, require shades in such cool tones as Plaza Gray or Etruscan Ivory. Tempering the glare, these tints produce a subdued radiance that is soft and restful—easy to read by, work by, play by.

In just the same fashion the cheerless rooms on the north side can be transformed by window shades in warm tones of Chamois, Persian Gold, Strained Honey or Circassian Brown. The pale, thin north light is transfused with their lively amber hues and your room becomes warm and inviting.

Of course you want your windows to be uniform in color on the street side. The new *Columbia Two-tone* shades are made to meet just this need, for they enable you to use any color you wish for the inside of your room (Circassian Brown, for example) and still use all one color on the outside.

Columbia GUARANTEED WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

(Continued from Page 108)

I found the drug store and planted Bulb on the opposite corner, where he sat on a hydrant, his elbows on his knees, looking up and down the streets, praying in his heart for the gang to come along! He didn't want it to be a private fight—he'd rather have the whole neighborhood jump me than to be left out of it! I can see him still, sitting there with that hope written all over his face.

Then I crossed over and found the fellow who had insulted the girl, alone at his counter. He almost fainted when he saw me, having been posted, as I say. His fingers trembled, he turned white and he called me "Mr. Corbett" as if I were a judge who had the power to send him to the electric chair.

I went up to him, and looking him square in the face, declared, "I promised to pay you and here I am, but I'm going to pay you with these," holding up my dukes.

Well, you never saw a more scared man in your life. His knees came together so that he almost sank below the counter, and he begged me, for the sake of his business, his reputation, his old mother—he said nothing about his face—to let him alone. His cowardice was such that I actually felt sorry for him and couldn't even think of hitting him.

At last I agreed to let him off if he would write a letter to the girl, apologizing for his ungentlemanly conduct and also saying—for I wanted this satisfaction—that I had come down and ordered him to write it. He promised me this and then pushed a box of cigars in front of me. When I refused it he plunged his fingers in the box and stuffed my pockets full of the cigars, then handed me a five-pound box of candy to take to the girl, thoroughly embarrassing me with his cringing and his attentions.

To wind it all up, the climax came when he grabbed me by the arm and, to the consternation of Mr. Blub Gallagher, sitting across the street fairly thirsting for a scrap, sat me down on a stool in front of the soda fountain and proceeded to treat me to ice-cream soda! To his dying day Blub never forgot that sight. He had come all that way for a free-for-all, and here I was sitting on a stool in front of the man I had come to lick, a box of candy under my arm for my best girl, my pockets full of cigars and licking up an ice-cream soda!

Poor old Blub! He was a good sort.

A pal of mine named Herman Eppinger decided about this time that we ought to have a little travel and adventure. We had about $500 between us and in our ignorance thought this magnificent sum would keep us for about five or ten years. We threw up our jobs and took a train for Salt Lake, where for a while we lived a carefree, irresponsible, and altogether lazy existence.

Each week's rent we had to pay in advance, on Monday. After a time we suddenly decided that our $200 was not going to last out the five or ten years, after all. In fact, we had just enough to pay our next week's rent and nothing for tickets home. Thus the worries of my life began.

"What are we going to do week after next?" I asked myself; and responsibility sat heavily on me.

The Challenge Accepted

One morning while puzzling over this question my eye lighted on a paragraph in a newspaper—a challenge issued broadcast to any pugilist in the territory of Utah. It was signed "Frank Smith." After reading it over twice I decided that by taking a licking I could earn money enough to stay on in the town for a while. This plan was no sooner thought of than decided on.

"Ep," said I to my friend, "sit down and we'll write out an acceptance at once. I'll probably get a terrible lacing, but I'll take on Mr. Frank Smith."

"But, Jim," he protested, "you're in no condition to fight."

"It doesn't make any difference," I replied; "my mind's made up. We must get some money."

So we wrote out the acceptance with great pains and I signed it "Jim Dillon"; and Eppinger taking on himself the duties of manager, we went down to the office of the newspaper that had printed the challenge and gave the acceptance to the sporting editor.

On the following evening as we were sitting in the parlor, both a little blue, the doorbell rang. I went to the door and opened it, and four of the toughest-looking customers I ever saw in my life stood before me. The fellow nearest me—one of those typical little hick fight managers you see in the bushes—said, "Does Jim Dillon live here?"

"Yes, sir," said I, a little relieved at the prospect of action; "I'm Mr. Dillon."

"I'm managing Frank Smith," he informed me, "the heavyweight champion of Utah." Then he added, to make sure, "You're the guy who accepted his challenge?"

"Yes, sir," I said, all business now, "come right in, gentlemen."

So they entered and we sat down in the little parlor.

"Which one is Smith?" I asked, and he jerked his thumb toward a big burly fellow weighing about 200 pounds, a tough-looking customer.

We shook hands and I thought he'd break my hand when he tried the old trick of crushing it.

"Well, gentlemen," I began, trying to appear unconcerned, and not to betray that this was my first real fight we were to discuss, "we can fight any way you like, fifty-fifty or sixty-five-thirty-five." You see, I was afraid they might offer the loser only 25 per cent, and I expected to lose, because I knew I was quite out of training and in no condition to fight anybody at that time, so I wanted to be sure of at least thirty-five for the loser's end. All that worried me then was that board bill.

An Unexpected Development

After discussing and practically settling all the details, the little hick manager inquired, "When do you want to fight?"

"A week from Friday," I told him boldly.

"I want six weeks to train!" Smith broke in.

"It's impossible for me to be here after next week," I replied, looking him straight in the eye. "After next Friday I'll be on my way to Denver."

He wouldn't stand for that at first, but I always had a breezy way about me, and the indifferent manner in which I spoke to the challenger made him think I was perfectly at ease.

"Well," I finally proposed, "if you'll agree to that date, gentlemen, I'll tell what I'll do. I've been down to the skating rink and got acquainted with the manager. What's the matter with us letting him in on it? We'll stage the fight in the rink and get him to manage it. He'll advertise it and do the printing and give us the hall. We won't have to put up any money at all; just go down there the night of the fight and take our end of the receipts without putting up anything."

Thus I saved myself the embarrassment of admitting I had no money in my jeans and no way to raise it.

The idea appealed to him and it was settled that I was to see the manager of the rink, Smith agreeing to fight on the night I had named, if the former accepted our proposition. As it turned out, the rink man did: in fact, he appeared delighted.

"Why," he said, "you know you'd really be quite a drawing card here! People all over the city have been wondering who you two are." We dressed well and looked like gentlemen, and the skating rink manager had himself thought that we were on the stage. "When they find you're a boxer," he added, "we'll have a full house sure."

For the next ten days, in fact up to the fight, Eppinger and I did nothing but worry. Finally the Friday night came and the burdens of the world weighted my shoulders as I went down to the rink to fight Mr. Frank Smith. We were to start about ten o'clock—I was in the dressing room at 7:30! And there I stayed, walking up and down like a panther in a cage, and losing, I suppose, a pound the half hour from worry and fretting.

The preliminary bouts were started, nine o'clock came, but Smith did not show up.

Suddenly a timid knock sounded on my dressing-room door, and although it was very faint, I was startled by the sound. However, I opened the door bravely, and in sneaked a fellow who looked around the room very mysteriously, like some sleuth in a burlesque, before he said a word. Seeing no one there who might overhear what he had to say, he approached me stealthily and whispered in my ear, "Mr. Dillon, Smith wants to see you."

I could not understand the reason for all this secrecy, and was further disturbed when, looking over his shoulder again, he mumbled, "He's down at the corner; he wants to see you private."

I began to wonder if Mr. Smith wanted to beat me up out there in the dark; and knowing that I was in such bad fighting condition, I wasn't at all anxious to go. However, that board bill must be paid somehow, so I put on my clothes over my trunks and sneaked down to the corner.

"He's up there under that tree," said my mysterious guide, pointing to a tree about a quarter of a block away, and left me as suddenly as he had come.

Well, I walked up, trying to put on as brave a front as possible, and sure enough, there was Smith hiding in the darkest shadow he could find.

I said, very sternly, "Do you want to see me?"

"Yes," he replied, like the other fellow looking around to make sure no one was within hearing.

"What's the matter?" I demanded.

For reply he gave me a sickly grin and patted me timidly on the elbow.

"I'm on to you, Charley," he whispered, trying to look wise.

"'You're on to me, Charley?'" I repeated, bewildered.

"Yes," he said, "I know who you are."

"You know who I am? What do you mean?"

He raised his hands as if to stop what he thought was mere bluffing.

"That's all right. I know you're Charley Mitchell. You can't fool me!"

Now this was an unexpected compliment as well as something of a shock, since Charley Mitchell was one of the greatest fighters in the world at that time, having fought John L. Sullivan a draw at Chantilly, France, not long before. It was true that Mitchell was traveling through America at this very time. Furthermore, he was known as the gentleman pugilist, always dressing well, which fact probably helped along Smith's delusion, for I had taken much pains with my personal appearance since I entered the position at the bank.

He had knocked me flat, and unable yet to take advantage of his conviction, I repeated incredulously, "*Me—Charley Mitchell?*"

"Yes, you are," he insisted; "and I don't want to get my head knocked off."

I couldn't believe it! To see this fellow so afraid of me was laughable! What seemed funniest of all, as I thought it over, was my worry of the last ten days. Finally I took a deep breath, threw out my chest and reassured him.

A Comedy Fight

"That's all right, my boy," I said patronizingly; "as long as you know I am Mitchell and don't breathe it to a soul, I won't hurt a hair of your head!"

"You might forget," he hedged; "I don't want to go in there."

"Now be sensible," I argued. "You're in the business for money and we'll just split the receipts, and all you will have to do is to go in there and stop any time you like."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you just make the best showing you can for a while, and in the second or third round"—I knew I hadn't strength for more than that—"if you want to stop, you can. We might as well pick up the money."

"Will you promise you won't hurt me?" he asked, looking horribly afraid.

"Sure! Just pick the round you want to flop in, second or third—I don't care—and I won't hurt you up to that time; but, if you go on after the round agreed on, you'd better look out for yourself. I won't pull a single punch then."

"Well," he growled, "I'll stop in the second round."

"All right," I answered, trying to appear indifferent, "I promise I won't hurt you the first two, but if you come up for the third, don't look for any mercy from me!"

Once more he begged me not to hurt him, and it made me ashamed of my kind to see this great big fellow wilt like that. But what a load it had taken off my mind!

The discussion over, we went to our dressing rooms, put on our togs and entered the ring. The preliminaries were ended, time was called, and we started.

It was funny, very funny, for being forced to make an impression on this fellow at the beginning, I hit him often and absolutely as hard as I could, and he thought I was pulling my punches! All he was thinking of was how hard Charley Mitchell really

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could hit when he once let loose. Of course, to put the show over, I made considerable display of footwork and flashed some science, having learned a good deal about the boxing game since the box-stall days. This grand-stand effort pleased the crowd, which is never really wise, you know, nor on to things, and covered up my real lack of hitting power. I hit him so often in that first round that he thought someone in the audience was throwing boxing gloves at him, and he ducked and dodged like those darkies at the county fair who stick their heads out of holes in canvas for the crowd to throw baseballs at. But I was not hurting him at all, making absolutely no impression on him except through fear.

At the end of the round I went to my corner, feeling more tired and ill than ever I had in all my life. Actually, I could hardly get up for the second. Still, I had to make the bluff. This was the round he was to stop in, and victory was near. So I pulled myself together, called on all the speed left in my carcass and dashed at him, looking as ferocious and ugly as I could, to frighten him, and as much as to say, "Now, you big coward, if you don't stop as you agreed you're going to get it good and plenty!"

I hit him at least twenty times, still not hurting him at all, when suddenly he began to stagger, to fool the crowd, then flopped. The referee rushed over, counted him out, and there I stood over him, the mighty victor, and you could really have toppled me with a feather!

Somehow I managed to get to my dressing room, then flopped myself, so ill and weak I couldn't leave the place for an hour and a half. But my manager, Eppinger, came in and showed me a wad of bills. We counted them, $460 in all. The board bill was safe and the sight of those greenbacks acted as a swift cure.

Following this fight, the Salt Lake papers spoke several times of my cleverness and form, which certainly had been flashy that night; and about a week later Duncan MacDonald, the man who had refereed the contest, showed me a letter from Evanston, Wyoming, written, if I remember rightly, by a sporting man named Frank Hayes. There was a miner in that town, the letter went on to say, who couldn't fight a lick on earth, but had a backer to the extent of $1000 if he took on some ordinary fellow. The two adventurers were likely to need more money, so MacDonald persuaded me to pack my bag and took me up north to meet this miner. We had not been in Evanston more than two hours when a rumor spread through the town that I was Jack Dempsey, the famous "Nonpareil," then middleweight champion of the world. For some unknown reason I was supposed to be Dempsey, who, under the name of Dillon, had dropped off, trying to pick up that loose $1000. So this wise sporting man Hayes told MacDonald to return to Salt Lake with me, then to come back in a few weeks billing me as Jack Dempsey for an exhibition which would pack the opera house and draw far more than the sum put up for the bout with the miner.

Greeted in Style

This advice we followed, bringing along with us, on the return trip, a third fellow whom we christened "Danny Costigan," to help along the rumor, for that was the actual name of Dempsey's sparring partner.

At the station a good-size crowd was assembled to meet "the middleweight champion," and this looked promising for a good house; but at the hotel I ran into danger, when I was surrounded by a number of people from Brooklyn, Dempsey's home town, all very eager to talk about the bridge and the beauties of Flatbush Avenue. The nearest I had been to this lovely city was Salt Lake! There were so many of them that I was forced to arrange a signal with MacDonald, just a scratch of my head, when the questions about the home town came too thick and fast. MacDonald then would come breezing into the group and say, "Excuse him a minute, boys, I've got something important to tell him," and he would lead me to safety. I believe I scratched my head all that day.

This Brooklyn slant of the affair finally got so on my nerves that I was afraid to go to the theater until just before the bout. MacDonald and I did take a peek and found it packed to the peanut gallery with miners and cowboys, all eager to see the fighter with the wonderful record on those billboards outside. All of them seemed to have guns on their hips and I began to wonder what would happen to me if they found out I didn't belong to that record.

Hurriedly we slipped away and wandered around until Mac, being a good Scotchman, decided we ought to have a drink. We entered one of those old-fashioned saloons, with gambling layouts and men at the bar, each with a gun strapped on his belt—there seemed about a thousand to me; those fellows, you know, who shoot the lights out.

But we didn't want to duck and so swung open the door. Just as we were crossing the threshold we spied a big fellow waving a gun in the air. Bang! He crashed it down on the bar and with an oath declared angrily, "I tell you, that fellow is *not* Jack Dempsey!"

Suddenly I was not thirsty any more, and I became an ardent prohibitionist, a sprinter as well. We turned and must have run three blocks in nothing flat, fully expecting each second to be shot dead.

The town was small, but we managed to find a few dark streets, through which we wandered until the last minute, then slipped in the opera house, where we dressed in a private box so that our friends from Brooklyn could not trouble us.

A Question of Identity

I will never forget as long as I live the voice of the man announcing me as Jack Dempsey, middleweight champion of the world. I expected a thousand voices to shout back, "You lie!" And all that evening, each time someone in the audience coughed, I thought it was the bark of one of those guns on their hips.

But I kept on, and I really did have something to interest people who loved boxing, and was in far better condition than on the night of the bout with the timid Frank Smith. And under these conditions, aided by the sight of those small black barrels, I outdid myself and would have amazed Walter Watson, my old boxing instructor. Before it was over, those in the audience who had doubted I was the real Jack would now have shot anybody that said I wasn't. But I couldn't drive from my imagination the scowl on the face of the man in the saloon and the sound of his gun crashing on the bar. To make sure I wouldn't meet up with its owner again, Mac and I took the midnight train for Salt Lake.

Not so long after this event I met the original Jack and asked the Nonpareil if he had ever visited Wyoming.

"Not that I remember," he said. "I've passed through, but never stopped off."

"Why," I exclaimed, "didn't you show in Evanston?"

"No," he insisted. "I never was there in my life."

"Jack," I said, shaking my head, "I don't think you are telling the truth."

He looked at me, puzzled.

"What do you mean, Jim?" he asked.

"Why, you were in Evanston and boxed with Denny Costigan just five months ago."

"No, I never was there, Jim," he repeated

"Well, I tell you you were!" Then I let up and told him the story. We had quite a laugh over the affair, and so did Charley Mitchell, over the skating-rink battle, when he heard about that, as he did, a few years later.

Perhaps someone will question the ethics of this, and doubtless it wasn't all according to Hoyle. But I have never laid down in a fight in my life, or fixed one. These tricks were the worst I ever pulled. After all, it was rather harmless showmanship, and the spectators got their money's worth.

One day, not long after my return to Salt Lake, a bell boy came to my room and announced, "A gentleman downstairs to see you—name's Corbett."

"Corbett?" I exclaimed. "Well, show him up; he must be a relative."

He was—a pretty close one, too, for when the door opened I saw my father.

He put his arms around me and said rather pathetically, "Jim, don't you think you'd better come home?"

He spent a couple of days with me, and after a good visit together, I yielded to him.

"Dad," I promised him, "I give you my word I'll be home in a little while, but I don't want to go with you now. I would look too much like a bad boy being yanked home by the collar."

So I saw him off on the train and told him he'd see me within a couple of weeks. In the meantime I had spent everything I had and was flat broke, but I didn't want my father to know this.

Duncan MacDonald, who had refereed the fight with Smith and accompanied me to Wyoming, had become a bosom pal of mine, and he knew I was worrying about getting my ticket home and keeping my promise to dad. He asked me how much I needed

I told him I had enough to travel second-class, but he didn't like that idea.

"Jim," he said, "you ought to travel first-class. You're a coming champ, and you want to appear successful. Here's the balance."

Of course I returned the loan not long after reaching home; but I did not realize his sacrifice until later, when Hayes told me Mac had pawned his watch, chain and stick pin to make up the sum. Mac himself never breathed a word. No, you can never make me believe there is anything close about a Scotchman.

Although I had left the bank, the owners still seemed interested in me, and were good enough to get me a position in one of the concerns with which they were connected—the Anglo-Nevada Insurance Company. Here I worked after my return from Salt Lake, for about a year. It was during this time that my old rival, Joe Choynski, turned professional and grew to be very successful.

I happened to meet him one day, and remarked, "Joe, you're getting on pretty well for a pro."

Trouble Brewing

"Yes, I've been working a great scheme," he explained. "When I clinch with some of these fellows the first couple o' times I always say, 'Now come on and break away nice and gentlemanly,' and the fellow breaks away clean and drops his hands. I do this three or four times; but the fourth time or so I set myself, and as he breaks away clean I shoot over a right. I nearly knocked Black Wilson out the other night that way."

For some reason I stowed this away in my memory.

Now the only blots on Choynski's record were several defeats by one Jim Corbett, given when Joe was an amateur. And all the credit he got for his hard work seemed to be, "Yes, yes, you whipped So-and-So and So-and-So, but you can't whip Corbett!"

That stuck in his craw!

In San Francisco was another famous club almost as well known as the Olympic, the California Athletic Club. In it were held some of the most prominent finish fights ever fought; for instance, the lightweight championship go between Jack McAuliffe and Jimmy Carroll, and the battle between Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, and his conqueror, Jimmy Murphy, the Australian lightweight.

It was in this club that George LaBlanche knocked out the original Jack Dempsey with the famous pivot blow after Dempsey practically had LaBlanche defeated. There, too, Fitzsimmons made his first appearance in America in defeating Billy McCarthy; and Charley Turner, one of the greatest middleweights California ever turned out, was knocked out after a terrific fight by Denny Kelliher of Boston, who, in my opinion, was the hardest hitter who ever stepped in a ring—and I do not except Lanky Bob himself. Under the auspices of this club Peter Jackson defeated Joe McAuliffe, Patsy Cardiff and George Godfrey; and a little later Jackson fought sixty-one rounds with me.

The directors of this organization realized that, on account of all the discussion going round, a bout between Choynski and myself would prove a great drawing card. So the sporting writers in San Francisco, all of whom frequented the C. A. C., thought they would try to work Choynski and Corbett into a fighting mood. One day a paper would publish a story that Choynski had said so-and-so about Corbett, itemizing what he would do to him. The next day another would tell what Corbett had said and threatened, all made up out of the whole cloth, of course. Then there would follow arguments in the town among the sport followers as to the merits of the two men.

Some, who preferred Choynski on the ground that he was a professional and had had more ring experience, declared that he would get revenge. Others maintained that I had too much natural skill, although I was an amateur; for I was still considered that, the two bouts in Wyoming and Salt Lake, having been fought under assumed names and peculiar circumstances, not being counted.

The Old Man's Advice

For a long time they couldn't stir me, as I had fully made up my mind I was not going to be a professional. However, they picked and jabbed away in their sporting columns and in conversation wherever the sports met, until finally there appeared in the papers an article saying that Choynski was going to take a punch at Corbett the first time he saw him on the street.

It seems strange, these days, to think of putting so many personalities into print, but it must be remembered that this was a peculiarly local affair; that our meetings had been frequent over quite a period of years. Then, too, the California Club, Choynski's hangout, was the resort of all the sporting writers of the town, because it was here that the famous professional fights occurred; while my club, the Olympic, was an amateur organization and did not hold professional bouts. I was the pet heavyweight of the Olympic and Choynski the idol of the other organization, and they figured it would be a "humdinger" of a fight if they could only get the two to meet. So everything was deliberately done and every trick possible tried.

The day the article last mentioned came out I went to my father and said, "Dad, did you read in the papers what Choynski said about me?"

"Yes," he replied, looking up at me inquiringly.

"You'd better let me fight him then," I told him.

He shook his head.

"No, Jim, you don't want to fight."

"Now stop and think it over, dad," I pleaded.

Then, as I was firmly convinced that Choynski had said all that had been reported, though later I found out that this was not so—"Look here, dad," I continued, "I'm not going to wait for Choynski to punch me on the street, because the first punch is half the battle and he can hit very hard. If I see him I'm going to get in that first punch. You don't want me to have a street fight, do you?"

"No," he asserted undecidedly.

"Then why don't you let me fight him? The California people tell me money's no object"

He thought a while, and then replied, "Jim, don't go in the club and fight for money. Go out in the hills and fight him for nothing. My boy, I don't want you to be a prize fighter. That settles it."

I was disappointed, of course; but I had to yield.

"All right," I agreed finally, "I'll make arrangements to fight him for nothing."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Corbett. The next will appear in an early issue.

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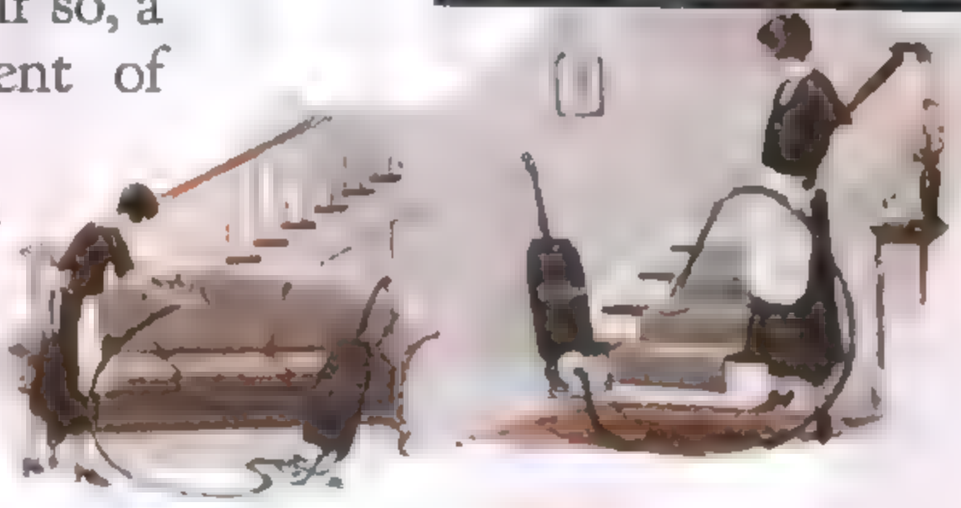

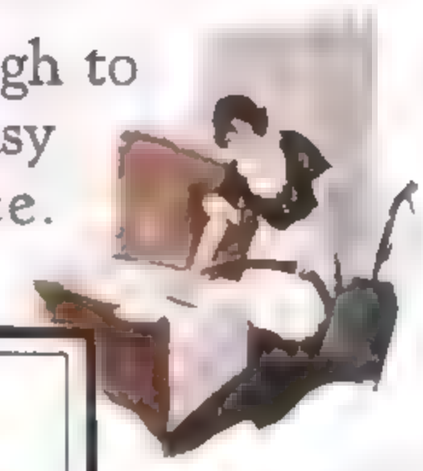

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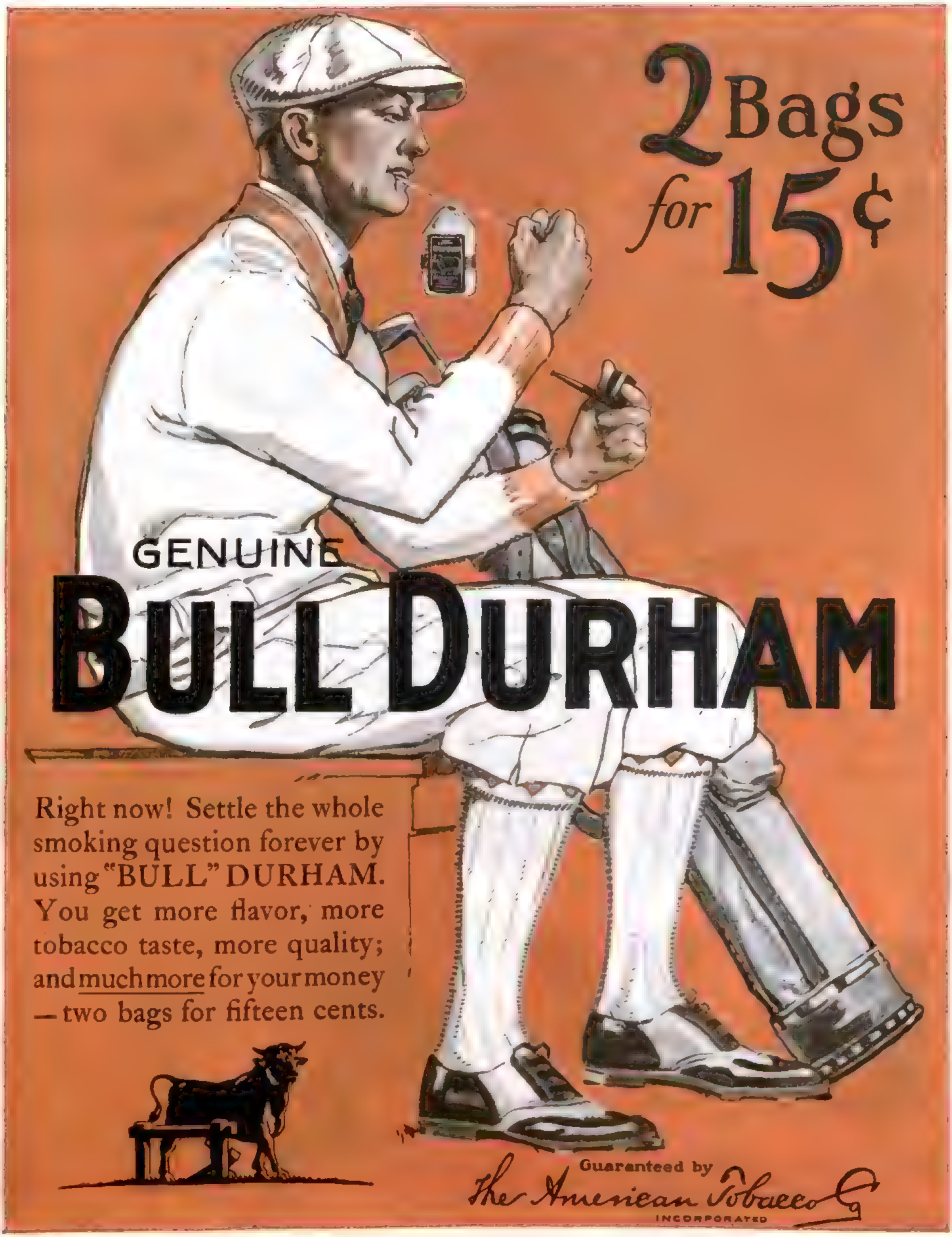
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ALL IN THE FAMILY

(Continued from Page 13)

"'I don't say that, Quackenbush,' said the solicitor. 'I say that this company will not insure the title. Perhaps the courts might construe that clause otherwise than as a condition subsequent, but we won't take the risk. Perhaps the Arkmutty family has died out, in which event there can be no reentry by the heirs of James Arkmutty; but we have no assurance that they won't turn up in force as soon as we write our policy. If that clause is construed to be a valid condition subsequent, all that property over there between Church Street and the river, lands and buildings, belongs to the present-day heirs of James Arkmutty as soon as they step in and take it, and it does not belong to Hudson University from the moment those heirs appear.'

"And then the solicitor caressed his chin and said in a lower tone: 'Privately, Quackenbush, it is my opinion that that clause does not constitute a valid condition subsequent so as to entitle the heirs of James Arkmutty to reënter—that's my private opinion; but this company doesn't have to chance it. The courts might disagree with me. In any event, the defect is dangerous and should be cured; and the university is prepared to foot the bill. I want you to go out and find the heirs of James Arkmutty, if any there be, and suggest to them cautiously that they can make some money by executing a quitclaim to Hudson University. Be careful; they'll be hard to handle if they learn that you are asking them to resign their claim to a property worth ten or twelve million dollars.'

"It may seem to you, Cavanaugh," said Quackenbush, puffing his corncob to a glow, "that the solicitor gave me a very large order. It did not impress me as such at the time. The name Arkmutty was strange to me, but I supposed that I should come easily upon the family history. You are probably aware that we have in our records the family histories of all great landholding families in New York; I think that I could recite to you from memory the history of the Beekman family, the Delancey family—Delanoy, De Peyster, Livingston, Morris, Philipse, Schuyler, Stuyvesant, Van Cortlandt, Van Horne—to name a few of those which are still socially prominent after two hundred and fifty years. But I did not find the name Arkmutty in our records. I looked for his name hopefully, but failed to find it in the list of the proscribed under the New York Statute of Confiscation of 1779—most of New York's rich men held for the king and paid the penalty. I examined the indexes of deeds and mortgages in the register's office, and of wills and intestacies in the surrogate's office, and the indexes in the county clerk's office; thus I traced the family down to April, 1805. At that time one Ralph Arkmutty sold a piece of real estate and recited in the deed that it was the same property as had been devised to him under the will of his father, James Arkmutty; I had found the will of our James Arkmutty. But the trail ended with Ralph Arkmutty; with him the Arkmutty family seemed to have passed from the life of the city.

"Among other efforts to pick up the trail again, I inserted advertisements in the personal columns of several newspapers; a great number of people read faithfully these cryptic messages. I received three letters in answer. One was from the Demerara Boat Club, one was from the Thomas Jefferson Institute and the third invited me to call at an address on upper Columbus Avenue and ask for Eddie. I went up to Columbus Avenue and asked for Eddie; the address given was that of a corner saloon and I interviewed a morose-eyed bartender.

"'I could give him a message,' he said, searching my face for indications. 'What was it about?'

"I showed him Eddie's note. 'I guess it's all right,' he said. 'He's never here in the daytime. Come around after seven o'clock.' But he still did not think it was all right; I saw him refuse to sell a customer a glass of whisky on my account; he said 'Haven't got a drop in the house,' and then he lifted the tail of his eye at me, and the customer nodded understandingly and turned and stared at me until I went out. Knowing the sort I had to deal with, I economized my time by returning at half past ten that night.

"The avenue doors to the place were securely locked, but when I looked over the ground-glass panel I saw that a number of men were standing at the bar. I rapped on a door. A man rose from a chair beside a table and came to the door and looked over at me; then he shook his head in refusal and walked away. I went around to the family entrance on the side street, entered the vestibule and rapped on a locked and curtained door; the same man pulled the curtain aside, looked out at me and shook his head; but I rapped the more energetically. The door was opened about an inch; I pushed it, but found that it was still secured by a chain. 'Nothing doing, fellow,' said the man inside, pushing the door. 'I want to see Eddie,' I called. 'I have a letter from him—look!' And I held up the letter to the crack in the door. The chain was then undone and I passed through the doorway, and heard the door locked and chained behind me.

"The difficulties put in the way of entering this place were puzzling, in view of the dismal entertainment offered the chosen ones. Four men were drinking at the bar and five more were playing poker—twenty-five-cent limit—at a round table in a corner. The drinkers were all consuming whisky—I presume it was whisky that the bartender was pouring from a pint pocket flask into their glasses. He poured their glasses quite full—giving to every man the quantity of drink that no one but an old soak ever took in the old days—and then he watched jealously to see that they poured the liquor down their throats and that they did not store it about their persons. It was the first time that I had been in a saloon since prohibition, and I was interested in the technic. When the bartender's flask was empty he spoke to Eddie—Eddie was the proprietor—and Eddie went on guard behind the bar while his employe left the saloon through the family entrance and replenished his bottle at some exterior source of supply. The purpose was evident: there was never on the premises more than a pint of whisky, and that was on the bartender's person, and I dare say he had a physician's prescription in another pocket.

"Once I was admitted, no effort was made to hide from me the nature of the business being done. If I grasped the unflattering idea correctly, it was taken for granted that I was a friend so long as I was neither a policeman nor a Federal agent. The atmosphere of the place was funereal; the lights were dimmed and boisterous talk was instantly suppressed. Shakspere speaks somewhere of funeral baked meats coldly furnishing forth the marriage tables—the process was reversed here, and the liquors which had once sharpened the pang of joy were appearing at the dreary wake of John Barleycorn.

"Eddie was a man of about forty-five, short, alert, yellow-faced, with carefully plastered black hair and meditative black eyes. He had been in the liquor business for twenty years. He was one of those saloonkeepers who had always conducted their business in defiance of law, and he had no qualms about remaining in the business when the more decent dealers were shutting up shop. His customers seemed to like him. He was perfectly callous, selfish and crooked; but he admitted these faults and joked about them, seeming to have no doubt that the rest of the world was of the same sort. He seemed to be rather intelligent. He led me to a small table, asked me what I would have and brought two glasses of charged water without comment on my abstinence or on his own. 'I seen your ad,' he said. 'What do you want Arkmutty for?'

"I told him. He listened carefully, watching me, and then he said in a polite and neutral tone—a tone that told me he didn't believe a word of my story—'Well, I guess it ain't none of my business. Say, you mentioned a reward. How much?'

"'Fifty dollars.'

"He chewed his cigar. 'It ain't worth it,' he said. 'This Arkmutty is an old friend of mine—real old friend. I ain't going to get him in trouble for any fifty dollars, not an old friend like that. It had ought to be seventy-five.'

"'I'll make it seventy-five if he's the man I'm looking for.'

"'Oh, he's your party fast enough; Mutt is one of these mysterious guys—Mutt, we call him. Seventy-five, hey? How do I know you'll come across? If I turn him up for you, what's to prevent you from making a collar and walking off with him and letting me whistle for my money?'

"'I don't know what assurance I can give you,' I said, 'beyond telling you that I am speaking for the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company of New York, and that corporation has a hundred-million-dollar surplus.'

"'Excuse me,' said Eddie; and he rose and went to a telephone and called a number. 'This is Eddie,' he said into the instrument. 'Say, you were talking to me about putting my money into a guaranteed mortgage of the Metropolitan Title Company—you remember? Well, there is a gentleman here now says he is from the Metropolitan, and I want you to talk to him and tell me if he is all right. Yes, that's right; he is talking to me about a guaranteed mortgage.'

"Eddie winked amiably at me as he handed me the receiver. 'Tell him who you are,' he whispered, 'but don't tell him what you want. He's a customer of mine, and he ain't got to know my business.'

"The voice on the wire asked me a number of general questions concerning the Metropolitan—the speaker was probably a lawyer, or perhaps a real-estate broker—and then asked me to put Eddie on again. 'He says you're all right,' said Eddie, hanging up. 'Not that I doubted you, only I didn't know you, see?' We sat down at the table. 'Hey, Milton,' called Eddie, 'when did you see Mutt in here last?'

"'Two weeks ago,' said the bartender. But before he spoke—I mention it to give you an idea of the atmosphere of the place—he looked penetratingly at Eddie, and Eddie reassured him with a nod; the truth, on any and all subjects, was guarded from strangers.

"'This Arkmutty,' said Eddie confidentially, 'is a gorilla, if ever I see a gorilla—and a booze fighter. Always booze. He don't say nothing to nobody; if he was sitting across the table there now he wouldn't let a peep out of him—just stare ahead of him and pour in the rum. I don't let nobody talk to him because I don't know what might come off; he's dangerous looking, what I mean. He's always got something bothering him, and I think I got him figured out right—he's a hold-up man. Am I right?'

"'I'm sure I don't know,' I said.

"'Well, I'm not asking,' said Eddie. 'Only remember, I'm giving him up, and I don't want you to think that we have those kind of people around here. Oh, he's a bad actor and an awful rum hound; that man don't draw a sober breath from one end of the month to the other. Fact is I don't know how he can pull off his jobs when he's always soused. Well, he will drink himself to death, and that will be good riddance. I got no use for people like that; they make me nervous. He sits there with such a look on his face that—— Well, say, he's a friend of mine, and he never did me nothing, but you can have him.'

"The old stock had sadly run down if a descendant of James Arkmutty—the prominent and philanthropic merchant of early New York—was a saloon hanger-on and a desperado, but the thing was possible.

"'What does this Arkmutty look like?' I asked.

"'What does he look like?' Eddie pondered the question, but could not answer it. 'Hey, Milton, what does Mutt look like?'

"The bartender went into a brown study in turn, emerging from which he said, 'Wore an overcoat, he did. Dip, too, didn't he?'

"'Wore an overcoat and a dip,' said Eddie to me. 'That's right. Wore a dip, did he, Milton?'

"'Dip,' said the bartender.

"'How old is he?'

"'How old? Hey, Milton, how old is Mutt?'

"'Old? How old is he? He ain't old at all.'

"'He ain't old at all,' said Eddie.

"'Is he a big man or a small man?'

"'Well, now I couldn't just say as to that. Hey, Milton, is Mutt a big man or a small man?'

"'He's about as big as Garry Mapes,' said the bartender, who was now leaning on the bar, weak from thinking.

"'You know Garry Mapes?' asked Eddie of me.

"'No, I do not.'

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"'Well, this Arkmutty is about as big as Garry Mapes. Hey, Milton, how big is Garry Mapes?'

"'I seen him once jump up and touch that chandelier,' said the bartender, pointing. 'That's how big he is.'

"'Do you know where this Arkmutty lives?'

"'Where Mutt lives? Well, now I'll tell you—you know the northeast corner of Ninety-sixth Street and Amsterdam Avenue? Well, now the third house from the corner. The sixth floor front in the third house.'

"'Ah—that's where Arkmutty lives?'

"'Oh, no—that's where I live. I was looking out of the window one afternoon, what I mean, and I seen Mutt going by on the top of a bus. Yes, sir, on the top of a bus. And I says to myself that he is going home at that time of day.'

"'Ah, yes. Which way was the bus going?'

"'Well, now, that I cannot say. I don't just remember.'

"'If this Arkmutty comes in here again,' I said, rising, 'please ask him to grant me the favor of an interview under whatever precautions he considers necessary. You have my card. Tell him just what I told you, and add that it may be extremely well worth his while.'

"I had still time to visit the Thomas Jefferson Institute, which was a night school on West One Hundred and Sixteenth Street near Lenox Avenue. The curriculum of the institute was limited to business subjects, and its student body were earnest young men and women with no time for nonsense. It was located in the easterly half of a loft over a row of stores; the other half of the floor was tenanted by a fight club. I was confused at first by hearing the roars as of hungry lions that came from the open windows, and the shouts of 'Go on, kid, he can't hurt you!' I had expected to find night students eager in the pursuit of knowledge, but not bloodthirsty about it. But I found the Jefferson Institute at last, and saw the principal, a Mr. Yereance. We had to talk loud to compete with the vociferations of the patrons on the other side of the partition. Mr. Yereance was in his office; the school had just been dismissed.

"'We had an Arkmutty here not long ago,' said the tall and spectacled school man, lighting a cigarette; I had explained my mission. 'But I don't think he was a native-born American. No, he wasn't a native-born American, Mr. Quackenbush.' He inhaled his smoke and blew it out slowly, shaking his head.

"'What nationality was he?'

"'He was a Russian. Or just possibly he was a Rumanian. But he wasn't an American. He was a very serious young man—a very hard student. He worked all day and studied all night—that sort. Oh, no, he wasn't American-born. At least, I don't think so, Mr. Quackenbush. He seemed to have a good general education, though his English was deplorable.'

"'Then he was certainly a foreigner.'

"'I am speaking of his business English, Mr. Quackenbush. Very few, even of our college graduates, are competent to write a passable business letter. Business English, Mr. Quackenbush, is a language in itself, as you are probably aware. We rather pride ourselves on our course in business English. We teach our pupils to both write it and read it. Some schools are content to teach their pupils to write business English, and they turn out graduates who can't read it. You see before me here, Mr. Quackenbush, a number of letters composed by our advanced class, the theme given them to translate into business English was this: "I have your circular. Send me one of your pants stretchers and I will send you a dollar." Here is an admirable rendition: "Favor rec'd & contents noted. Ship one one hundred and forty-fourth gross your product U. S. A., parcels post, billing consignee c. f. & i., demurrage, lighterage, breakage, stoppage in transitu by act of God or public enemy excepted, payment by domestic draft this city your order or equivalent currency, signed without reading, dictated after leaving office, Yours respectfully." Now, Mr. Quackenbush——'

"'Exactly, Mr. Yereance. You say that this Arkmutty was a foreigner and was a young man who had no thought beyond working and studying. What did he look like?'

"'I should say that he was about thirty-five years of age, possibly older. He was peaked and pale and had a hollow cough. Something pulmonary the matter with him—you know how these foreigners live. I remember that he paid very little attention to the young ladies; he was very timid and diffident, if I may say so without offense. A true bookish type of man, in a phrase, Mr. Quackenbush. I had an excellent chance to observe him; he attended here for the better part of a month last February. You ask me where he lives? I'm sorry, but he seems to have moved from the address he left with us.'

"'You wouldn't call him a drinking man?'

"'Goodness, no; quite the reverse. You are confusing him with another man of the same name.'

"'Very possibly,' I agreed.

"I was about to start uptown from here on the following morning to visit the Demerara Boat Club when the boy brought me a card. 'Send Mr. Duckler in,' I said.

"I did not fancy Mr. Duckler when I saw him. He was twenty-eight or thirty years old, pale and pudgy, with small green eyes looking out of slits in his puffy face. His curly brown hair glistened with grease; he had much gold in his mouth. He wore patent-leather shoes with cloth uppers, a suit of horizon blue from whose breast pocket gushed a colored silk handkerchief; in his green-and-red cravat was a large opal. His finger nails shone from a recent manicuring, but his hands were dirty. He was a cheap sport, if I knew the type—the sort of fashion plate that may be seen standing on corners in tenement neighborhoods. 'Hello, Quack!' he said, bustling in and reaching for me. 'How are you hitting them, Quack?'

"'Sit down, Mr. Duckler,' I said, evading his clutch. He sat down, but he hitched his chair close to me at once and seized me by the thigh just above the knee and squeezed. 'How are they going, Quack?' he cried cordially. 'How's every little thing with Quack?'

"'Be good enough, Mr. Duckler,' I said, 'to keep your hands to yourself. What can I do for you?' I should not have lost my temper, but I am a small man and I have my sense of dignity.

"'Don't get peevish, Quack,' he said. 'I'm here to talk business. You run a personal, didn't you, asking for some info on a party called Arkmutty? I know the bimbo you're looking for. See me, won't you, if he's your party?'

"'If he is one of the people we are looking for, we shall be glad to pay you for your trouble. And you will be doing your acquaintance a service, as there is a possibility that he is one of the heirs to a large estate.'

"'Go away!' His twinkling green eyes searched my face. 'Dough coming to him, hey? Then he is the party ought to pay me, Quack. Say, Quack, are you handling this thing right? You ain't going to bust up to a guy, like Santa Claus, and tell him he's fallen in for jack, and then wait for him to thank you? Say, Quack, let me handle this thing. First off, we'll get him to sign a paper, see?—saying fifty-fifty or no business done. And then——'

"'You must let us manage our own affairs, Mr. Duckler. Have you any information to give us?'

"He sat and frowned. 'Oh, well,' he said, shrugging his shoulders, 'it's all in the family, and I guess there will be pickings. You tell him that I busted right down here to do him a good turn, and you can slip me mine on the quiet. This cake eater is running around with my sister—my kid sister. Name is Arkmutty, exactly as advertised. Real Willy boy he is.'

"'Where can I see him?'

"'That I can't say, Quack. You better buzz the kid sister. She's working over in Blumenthal's—gents' gloves counter. Ask for Audrey—Audrey Tomassen.'

"'Tomassen?'

"'Yeah. That's my name, too, between you and me, but I don't use it. Business reasons, and one thing and another. Well, that's that. Fix me up, won't you? Good! Was there anything else? Oh, yes, who's your bootlegger, Quack?'

"'I have none, Mr. Duckler.'

"'Good! Then you're in the market for some good stuff. Say, can you handle a case? I got Scotch—the real stuff—forty-two dollars a case. Can you beat it?'

"'I don't care for any, Mr. Duckler.'

"'Oh, listen. I'm just starting out in business, and I got to build up a trade. Give us your business, Quack. Don't you want to encourage a young fellow that's trying to get along? Don't be that way, Quack.'

"I got rid of him finally. I learned later that he was a petty thief and blackleg who had served several terms on the Island and who was industriously preparing for himself a place in state's prison. But I was glad of his information, which promised me an interview with at least one of these several elusive Arkmuttys. I called up his sister, found that she was out at lunch, and improved my waiting interval by going up to the Demerara Boat Club.

"The clubhouse was a large wooden structure on the bank of the Harlem River near One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street. Nowadays the rivers surrounding New York are so polluted as to make water sports unattractive, but thirty and forty years ago there were many well-patronized boathouses along the shores; a dozen shells might be seen on any fine afternoon skimming the swift current of the Harlem. The game has lost status, but it is not yet entirely a thing of the picturesque past. I found the secretary of the Demerara Boat Club lying on his back under an old launch and driving oakum into yawning seams.

"'Yes, Arkmutty is one of our members,' he said when he had crawled from under. 'You're liable to see old Noah here any day now with the fine weather—we call him Noah. What's his first name? Well, I could look it up for you; we always called him Noah—Noah's Ark, see? Don't remember ever hearing his first name, unless it was Harry. But it wasn't Harry. Come around to the meeting on Tuesday night and I think you'll see him.'

"'Does he work for a living?'

"'Oh, yes, he works. He doesn't kill himself, though, I imagine—not old Noah.'

"'Is he much of a drinker?'

"'Never uses it. Never did drink. Took good care of himself.'

"'Do you know if he went to night school?'

"'Who, old Noah? Ha-ha! You've got him dead wrong. Noah is just one of these big good-natured slobs that likes outdoor sports and likes to lie around in a bathing suit. You might say that he's a bit lazy. Everybody likes him, and he's always ready for sport; but he's not what you'd call energetic or ambitious. I do hope he's one of the heirs you're looking for, as he is not the sort of fellow to make his own way. Too good-natured and easy-going. But he's not the sort to go to night school—oh, no. What does he look like? Well, he has a fat red face and very bristly hair, and he is bow-legged quite a little, and buck-toothed. Seems to me that he is flat-footed. But a real good fellow; you wouldn't want to meet a nicer fellow if there was any get-up-and-go to him. Swears quite a little sometimes, but he doesn't mean anything by it. Come around next Tuesday night and you can talk to him. How old is he? Well, Noah might be twenty-four-twenty-five. But you come around. Or call me up about half past four and I'll give you his home address.'

"Here was another Arkmutty; I learned of still another when I interviewed Miss Audrey Tomassen. She was a dark little lady with thin and mobile face and enormous black eyes—pretty, feminine, kind, and quite unintelligent. I say without compunction that she was unintelligent; she would laugh her deep and caressing little laugh if she overheard me, and would like me the better. I watched her inducing electric currents in grave and reverend seigniors as she fitted gloves to their stubby hands, causing them to tingle pleasantly, causing their voices to soften with gratitude and their eyes to shine. She came from behind the counter—I had got permission to take her from her work—and we went and sat by a window overlooking Sixth Avenue.

"'His name is Paul,' she said, delighted with the topic. 'He works in the post office on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street near Eighth Avenue. Mail clerk, Paul is.'

"'You know him quite well? I understood your brother to say that you were engaged.'

"'Not at all,' she said coldly, turning slightly away and patting the back of her small head. 'The idea! We were engaged, that is, but that is all over and done with. I'm not going to be dictated to. Would you?'

"'I'm sure I don't know,' I said.

"'When a person presumes to dictate to me as to who I'll go with, he is going to be something better than a common mail clerk. Am I right?'

"'Oh, positively,' I said.

"'But why not?' she said, turning as quickly as a pin wheel. 'We were engaged, weren't we? I wouldn't think anything of a man who didn't have a mind of his own. You can't expect a real man to let a woman boss him, can you?'

"'Oh, positively not!' I said.

"'Should he, or shouldn't he?'

"'Well, really, Miss Tomassen, I haven't all the facts before me, and——'

"'Oh, what's the use of talking to a man?' she said. 'You'd only stick up for him.'

"It was flattering to be taken so abruptly into Miss Tomassen's confidence, but I perceived that I should only blunder from one trap into another. 'Of course,' I said carefully, 'Paul is not a saloon character and a gunman and a night owl?'

"'Well, certainly not!'

"'I was sure of it,' I said. 'Pardon my silly question. And neither is he an oldish foreigner, pale and stooped, with a racking cough, double-thick spectacles, and his nose in a book?'

"'I don't understand what you mean, Mr. Quackenbush.'

"'I dare say,' I said hardily, 'he is not a big good-for-nothing who likes to laze around in a bathing suit, taking the air when he ought to be ruining his health with hard work? A red-faced man with bristly hair, bowlegs and buck teeth? Now, just a moment, Miss Tomassen, don't be angry with me.'

"'Why should I be angry with you?' she said with flashing eyes. 'Mr. Arkmutty is nothing to me, and never can be. But fair is fair, and it just so happens that he is different in every way from what you describe. Mr. Arkmutty is tall and broad-shouldered and very handsome—very; I don't mind telling you this, because he is nothing whatever to me, and I wouldn't have him with his temper if he was the last man in the world.'

"'Ah, he has a temper.'

"'I wouldn't give shucks for a man who didn't have a temper. If I want a doormat I can get one down in the house-furnishing department. But still and all, a man doesn't need to show his temper to a lady. Not that Paul ever showed his temper, either, but I could see it. Paul is too much of a gentleman. I will say for Paul that he is a perfect gentleman in every way. If you would see how refined Paul escorts a lady, you would know better. In some ways I will say Paul is the nicest fellow I ever met, and I think more of him than I do of any man in the world. But that don't need to grow on him, does it? He is very athletic and is ambitious to study up and improve himself, but that don't go to say he is a bow-legged foreigner with——'

"'I'm awfully sorry, Miss Tomassen,' I said, 'but I did not explain myself. I was about to say that these creatures I mentioned were other men of the same name.'

"'Oh, perhaps they are Paul's relations!' she said, clasping her hands.

"'That is likely—distant relations.'

"'Oh, lovely!' she cried. 'Oh, if those horrible people only are Paul's relations, won't everything be perfectly dandy? Do find out and tell me if they are his relations! Paul is so awfully proper—you got no idea. Never you mind now, never you mind, but just find out and tell me.'

"I went from Blumenthal's department store on lower Sixth Avenue to the branch post office on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. I explained my errand and was admitted past the barrier and was shown where I might sit down and await Mr. Arkmutty. I passed the time pleasantly, marveling at the dexterity of a clerk who was filling sacks with postal matter; really, his work should have been a vaudeville stunt. He stood before three concentric semicircles of open mail bags; heaped in his arms were folded newspapers and rolled magazines and such matter. The bags farthest from him were fifteen or twenty feet away, but he would read the address on a newspaper or what not, glance toward the proper bag, and would fling the ungainly missive from him, whereupon it described a graceful parabola, turning in its flight, and dived unerringly into its meet place. At any rate, I suppose it went where it belonged, though it was hard to believe that a pitcher with such control could be hired for post-office wages when knife throwing is paid for as a fine art.

"I looked intently at this mail clerk to see if his eyes gleamed with secret self-approval or if his lips were curved with

(Continued on Page 122)

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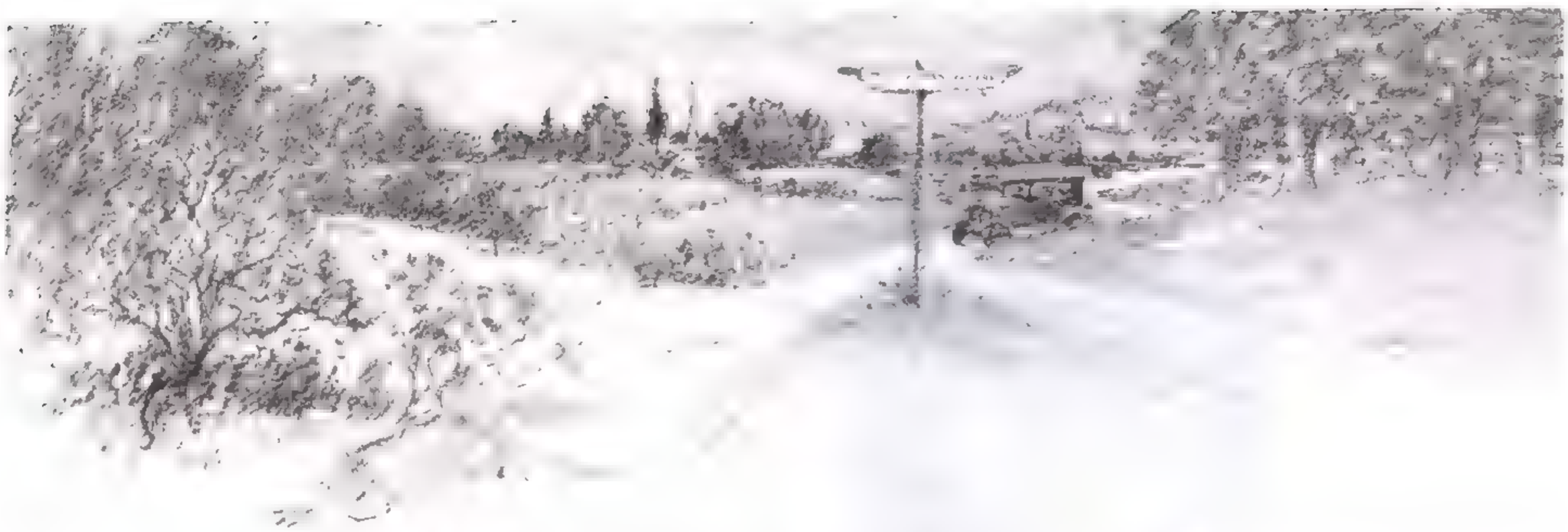

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"There are many shut-in people in this little town and some of them will go with her when I cannot go. For we want the car to be a 'happiness car' every day and all day.

"Are we too ambitious to want all this? Are we to be criticised for wanting a little joy, to live a little as we go along? If you could share the thrill of our planning you would not say so. It used to seem as though our saving were so futile—a struggle for nothing but shelter and food. But now we have a vision—and sometime it is coming true."

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satisfaction; but no; he was a most ordinary workaday fellow, tow-headed, slightly round-shouldered, needing a shave, of middling stature, wearing red suspenders to hold up trousers that were too big for him—a man of no pretensions whatever. But he was young yet—about twenty-five. He'll be discovered yet, I said to myself, watching his flawless execution.

"He sent the last of his armful sailing away like a homing pigeon, and then he walked to me and said, 'You want to see me, mister? My name is Arkmutty.'

"'Glad to find you,' I said, moving over on the bench to give him place. 'I'm from the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company; we're looking for the descendants and heirs at law of one James Arkmutty, who conveyed to Queens College certain real estate in the year 1757.'

"'Queens College?' he said alertly. 'Wasn't that the old name of Hudson University over there on Morningside Heights? There's a building over there called Arkmutty Hall. Yes, sir, carved over the door it is Arkmutty Hall. Do you know who that was? That was my great-great-great-great ——'

"'Great!' I exclaimed joyfully. 'You're one of the people I'm looking for. When can you come down to the company with proofs of your descent? And what can you tell me about these other Arkmuttys?'

"'Others?' he said. 'Are you sure? I never heard of anybody else of the name, not in New York, and naturally I would have noticed. Who sent you to me?'

"'Miss Tomassen.'

"'Oh, she did, eh?' He looked at the floor and chafed his hands together. 'She told you, did she? Well, I guess she meant well by me.'

"'She spoke well of you, too,' I said with a touch of impatience; other people's troubles are, as you may have noticed, rather absurd.

"'Yes?' he said with passing eagerness. 'What did she say? Oh, well, what difference does it make now?'

"'She said you were the nicest fellow in the world, and she thought more of you than of any man she had ever met. She said you were a perfect gentleman, very handsome, and—well, she simply raved about you.'

"'Ah, go on!' Involuntarily Arkmutty put his hand on my shoulder. He was smiling all over. 'Audrey said that about me? She didn't, did she? Honest? What did she say? Tell me again—tell me what she said.'

"I told him again. He drank in my words avidly; but when I was done he sank back into gloom. 'She was just talking,' he said. 'She couldn't have meant all that. I know she didn't mean it.'

"I abandoned the task of making peace between these two young idiots. 'Come down to the office tomorrow morning with what family papers you have,' I said. 'Are you quite sure you don't know these other Arkmuttys? Try to think. One of them is a member of the Demerara Boat Club.'

"'Why, that's me! I go up there and rest up when I've got a day off sometimes. I don't do much up there but lay around. I get all the exercise I want right here, believe me.'

"'Good,' I said, masking my surprise at the identification of the lazy idler with this hard-driven postal clerk. 'Then I found another Arkmutty over in the Thomas Jefferson Institute on One Hundred and Sixteenth Street. That's a night school. The Arkmutty in question was a foreigner with some chest complaint and extremely studious. He was ——'

"'Last February? Say, that was me again! I had a bad cold about that time. Yes, I went to night school for a time to learn something and get ahead; I'm taking a correspondence course now. Did he say I was a foreigner? Well, I guess that is because he has got nothing much but foreigners in his school, and all the American fellows go into the Red Mitt Athletic Club next door. Well, I quit him more on account of Audrey than anything else. What's the sense of a fellow working his head off when it's not going to get him anything? My pay here is enough for one, and that's all there's ever going to be with me.'

"'I came across the track of another Arkmutty,' I said, 'in a tough saloon on Columbus Avenue—run by a man called Eddie. I suppose you don't know him?'

"'Never heard of him,' he mumbled, looking down. He looked up and flinched before my gaze. 'What do you care?' he said angrily

"'You'll save me considerable trouble if you know this man. I'll have to hunt him up.'

"His gaze went again to the floor; I waited. 'I'll tell you how it was, mister,' he said in a low voice. 'Audrey and I had a row—a big row. She was running around with another fellow, a real no-good guy. I found out something about him. He was a low-life. I spoke to her about him and she denied first off that she knew the man at all. Then I met them together on the street, and after that she promised me to give him up. But she was still running around with him; people told me. You can imagine how I felt, being engaged to the girl and all that, and I—well, I felt sometimes that I didn't care what happened. And when I got that way, sitting in the furnished room studying some fool book, I'd fire the book to the devil and go out and get drunk. And that's how I got to going to Eddie's place. You don't think I'd go to a dump like that if I wasn't half crazy, do you? You don't know what I thought of that girl—what I still think of her, even if she likes that low-life better than me. But, say, don't tell her about this, will you? I wouldn't tell you, only you'd probably make trouble by asking questions. She's awfully strict, and whatever else she thinks, I know she thinks that I'm as straight as a string.'

"'Maybe you kept her too much in the dark,' I said with a hazy notion of how things were. 'She thought you were terribly strait-laced. What was the name of this low-life that Miss Tomassen was going with?'

"'His name was Duckler. He had other names too—three or four names. He ——'

"'Why, you jumping idiot,' I cried, clapping him on the back, 'that's her brother! I think she deserves credit. You don't expect her to throw over her own brother, do you?'

"'Her brother—what's that? Why wouldn't she say so?'

"'She was afraid she'd lose you. You were so darned strait-laced that she thought you'd get up and go. In any event, that man Duckler is her brother. He's the one gave me Miss Tomassen's name.'

"'Honest?' he said, putting his trembling hands on my shoulders. 'This is on the level? Her brother, hey? But why didn't she tell me? What do I care about her brother? Ain't women the infernal liars? So long, mister. I got no time to talk to you now. But say, mister, thanks. Thanks—oh, thanks!'

"'Just a moment,' I called. 'Wait! Where are you going?'

"'Blumenthal's!' he shouted over his shoulder."

Quackenbush knocked the ashes from his corncob.

"And was he really the descendant of James Arkmutty?" I asked.

"If he wasn't," said Quackenbush, "Hudson University paid him twenty-five thousand dollars for nothing. That's what they paid him for releasing his rights. He had a genuine claim there. I think he would have lost in court, but it was a claim well worth settling. Yes, he married the girl; they were married in that Episcopal church on One Hundred and Fifth Street.

"All of which is one reason why I remark, Cavanaugh, that you mustn't be easy to scandalize. You don't know all that there is to know about your best friend; he'll take good care that you never do. The world's a stage, Cavanaugh, and we're all actors—Shakspere again. We're acting when we're villains and we're acting when we're saints. We suit ourselves to our audiences. Most men can play all parts, and do. Beware of the man who is ostentatiously virtuous, have charity for the man found out in wickedness. You may rest assured that these people who are being exposed in Washington today are no worse than any of the others."

"You are in a philosophic mood, Quackenbush," I said, picking up the newspaper again. "I am sure that you are not influenced by the fact that you are a Republican and that the Republicans have got a shade the worst of the mud volleying so far. Hello, I see that they've got the goods on Peter Deschler, the prominent Democratic ——"

"Where—where?" cried Quackenbush, leaping up to look. "Got that Democrat rascal, did they? Well, the infernal scoundrel! By George, they oughtn't to lose time trying that fellow; they ought to take him right out and hang him—hang him!"

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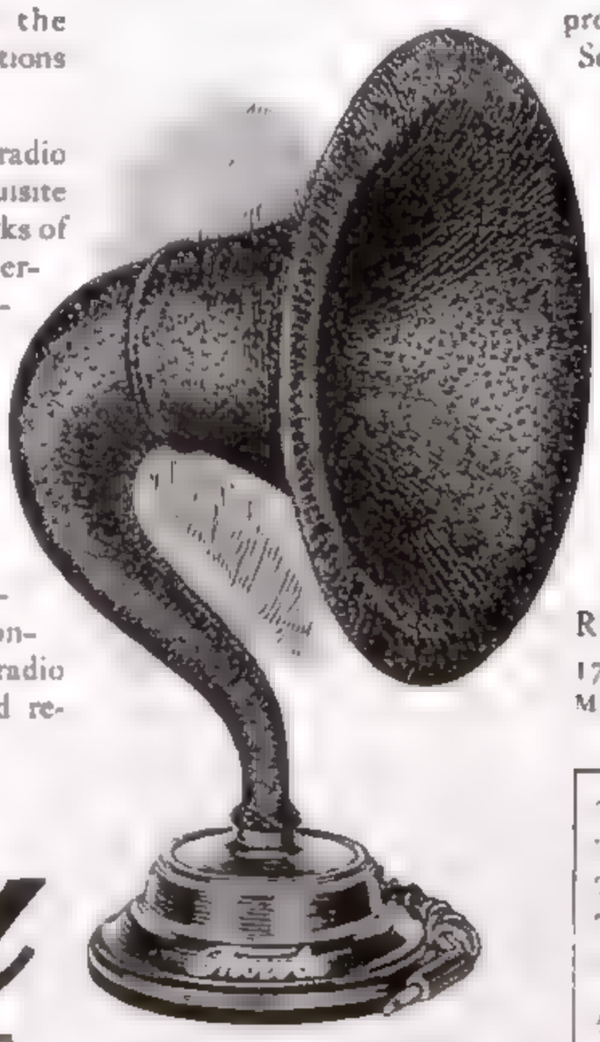

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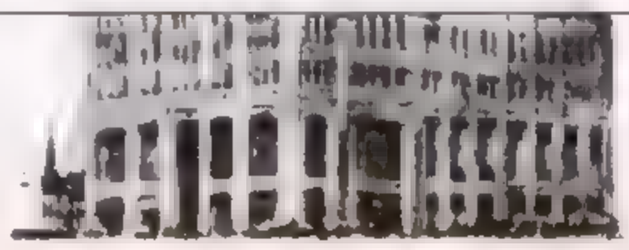
THE SPEAKING LIKENESS



CONTRARIWISE

(Continued from Page 19)

would only be once in a lifetime, and even four dollars might be appropriately thrown away upon the occasion.

"All right," she agreed cannily. "Let's." She started him toward the moonlight sailing yacht without further delay. "Two," she said efficiently to Captain Starm, and the young man paid for the tickets.

"Room for two more there, Medicena?" called Captain Starm jovially.

A yellow-haired sprite in a fluffy dress topped maddeningly by an officer's cap reached up her hand from the boat to assist the newcomers down the wavering gangplank. "'Deed there is!" she cried gayly. "Right here, please." She did not look at them individually, but motioned Eliza first to a clear space on the great semicircle of cushioned seats that ran around the whole stern to the cabin in the bow, broken only once by the steering wheel at the extreme stern. The seats were nearly filled with tourists of every sort, joking and looking at the huge white sail that swung over their heads or gazing eagerly out into the beautiful, calm, moonlit night.

As the tugboat's master took Medicena's hand preparatory to following Eliza he pressed it hard, so that the girl looked up at him resentfully. She recognized him, and colored an adorable pink in the pale light; pink with anger.

"Did I hurt your hand?" apologized the young man solicitously.

"Sit over there!" commanded Medicena haughtily, while she covertly appraised Eliza. So that was the paragon!

The master of the tugboat sat down beside Eliza, remaining silent and slightly bemused as the Yellow Fay cast free of the pier and proceeded out into the channel under engine power. Captain Starm steered the sailorly wheel in the stern, every now and then cracking a much-appreciated joke, and generally enlivening the night. Once squarely into the channel, he shut off the engine, and with the help of two deckhands spread sail. The engine was boxed over. A foreign-looking young man ornamented by a small pale mustache appeared and sat upon it with an accordion. He proved to be the music, for, as the shores became indecipherable and they found themselves sailing in a silvery path over mysterious waters, he lifted up his voice and rendered Oh, Mr. Gallagher—Yes, Mr. Shean! by popular request.

"I like all this," murmured Eliza softly to her silent escort; "and how cheerful and nice the music sounds, away out here where it's so quiet! I like accordions too."

"Uh-huh," muttered the young man.

"What makes you so silent, Bob?" coaxed Eliza after an anxious moment. "You're not, usually." It would be too bad to spend the four dollars, and have him just sit there like a dumb oyster!

Bob looked at her sensible, not unattractive face in the light of the romantic moon. A paragon. She would be faithful; she would save his money; she would constantly assist his upward career by the best of advice. He arose. "Do you mind if I step up to the bow for a moment?" he asked her formally.

"N-no," stuttered the dumfounded Eliza.

The tugboat's master bowed, and with grave deliberation climbed over the top of the cabin to the bow. There, hidden by the sails and clinging to the forward mast while the spray dashed around her, sat the intrepid Medicena with an admiring youth beside her. A strand of her yellow hair blew from under her officer's cap piquantly. The sterling young tugboat captain closed his eyes, his senses swimming momentarily to the point of faintness. And only that morning he had insulted this lovely witch by considering her an ordinary girl! His eyes opened at the sound of a concerned exclamation. Medicena and her companion were staring at him.

"Oh! It's the poor fellow who nearly fainted as he was getting into the boat!" said the girl. "Catch him, Tommy! He's going off again!"

Her obliging swain promptly put out an arm to steady the newcomer.

"Lead him back, Tommy," ordered Medicena; "it isn't safe for him here. Don't you know the passengers who aren't accustomed to sailing vessels aren't allowed out here?" she questioned the tugboat's captain severely.

Bob waved the officious Tommy aside. "I do feel faint," he murmured. "No, I oughtn't to have come out here; but it would be too risky for me to try to get back this minute. I'll have to sit down just until my giddiness passes off, if you don't mind." He staggered picturesquely into Tommy's former seat beside Medicena, leaving that youth standing, poised uncomfortably. He looked up at Tommy. "You might get me a glass of water if you'd be so kind," he urged pathetically.

"I'll get it," agreed the youth somewhat violently, "and then I'll see that you get back where you belong!" He departed wrathfully.

Medicena turned her eyes on the captain of the tugboat with hostile surprise in their violet depths. "What do you mean by acting this foolish way?" she demanded.

His gaze was fastened on the dark void out to sea. His lean regular profile was even handsome, but Medicena, knowing him for the master of a hated utilitarian boat with an avowed inclination for girls who saved his money, despised him.

"It's your fatal charm," he said dreamily, "Cleopatra. First thing I saw you this morning, your strange exotic beauty bowled me over. You may have noticed I talked queer. I hope you can forgive me for it. Tell me again what you did to poor old Mark Antony, and maybe I'll get up courage to break away before it's too late."

"You're crazy," pronounced the girl.

"Yes," agreed the young man simply, "crazy about you. But it's the most gorgeous sensation I ever had. I'm obliged to you for it."

"You're quite welcome," returned Medicena sweetly.

Her victim glanced at her suspiciously, and said, relapsing into gloom, "How contrary things are! Here I've already got just the girl to suit me; she's like I am myself, only more so. And then I go and fall, hard, for a yellow-haired little puff of light-headedness like you! You're probably as frivolous and vain as they make 'em. You spend money like water, and flirt with every other man you see. A nice wife for a sober, worrying man like me! And yet I've got to have you—I've got to. Sitting back there in the boat with Eliza, I couldn't think of anything but you. And all day long I kept wondering how you looked with your face washed!

"You're as different from me as day from night; you being the bright, dancing day, and me being the dark, sober night. Yet they sure go satisfactory together, and I'm wondering if, maybe, nature doesn't like to hook up things contrariwise. Are you going to make it very hard for me to marry you, Cleopatra?" he finished earnestly.

"I'll make it impossible," promised the girl heartily.

"Well, that's one more sand bank I'll have to steer over," replied the captain of the tugboat firmly. "I suppose your father will be violently opposed, too; and I know Eliza won't like it. Have you any steady young man?"

"Two or three," murmured Medicena.

"I hope they're good fighters, then," said the tug's master, "because I like a good fight, and I wouldn't want to send them to the hospital too easy. I'll be feeling more sorry for them than mad at 'em, poor fellows. Don't think I can't be romantic too, Cleopatra. I'll elope with you if you like!"

"I don't like!" exclaimed the outraged girl. "And if it wasn't that I don't want to cause a disturbance, I'd speak to my father this moment! Here comes Tommy with the water, anyway. Please go aft!"

Tommy, glowering, came up to them and handed the tugboat's captain a brimming glass of water. Bob took it, absentmindedly wondering, and handed it on politely to the girl. "Here you are!" he said gallantly, uncovered his dark hair with a bow, and made his way back to the stern. He sat down beside the staring Eliza, and buried his head in his hands. The dapper musician was bringing forth Their Last Waltz Together from the tortured accordion.

"What's the matter with you?" whispered Eliza sharply. "Do you feel sick?"

"Faint, sort of," murmured her escort reminiscently.

"I thought it was foolish to come!" returned Eliza.

"Divine foolishness!" sighed the stricken young man.

Eliza, worried, clasped her escort's arm and said soothingly, "Just listen to the music and be still. Oh, dear! I wish they would turn back!"

"I could go on forever," muttered her companion.

"I wouldn't let you," she reassured him. "Try not to talk!"

He obeyed her, for his enamored eyes were gazing toward the bow, whence the frivolous figure of Medicena was stepping down into the stern.

The musician, ending his piece, arose and hailed her with a ceremonious bow. "What would you like me to play, Miss Medicena?" he asked tenderly.

The girl paused and smiled and considered. "Oh, do let us hear you sing The Sheik of the Desert," she said demurely. "I love that!"

Thunderously contracting his brow, and sonorously throwing out his voice, the musician rendered The Sheik of the Desert with all the fervor of a true artist. He sang to Medicena for his inspiration, rolling his eyes at her fiercely, while his throat throbbed and his little pale mustache vibrated wildly. He was, by his own evidence, on the point of tossing her up behind him on his fiery Arab steed and galloping off with her over the burning sands, when the tugboat's captain decided not to stand by any longer. The latter sprang from his seat, and surging up to the astonished singer, showed him gratuitously the outside of a hard fist. "That's enough of that Dago song!" ordered the tug's master. "Or else you look the other way while you bellow it. You're insulting that girl, whether she's got sense enough to know it or not, and I won't have it!"

"Is that so? Who are you?" blustered the angry musician. "I guess her father's here! I guess he ——"

"Sh! Sh! Sit down! Stop it! That's enough, now. He doesn't mean anything!" A babel broke out among the innocent bysitters.

"Sit down!" roared Captain Starm from the wheel as he turned the yacht about. It was time to start back, anyway, but he was not a niggard with time if he saw the tourists were enjoying themselves.

The master of the tugboat meant only to take one last look at his musical enemy's face before subsiding. But the supercilious expression of that face, the artistic eyes and the trifling blond mustache, so infuriated him that at all costs he let fly with his fist and punched it, though only experimentally, in the nose. The musician squawked, ducked, and felt wildly for his handkerchief. Ladies uttered varying screams.

Captain Starm bellowed hoarsely, "You come back here and sit down by me, young fellow, and if there's any more disturbance before we get back, I'll hold you, and phone for a policeman from the pier!"

"You brute!" uttered Medicena scornfully.

The brutal young man obliviously waited a second, and then, seeing that his opponent had no intention of hitting back, he retreated, at Captain Starm's repeated request, to a seat of ignominy beside the wheel. "Oh, were you saying, 'Sit down'?" he asked affably. "My mistake. I thought you said, 'Knock him down.' It's what I would have said if it had been my daughter."

"That's enough now," warned Captain Starm haughtily. "My daughter can take care of herself."

"No mere girl is a match for a real man," denied the other modestly.

"Shut up!" roared the master of the pleasure boat. "And you," he added to the musician, "just go on playing something, but you needn't sing."

The Yellow Fay made the homeward sail rather hurriedly, amid mechanical music and a strained silence on the part of the patrons. Medicena, indeed, hummed cheerfully, and her father remembered a few jokes without being reminded of them by anything at all. Eliza, bewildered, outraged, and grimly enduring, sat stonily straight in her seat.

"Those are certainly whiskered chestnuts, captain," said the tugboat's master at last. "If you'd like to hear a new joke I know one about two Irishmen called Pat and Mike, that ——"

"You never mind!" interrupted the indignant captain. Then even he fell silent, not speaking again till the pier loomed close to them in the bland peaceful moonlight. He ushered the master of the tugboat ashore first, with a furious push. "And if you ever set foot on this pier again I'll send for a policeman!" he reiterated.

"Blow your foghorn and ring the pier's fire alarm too," suggested the other. "Make it a real party! But I hope your daughter doesn't hate me that much, because that might be awkward when we're ——"

"Oh, no!" interrupted Medicena hastily. "I don't hate you. I think you're funnier than Ben Turpin, that cross-eyed man in the movies. And if anyone should insult me again I'll certainly let you know, so that you can be arrested for assault and battery for hitting them!"

"That's a bargain!" called the tug's master. He removed his cap politely, and sauntered away up the pier. At the entrance he lingered until Eliza came. Then he started toward her, smiling. With an annihilating look Eliza swept by him, repulsing his hand with the most dramatic gesture she had ever made in her life.

"Well, that's one complication done away with," murmured the young captain, and got out his pipe to assist his meditation as he started slowly home.

There are some mornings on Biscayne Bay so filled with sun and flying cloud and moving sea that even the pelicans teeter foolishly on their posts, feeling wonderfully heady. It was such a morning now.

Medicena, singing as she prepared to boil the breakfast eggs in the bubbling coffeepot, felt unreasonably gay. She had to laugh every time she thought of the moonlit night before, and the strange behavior of that avowedly high-principled young man, the captain of the tug.

"What do you keep making those little chuckling noises for?" inquired her father finally, as he unfolded his napkin.

"Oh—was I?" said the girl, confused. She scowled staidly.

Her father paused in the act of cracking an egg to examine her with his shrewd weather-beaten eyes.

"Your egg will get cold," urged his daughter anxiously. She colored.

"What did that nincompoop mean by creating that rumpus last night, and spoiling the sail?" demanded Captain Starm. "Who is he?"

"But I hardly know him!" cried the girl volubly. "He's the master of the tug that took me off that buoy yesterday morning, and that's all I know of him."

Her father digested a few mouthfuls slowly. "If that accordion player's annoying you," he observed, "I'll get rid of him. There's a fellow with a banjo who's been after me for the place anyway."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Medicena.

"Hi! Captain Starm?" called a voice from the pier above them.

"Yes! Coming!" bellowed back the captain. He issued from the cabin, followed by his daughter, and walked aft to greet his friend, the captain of the Dolphin, a rival pleasure yacht tied up on the opposite side of the pier.

The Dolphin's captain was a middle-aged widower with a good-natured red face. Just lately he had felt his heretofore fatherly interest in Medicena changing into something more exciting.

"Morning," he said, addressing Captain Starm, but gazing past him to where the girl stood in the cabin doorway. She was smiling amiably, and starting to peel an orange.

"Look!" continued the Dolphin's captain. "What do you make of this?" He held an object out for Captain Starm to grasp.

"Why, it's a bottle!" said Medicena's father excitedly. He seized it. "A ginger-ale bottle," he added in disgust. "It's terrible the trash people throw into the bay! Ought to be a law against it."

"Yes, but look!" said his friend. "It has a message inside it! I found it banging against my hull."

"So it has," murmured Captain Starm. He took out the message, written on a scrap of old yellowed paper, and read aloud: "I am lost; and I cannot even give my bearings. There is no north or south on this sea. It is uncharted. A terrible sea to be lost on, and I pray that whoever picks this bottle up will send my pilot, Cleopatra, out to find me."

Continued on Page 129

BE AS CAREFUL AS YOUR DOCTOR

The four things to do

1

Apply iodine to the wound. Do not wash the wound.

2

Apply a sterile piece of gauze folded into a convenient pad.

3

Then wrap this dressing with a sterile gauze bandage.

4

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The INSIDE

Note how perfectly this new type scientific brush fits the INSIDE curve of the tooth structure. The illustration shows this fact being demonstrated on a Typodont – a scientific replica of the adult tooth structure used by the dental profession. Its bristles fit the curves of your teeth in exactly this same manner.

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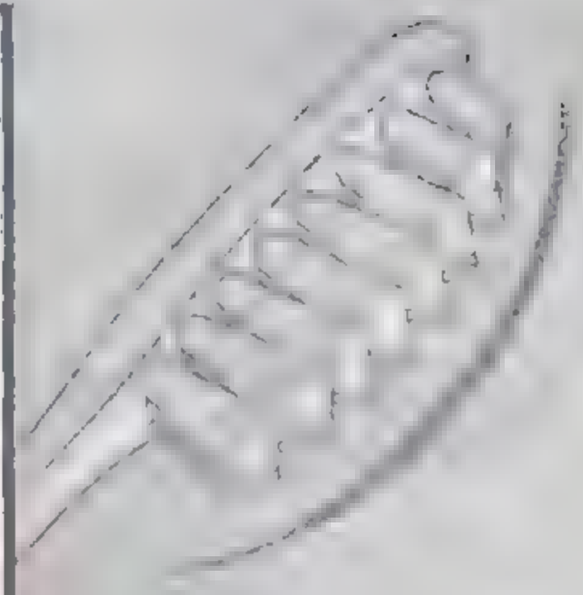
After all, why is Dr. West's Tooth Brush different? Why are 20,000 new users adopting this new method each day? Because they have come to know that the danger spots in the mouth are hidden in the unexposed spaces back of and between the teeth. 99% of all decay starts from spot acidity in these crevices.

Dr. West's Tooth Brush came into existence three years ago—because it was known that these trouble centers in the mouth were being neglected.

Dr. West's

WECO

STORY



The Health Curve

The curve above makes cleaning every part of every tooth so much simpler that dentists and users have named it "The Health Curve" Its patented feature, hence ... be had in no other tooth brush except Dr West's.

The only way to reach the backs of all the teeth was to design a brush that was small enough—and shaped convex to conform.

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If Dr. West's were of any other shape its whole purpose would be defeated. Of course, there are other outstanding superiorities, too—such as the reverse handle, which helps to make brushing easier—the fine quality of the bristles—the improved method of anchoring these bristles so that they stay put. But, after all, it is *The Health Curve* that relieves the fear of decay in the inside spaces.

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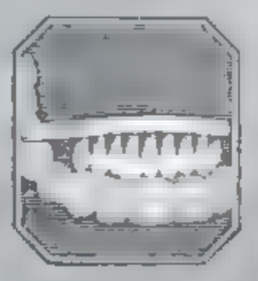
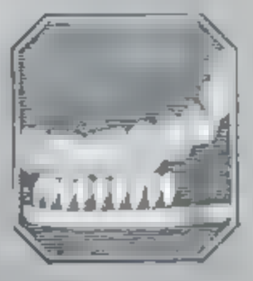
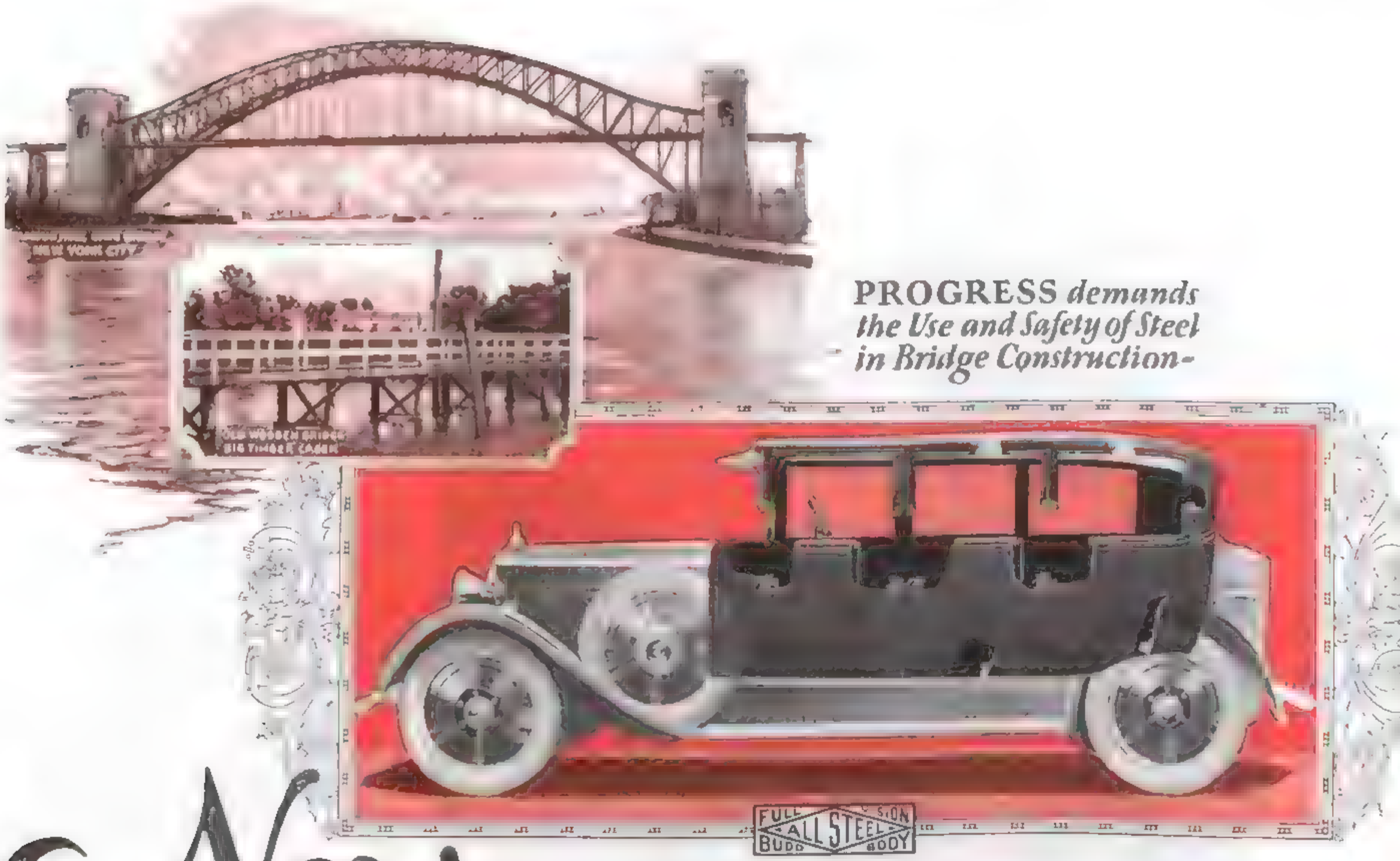


Cleans OUTSIDE



Cleans BETWEEN
and MASSAGES *the* GUMS

TOOTH BRUSH



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MOTOR CAR BODIES

(Continued from Page 124)

"What do you make of it?" asked the Dolphin's captain. "It's a joke, of course."

Neither of them noticed the swift light of mirth and recognition in Medicena's eyes.

"Yes," agreed Captain Starm, "but where is it?"

"Where is what?" inquired his friend.

"The joke," pursued the literal-minded captain. "I don't see it."

"I don't suppose it's the kind of joke you see right away," explained the other laboriously. "But about half a dozen wharfmen have found bottles this morning, all with this same message in. They asked me if there was any pilot by name Cleopatra along the water front!"

"Let me see the message," requested the girl. She gazed with secret interest at the bold fine writing, smiling as she handed it back.

"No joke to it at all, or sense either," remarked her father shortly. He linked his arm through that of his friend. "Let's walk down the pier and get one each of those big Cuban cigars the Dago sells."

The two men strolled off. Medicena, still smiling secretly, went up on the bow to finish her orange. Here and there, far up or down the bay, she could see the busy dredges sending forth columns of black oil smoke, and the tugs puffing back and forth with loaded barges. She tried curiously to discover a certain garnet-red one.

She saw it at last come busily chugging down the channel, which passed some five hundred yards from the end of the pier. Nor was she the only person attentive to it. On the piers and along the shore people of all sorts were pointing it out, and idlers were gathering to stare at it. It certainly looked unusual. The two barges behind the garnet tug were carefully piled with dirt and stone in two symmetrical pyramids. At the back of the tug itself an Egyptian throne was roughly erected, and though it was empty a Nubian in the conspicuous headdress of the slaves of the Pharaohs—and not much else—was waving a palmetto leaf solemnly above it. On the bow of the tug its captain had unfurled the boat's big orange sun umbrella, ornamented with letters a foot high which read, "Cleopatra's Royal Barge." Under the umbrella the master of the boat himself stood at the wheel, in his ordinary clothes, and peacefully smoking his usual pipe.

"Of all the idiotic nerve!" gasped Medicena. This might get serious. Either he had really gone a trifle crazy or he evidently did not care to what lengths of ridicule he exposed himself, and incidentally her! With great presence of mind she disappeared at once into the cabin before he should get opposite to the Yellow Fay. From a porthole she watched apprehensively. Yes, as the exotic tug approached the pier it slowed down almost to a stop. Its captain, gauging waves and tide, carefully lowered a bottle into the water, staring fondly at the Yellow Fay meanwhile. After tenderly wafting the bottle on its way he continued on his own.

Medicena watched the bottle bob toward her, until presently she could no longer see it, but could hear it bumping the hull. Should she? She went out on deck unconcernedly, and glanced about. No one was interested in what she did, apparently. The tugboat was now far down the bay, gathering new admirers. With guilty haste Medicena secured the bottle. "This ridiculous business must end!" she thought firmly, as she prepared to read its inclosed message. When she had, indeed, read the message, her eyes widened superstitiously. It was uncanny! It answered her very thought. The words were: "Yes, you must put a stop to this foolishness! Meet me at the entrance to the pier at eight o'clock tonight and tell me I must stop it. But don't tell me to stop loving you! Men have killed themselves for beauty less fatal than Cleopatra's. And since we are as different as day from night, we necessarily belong together, Cleopatra."

"He thinks he's clever!" muttered the girl hotly. "Contraries go together? I'll show him! Facts may not be clever, but they're facts. Oh, yes! I'll meet him tonight, and I'll see to it that he'll never want to meet me again!"

Medicena knew, in friendly fashion, the proprietors of every merry little game of chance and hot-dog stand on the pier. She made a call upon several of them, departing flushed with expectant mirthful triumph.

The afternoon sail and subsequent supper over, the girl donned her most frivolous dress. "I'm not sailing with you tonight, dad," she told her father as he smoked an after-supper Havana and stared at the darkening bay. "I feel as though I need a change, and I've promised to stop on the pier for a dance."

"Who with?" articulated Captain Starm through cigar smoke.

Knowing she would only court a parental ultimatum if she mentioned the captain of the tug, Medicena guiltily named an innocuous youth of her acquaintance.

"Well, all right," granted her father, "but don't get too gay, Medicena. I think maybe it's the time to tell you the captain of the Dolphin has spoke to me seriously about you. He's got something laid by, and he's fond of you. You could do worse than to take him. Anyway, it's a real offer, Medicena, and he's going to ask you himself first good chance he gets."

"We'll talk about it some other time, dad," said the girl uninterestedly. "I'm off!" She kissed him quickly, and gained the pier. She walked lightly down its business end to what might be called its jazz belt, where the blare and the crowds engulfed her.

The eager young man waiting for her at the blatantly gay entrance to the pleasure pier knocked out his pipe and came toward her.

"Well, what a surprise!" he exclaimed. "Right on the dot! I thought your kind of girl would make a fellow wait an hour at least. This is fine!"

"Yes," said the girl, trying not to look annoyed, "I've decided to meet you halfway. We'll try out that contrary theory of yours. I made a point of being early, just to please you, and I hope you'll make a point of doing things to please me." Fragile and blond, she looked up at him shyly.

"Please you!" gasped the overcome young man unsteadily, dropping his banter. "I'd do anything in the world for you! I don't know whether you even know my name or not. It's Robert Hawks—Bob."

"Thank you, Bob," she murmured.

Scarcely able to believe his ears, the captain of the worthy tugboat took her arm. "Let's walk in a quiet part of the park, where we can just about hear the concert music, while we talk things over." He gestured to a palm-fringed alley a block or so from the pier.

His companion glanced at it, and shuddered. "Oh, it's so dark down there!" she objected plaintively. "Let me get up my courage first!" The green light of the photographer's palace at the pier's entrance fell across them. "I know what let's do first!" she cried. "Let's have our pictures taken to give each other!"

"All right," agreed the young man fondly. He followed her gay form indulgently into the photographic palace.

Medicena greeted the long-nosed gracious proprietor happily. "Hello, Abe. We want our pictures taken, please," she said, leaning her piquant little face across the counter amidst the artistic platinum enlargements of languishing beauties.

"Ah! On a postcard now?" inquired Abe from habit, but answered himself. "I guess not. That ain't so artistic. If you want to look positive beautiful, try these here large sepia prints in the soft focus style. I make a special price to you of twenty dollars. And you would both look so handsome, you couldn't hardly know it was you!" He beamed diplomatically.

"Twenty dollars for a few pictures!" gasped the captain of the tug.

"Only to you," the photographer reminded him kindly.

"Oh, I think they're beautiful! Yes, Abe, we'll have you take them right away," ecstasized the girl. And while the photographer was getting ready she said to the stunned Bob, taking his hand cajolingly, "I'm afraid you think it's rather high, but it's only once, and I want the very best picture of you I can possibly have! I'm sure you do of me too."

"That's all right," gulped her admirer heroically. "But it's lucky I have twenty dollars with me!"

"Yes, isn't it?" agreed the girl innocently. "But since it's Saturday night I rather thought you would have."

When they had posed against a back drop representing a worn-out ocean, with stuffed alligators beneath their feet, Bob paid, on the assurance that he would receive the pictures the next day. He watched Medicena sharply during the transaction, but she did not even glance at his money. She was completely absorbed in the moving spectacle of a miniature horse race going on a few yards away. The young captain realized that indeed, theory aside, money was nothing to her; she had no conception of its worth. He bit his lip.

As one little tin horse dashed madly home in front of its painted tin brothers, Medicena turned a radiant face to her escort. "Isn't it fun!" she laughed. "I like the little yellow horse, don't you? Look! They're going to start again. Let's bet five dollars on him, just for luck! Our luck," she added winningly, "yours and mine, Bob."

The unfortunate Bob dazedly bestowed a bill upon the grinning manipulator of the tin race horses. Alas, the little yellow horse made a poor showing! "But I don't like to give up," pouted the girl disappointedly. "Let's just put one more bet on the little yellow horse. He'll win this time." The sober-minded Bob complied, with tightening lips; the little yellow horse came in second.

After paying off the winners the barker announced graciously, "And the little lady here wins a solid enamel pin as a consolation prize, since her horse came in second." He handed the patently delighted Medicena the promised object, which twinkled enamelly on a pasteboard card.

"Isn't that nice of him!" she said to her writhing escort. "Now we will be lucky! Let's bet on the little blue horse this time."

"Wait," admonished the captain of the worthy tug desperately. "I must tell you, I don't approve of horse racing, really. The horses get hurt, you know; it's brutal."

"But this is just a game!" cried the astonished girl.

"The principle is the same," said the young man, more firmly than logically.

"Oh, if it's a principle, of course I will give in to you," agreed the girl angelically. He looked at her and melted. She was just a bright, thoughtless, gay child. "Shall we walk over to the concert now?" he asked.

"Yes, only let's get a soda first," said the girl. "Do you mind? I just feel like ice cream to set me up."

"So do I," agreed Bob, with the first heartiness he had shown.

"There's a lovely place just a little way further down the pier," continued Medicena, and led him on into the mazes of screaming amusements.

Seated at a tiny iron table amid the multiplied mirrors and festoons of paper roses of the ice-cream parlor, the girl ordered the most expensive dish the flowery menu afforded—a delectable frappé of bananas, pineapples, strawberries and cherries, mixed with various sirups, ice cream and whipped cream. As she somewhat languidly consumed this, Medicena could not help staring in the mirrors at herself and the good-looking young man beside her, busy with a severely plain dish of chocolate cream. If only he had not made himself so objectionable —— He caught her eye in the mirror.

"We do make a nice-looking couple, don't we?" he said cheerfully.

The girl bit her lip.

"Yes," she murmured softly, "but that wasn't what I was really interested in, at first. Look!" She indicated the part of the mirror above their heads which reflected the particular booth of chance across the way. There a crowd of fascinated males stood about a conglomeration of targets, two rows of white decoy ducks, sedately moving in a procession across the background, and grinning pickaninny heads bobbing rhythmically out of barrels. Strong men were aiming deadly rifles at these harmless things in the illusive hope of winning a box of good cigars.

"Can you shoot?" the girl asked the tug's captain vivaciously. "I suppose you can. A man aiming a gun gives me all sorts of thrills! Do let me see you shoot! You can, can't you?"

"Yes," replied the young man morosely. He paid the ice-cream check, and then, under Medicena's urging, took three melancholy shots at the decoy ducks for fifty cents. Exasperated by the fact that he did not hit them, though he was usually a good shot, and though the thing looked easy, he grimly ordered three more shots.

"It's a science," proclaimed the hard-looking, elderly proprietor of the decoys, "to hit a movin' duck! These is real bullets, too, an' costs money. But I'll give ya seven shots for a dollar, gents, seven shots for a dollar, an' ef ya hit Sambo's eye, ya receives a box of fifteen-dollar cigars! Now, that's handsome.

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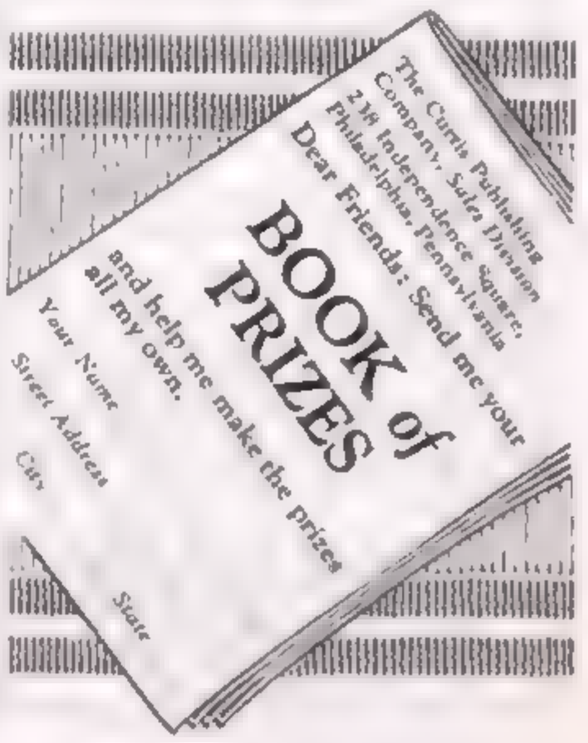


Step up an' learn this little science of hittin' the movin' object! Educatin' as well as interestin'. Step up!"

"I'll hit something here," declared the tug's master between his teeth, "or know the reason why!" A sort of madness had him in its grip. By the time he had shot ten dollars' worth of the expensive real bullets he, surprisingly, hit over a decoy duck, though Sambo's eye forever eluded him.

"This here lucky gent wins one of the decoy-duck prizes," announced the shooting expert, handing the young man a box containing ten ashamed-looking cigars. "Come again, mister. You'll hit Sambo's eye yet, an' win the big prize."

"You shoot awfully well," praised the girl flatteringly. "Why don't you try one of your cigars?"

"I don't like them," responded the young captain sadly. "I never smoke anything but my pipe; or a cigarette, perhaps, in company."

"That's too bad," said the girl innocently. "What did you shoot for then?"

Her escort stopped in his tracks and stared at her almost offensively; but the frivolous blond head was turned away from him, and the alluring lips uttered an interested "Oh-ooh!" She turned back to him and grasped his sleeve with shining eyes. "It's our chance, Bob! We'll need one, and think of getting it for only five dollars! Just look!"

The impressive object to which she now pointed was a shining new automobile. A dapper youth stood in front of it with a fistful of tickets.

"Five dollars a chance on this handsome car," the youth was proclaiming dramatically, "and only one hundred chances will be sold! This is the opportunity of your lifetime, gentlemen and ladies! Now or never! And I only have a few tickets left unsold. Step up and win this beautiful car for five dollars!"

"Oh! We'll take one chance!" cried Medicena aloud to the youth.

When they had the ticket the young captain of the tugboat, pale, drew the happy girl to one side, wiping his brow. "I don't want to have you embarrassed," he said, "and so I've got to tell you I have no more money in my pockets. I'm sorry! We've spent fifty dollars in an hour or so, and that's nearly all I earn in a week. I'm just telling you."

"Oh!" The girl's face fell, and she sighed pathetically. "We are poor, aren't we? Never mind! I want to show you Mike. He's the cutest monkey! In the big monkey cage right outside, and it doesn't cost anything to look at them. I bring him peanuts every time I pass, but of course this time ——"

"I have enough to buy a bag of peanuts," said Bob shortly.

Mike accepted the peanuts with stunning rapidity, and gorged them with his relatives.

"But his cunningest trick," cried Medicena, "is this! Watch!"

Before the horrified young man could prevent her she had playfully pulled his beloved pipe from his coat pocket and had offered it to Mike with an encouraging gurgle.

Quick as lightning the monkey snatched it, rushed to the top of the cage and sat there with it in his mouth, chattering derisively at the same time.

"Here, you!" cried the harassed master of the tug, agonizedly shaking the bars of the cage. "You come back with that, you gibbering idiot, or I'll ——" His emotion choked him. He turned exasperatedly to Medicena. "Make him come back with that!" he ordered, as if he were issuing an ultimatum.

"He won't," said the girl, shaking her head slowly. "That's the best part of the trick!"

The young man stared at her obstinately, attempting to wilt her with the power of the human eye

Finally, indeed, her gaze lowered in apparent confusion and she murmured, "But there was something serious you wanted to say to me! I'm afraid I'm very frivolous. Shall we stroll back to the concert now?"

"It's over," said Bob bitterly. From the end of the pier came the noise of the Yellow Fay docking on its return trip, and the passengers leaving it merrily. The young captain of the worthy tugboat struggled with his tongue a moment. "Good night," he articulated decisively, whirled on his heel, and strode away through the mocking amusements to the pier's entrance. He did not turn back his head once.

The girl watched him. Her triumph could not have been more complete. Suddenly she ducked behind a hot-dog sandwich-board sign, and taking out her handkerchief began to cry.

A week passed, and now the Southern season was drawing rapidly to its close. The pelican, dozing on its post, saw a clearer expanse of bay daily, as yacht after shining yacht steamed out of the blue harbor.

Captain Starm grew increasingly restless, overhauled his engine and all his canvas, and sniffed the winds.

Cleopatra's barge, after its brief day's appearance, was seen no more on the bay's waters. Only Medicena would furtively watch a garnet tug chugging utilitarianly back and forth, towing prosaic barges of sand. But let the sun shine hotly or the rain storm down, it used no umbrella; and the girl could guess the reason, knowing the letters its captain had painted there in the first flush of his fancy.

That rejuvenating widower, the captain of the rival pleasure boat, the Dolphin, pressed his respectful suit upon Medicena one night when the moon rose late and showed but half its face. The girl listened with languid uninterest. She did not even dislike him enough to refuse him brutally. Then, too, he was her father's friend; she tried diplomacy.

"If you can win the race tomorrow, ask me again," she said capriciously. It was tantamount to a refusal. Every year the Yellow Fay wound up the season by challenging the other pleasure boats along the pier to a sailing race. Since they all knew the Yellow Fay was much the fastest among them under sail, it was purely a commercial adventure. They advertised it, and passengers were carried on the racing boats at so much per head. The passengers were the only ones who got excited or had any uncertainty about the outcome.

"But—you know I have no chance!" exclaimed the dismayed captain of the Dolphin to Medicena.

"Then don't ask me," returned the girl gently, and hurried inside.

Alas, she had been too gentle, nor had she reckoned with the swelling vanity of the prideful male.

"She's a romantic little thing," the captain of the Dolphin reported to Captain Starm. "She wants me to win that fool race tomorrow! Said she'd have me if I did. Couldn't we fix it up some way, eh? Just to satisfy her."

"I guess we could," agreed her father comfortably.

The following day proved ideal racing weather, fair and bright, with a snap to the wind. There were but four boats entered, and the race was scheduled to start at two in the afternoon. The day being so fine, all four contestants were crowded with twittering passengers, who were solemnly warned about keeping out of the way of the swing of the boom, and staying in their places. Even Medicena, attired in a sailor's blouse and her officer's cap, could not help feeling a gay thrill.

At the appointed hour the four pleasure boats proceeded out into the channel under engine power, followed by a launch containing two judges, and nearly all the idle boats on the bay carrying spectators. In the channel the four lined up and shut off their engines. One of the judges fired a revolver into the air, and the race was on. The sailing yachts were to round a buoy opposite the Florida Light some ten miles away, and return to their starting point.

The judges' launch proceeded directly to the buoy in question, there to wait and see that the contestants rounded it fairly and properly. The fishing was good near the buoy, and the judges had brought their lines. The other power boats circled around the competing vessels, commenting on their seamanship as they tacked or veered away, searching for gusts of wind.

Medicena had never seen her father show less interest in a race. "Why, you're not even giving her all the sail you can, dad!" she said at last impatiently. "Let me handle her if you don't feel well or anything."

"Nonsense!" responded her father briefly. "Are you so terrible anxious to win this race?" he added quizzically.

"Of course!" exclaimed the girl. "We always do! You don't want people to think the Fay isn't what she was, do you?"

The puzzled captain did not reply. However, under his daughter's uncompromising eye he was forced to sail ahead. He was well in the lead, with the straining Dolphin next behind him, when the buoy hove in sight.

His daughter watched him with sharp suspicion. "Look out, dad!" she cried suddenly. "You're tacking too short! Don't you see you won't round the buoy? You'll miss it, and have to go back around it, and lose a lot of time. Let me take the wheel!"

Captain Starm glared at his daughter, exasperated, as he changed his course to round the buoy nicely. Never had the Fay sailed better; she was clipping along ahead at a gay pace! Captain Starm was annoyed. Yet he had given his word to his friend, the Dolphin's captain, and he did not even consider going back on it now for some contrary whim of his daughter's that he did not understand. He thought only of outwitting her. He was returning under the lee of the long palm-covered island that holds the Florida Light and separates the bay from the ocean. It is an island of sand, with treacherous shoals blocking its shores.

"Father! You're too close in! Do look out!" cried Medicena. "I never saw you sail so badly!"

"Huntin' a wind," grunted the captain sourly.

"Look out!" screamed the girl again. "Oh! You've done it! We're fast. I knew you would! How could you!"

The Fay had nosed gently into a sand bar, with unviolent tremors that nevertheless caused the passengers great excitement.

"Now, everybody quiet!" called Captain Starm masterfully, but refusing to meet his daughter's scornful eye. "No danger! Just a bar. The tide's rising and we'll be afloat in an hour."

"Yes; too late to win the race!" It was his daughter who spoke.

"Can't be helped," replied her father cheerfully, a load off his mind. "Better luck next time. Besides, the Dolphin deserves to win." He winked at the dismayed girl.

"Is there something the matter with your eyes, father?" she inquired coldly. "I don't think you see straight!" She looked back miserably at the Dolphin gayly rounding the buoy. "Maybe one of the launches can pull us off!" she urged hopefully.

"I doubt if they have power enough, even if I, or they, had a towrope, which I haven't," said her father.

"You wouldn't have," observed the girl witheringly. Her eyes searched the bay for an idea, as the Dolphin drew triumphantly nearer.

"Father!" she exclaimed with sudden joy. "Look! There's a tugboat coming! It'll be opposite us in five minutes. It has no barges, and it's sure to have a towrope! Oh, good!"

"What of it?" inquired the captain sinkingly.

"This of it!" cried the girl. "That it can pull us off here, and we can win the race as we should! I can see you fixed it with that silly old captain of the Dolphin. I don't know what he told you, but understand right now, dad, that I won't have him win this race. I don't want him to. You've done your part, and he can't blame you."

Captain Starm threw up his hands in surrender.

The Dolphin passed them, all sails flying, just as the tug—it was a garnet-red one!—got within hailing distance.

Medicena, her color high, raised a megaphone and called brazenly, "Tugboat, ahoy! Can you pull us off this bar at once?"

The dark-eyed young captain of the tug did not pause to megaphone a reply, but steered toward them, waving one hand in token of compliance. When near the Fay the tug turned about and backed toward it, finally standing still a few feet away. The tug's young captain came aft and silently tossed the Fay a rope, which the girl caught and handed to her father to secure on the yacht's stern.

"Why, it's that young fellow that ——" began Captain Starm.

"Yes, father, so it is. Do watch the rope!" said his daughter impatiently.

The eloquent dark eyes of the young master of the tug, after a moment's struggle, gave up, and sought the girl's with ardent questioning.

"I'm sorry it had to be you I hailed," said Medicena blushingly. "I know—you don't like me now."

"I'm afraid," responded the young man, leaning over the tug's stern almost near enough to touch her, "that it's the other way about. You convinced me you didn't like me. But I want to apologize for being such a boor the other evening, anyhow."

"Oh! You apologize for the way you behaved that night?" inquired the girl eagerly.

"Yes," said the young man humbly.

"Well, I—I—forgive you," she murmured; and there was no mistaking the gladness in her eyes. The tug's master leaned farther toward her, and almost fell in.

"Hey, there! Are you going to pull us off?" called Captain Starm.

The young man, walking on air, hastily bade his engineer get up speed. Grinding and puffing desperately the little tug pulled the Fay, stern foremost, back into the channel water.

"Father, can you still beat the Dolphin?" urged Medicena.

"If you want me to that much, I guess I can," grumbled Captain Starm. He tossed the towrope back to the tug. "Come see me at the pier tonight and I'll pay you," he called. "Thanks!"

"And put your umbrella up!" screamed the girl. "Don't get a sunstroke." With mixed feelings she watched the tug solemnly hoist its umbrella, proclaiming to all the world that it was Cleopatra's Barge.

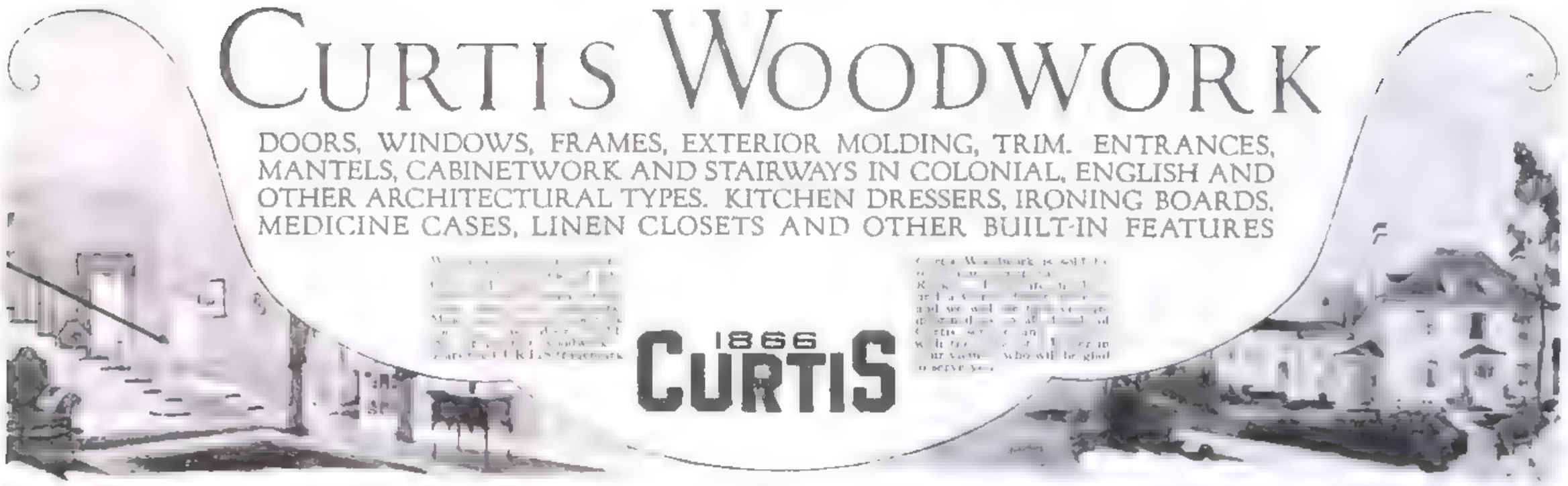
A pelican, meditating on a post at sundown, when all the bay was calm and the excitement of the race over, blinked at the flag of victory flying from the mast of the Yellow Fay.

Captain Starm sat smoking contentedly in the quiet stern. He could not see the bow of his boat, hidden by the sails, and he did not try to.

"It's all for the best, I guess," he muttered. "So long as Medicena wants him, and he's a steady lad." A clatter from the bow caused him to look up. His daughter and the young captain of the tugboat came and stood before him, hand in hand.

"We're to be married, captain," said the young man happily, "if you've no strong objection. I have a theory about contraries that I'm bound to put to the test! Now Medicena and I are, I know, as different as day from night. She's all for a good time, and spending money going around, while I ——"

"Suffering sea tripe!" interrupted the astonished captain. "Where did you go to get such ideas?" He stared from the eminently philosophical young man to the blushing girl. "Why," he said impressively, "Medicena's the most economical girl and the best housewife I ever did see! She even surprises her mother that way; and we worried, sometimes, to see her so serious, not caring to go out hardly at all. Beaus she's always had, on account of her looks. But the man who marries my daughter, young sir, is getting a girl of rare good sense!"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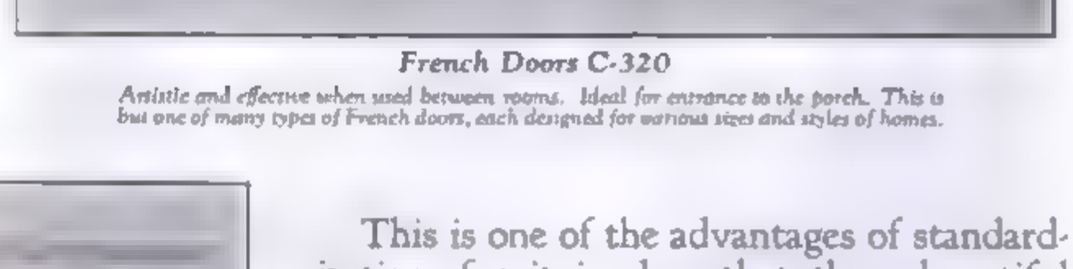

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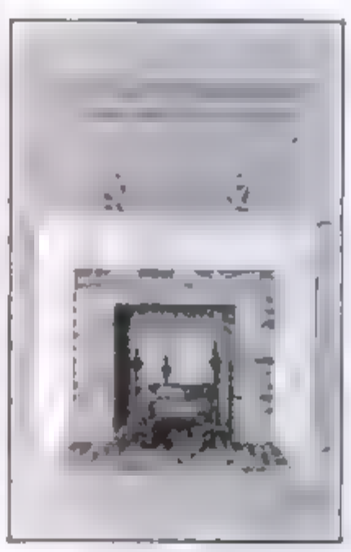
Entrance C-106

One of over 10 different designs of Curtis entrances—each designed by prominent architects. There is a Curtis entrance designed for practically every style and type of home. You will find several which are particularly suitable to your home



Mantel C-617

Here are the wide variety of Curtis designs make just the right selection of the proper type of mantel for your own home

Hanging China Closet C-731

A beautiful item for dining room or dining alcove. Harmonizes with any type of interior finish. Of great use in small homes

This is one of the advantages of standardization, for it is clear that these beautiful pieces of woodwork could not be produced so reasonably if made one at a time.

It will pay you to see the nearest Curtis dealer and let him show you just what Curtis Woodwork includes and how wide is the variety of designs. He will also give you many valuable and practical suggestions to aid you in planning your new home or remodeling your old one.

Write us for any information you may wish. We have plan books containing many complete designs for different styles of homes. There are individual books on bungalows, 1½ and 2 story houses, houses of 5 rooms, 6 rooms, 7 rooms, and 8 rooms. We will gladly forward any of these books to you. Simply indicate which ones you desire, enclosing $1 for each.

THE CURTIS COMPANIES SERVICE BUREAU
304 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

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Sales Offices in: Pittsburgh, New York, Baltimore

At the left,
Brunswick Radiola
No. 360

The Newest and Achievement

THE BRUNSWICK RADIOLA—Combining the world-noted Brunswick Phonograph with the superlative in Radio, the Radiola Super-Heterodyne and Regenoflex. *What it is and does—some amazing features*

LESS than six weeks ago, this new instrument was first announced Today famous artists, musicians, critics, scores of America's representative people, have joined in paying tribute to what world's authorities acclaim the outstanding musical achievement of the day.

Whatever may be your conceptions of the musical possibilities of radio, or of *complete* and *permanent* home entertainment, you are urged to hear it.

All the music of all the world, the music of yesterday or today, at the simple turn of a lever!

The Brunswick Radiola marks the joint achievement of the leader in musical reproduction with the leader in radio to attain the ultimate. A scientific combination, developed by the Brunswick laboratories in connection with the Radio Corporation, it embodies the best that men know in music and in radio

Not a makeshift, simply a radio receiver set in a phonograph, but a perfected, tested and proved combination An instrument you can buy with positive and absolute assurance of lasting satisfaction throughout the years to come

The world-famous Brunswick Method of Reproduction has been subsidized to do for radio what it has done for music. The result in clarity, beauty and tonal quality is equaled only by the sweeping versatility of this amazing instrument

* * *

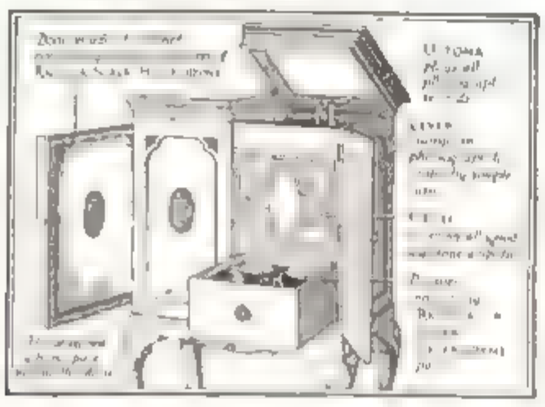
At a turn of the lever, you have radio's greatest thrill, the amazing Radiola Super-Heterodyne or Radiola Regenoflex to bring the mysteries of the air into your home, with tonal possibilities multiplied

At another turn, you have the recorded music of all time at your command—your favorite records played as only a Brunswick can play them

Brunswick Radiola No. 360

Remember—Brunswick now offers the choice of two supreme musical instruments: the Brunswick Phonograph alone without radio, and the Brunswick Radiola, which is a phonograph, a radio in one.

most remarkable in Radio



Nothing in music—music in the making, the current triumphs of famous artists of the New Hall of Fame, the music of yesterday, today, tomorrow, is thus beyond your reach. Consider what this means to you; the advantages it offers to your children.

The Brunswick Radiola occupies immeasurably a unique position in the world of musical art.

Moderate prices—liberal terms of payment—instruments now on display

So as to bring this instrument within the means of every home, many different types and styles have been developed—and liberal terms of payment provided

Some are priced as low as $190, embodying the master craftsmanship in cabinet work which characterizes Brunswick

Some embody the noted Radiola Super-Heterodyne. Others the Radiola Regenoflex, the Radiola No. 3 and 3A.

The Brunswick Radiola Super-Heterodyne

—some remarkable features

1 —Requires no outside antenna—no ground wires. You can move it from room to room—plays wherever you place it

2 —Amazing selectivity permitting you to "cut out" what you *don't* want to hear and *pick out* instantly what you do. Consider what this means in big centers.

3 —Combines the superlative in radio with the superlative in phonographic reproduction—a phonograph and a radio in one.

See now at Brunswick dealers so as to be sure of delivery

Advance models are now on display at your local Brunswick dealer's

To be sure of getting one of these instruments, *choose now.*

Special demonstrations, day and night, at the "Sign of Musical Prestige"—your Brunswick dealer

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO

Manufacturers Established 1845

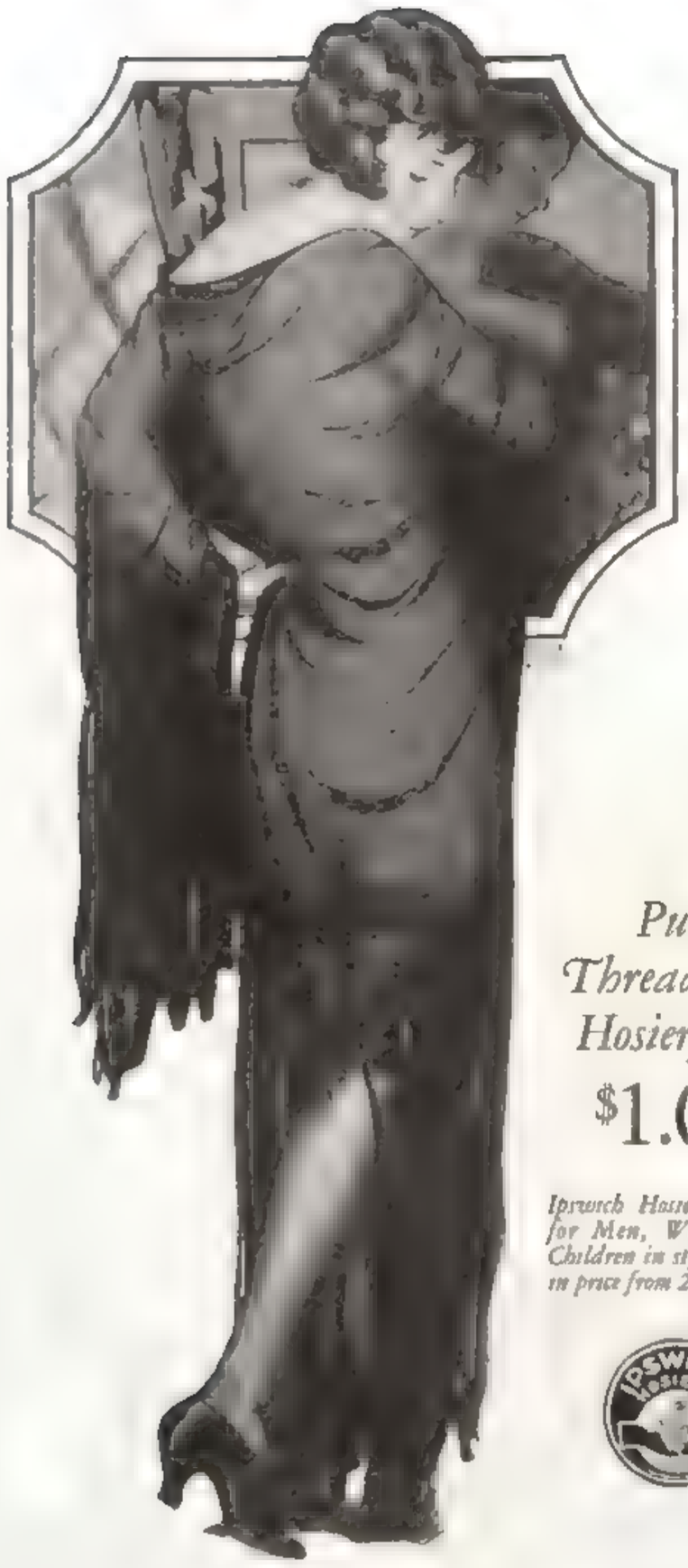
General Offices—Chicago Branches in All Principal Cities

The Sign of Musical Prestige

Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS · RECORDS · RADIOLAS

At the Right
Brunswick Radiola
No. 160



Pure Thread Silk Hosiery for

$1.00

Ipswich Hosiery is made for Men, Women, and Children in styles ranging in price from 25c to $1.85.

It's hard to believe they cost only *a dollar*

IT doesn't really seem possible that stockings as lovely as these can be made for a dollar a pair.

You must see them for yourself. Ask for the newest dollar value in Ipswich De Luxe hosiery. They're made of pure thread silk—in all colors—without a particle of fibre or artificial silk. Fine lisle gives extra elasticity to the garter-tops and reinforces the heels and toes.

Their lasting beauty of fit, finish and style will give you a new idea of the value of an otherwise insignificant dollar bill. Sold by department stores and good hosiery shops everywhere.

IPSWICH *De Luxe* HOSIERY

IPSWICH MILLS • Ipswich, Mass. • LAWRENCE & CO., *Sole Selling Agents*

IPSWICH MILLS, Ipswich, Mass. Please send me a pair of your *pure silk* De Luxe stockings. Color_____ Size _____ I am enclosing a dollar.

Name

Address

THE BLACK CARGO

(Continued from Page 31)

was a little girl he came to watch me by the garden fence. And when I was older he gave the money to send me away to school in Boston, because he said he wanted me to be a lady, and sometimes he would come to see me there and talk to me about all sorts of things. He was very gentle. He always is when he speaks to me. You know his face, the way he looks sometimes, as though something is hurting him. I can't explain it to you. I said you wouldn't understand, but someone's got to stay."

His wharf was nearly half a mile away, but, nevertheless, Eliphalet Greer was close beside us then. His shadow seemed to fall between us. And then I saw something, something like the answer to a prayer.

"Look at his wharf!" I said. "Look at it!"

My voice was strained and hoarse in my excitement. And I moved a pace farther down the hill.

"Look at the Felicity! They're bringing water casks aboard. Look at them on the yards. They're bending new sail. He's leaving. I tell you he's leaving!"

It was the Felicity. I knew the angle of every rope and spar, though her hull was hidden in the shadow of the wharf. They had warped her alongside, but they were not unloading. Instead they were rolling barrels and boxes aboard. I could see the men about her gangplank. I could almost tell who they were. Someone had stepped from the door of one of the warehouses, a man in black, and upon his appearance the men alongside were imbued with a new activity. I knew him. I knew him, even from the graves of West Hill. It was Eliphalet Greer.

Prudence was looking at the wharf with her lips half parted, and her cloak drawn tight about her.

"Don't you see, dear," I was saying, "everything's over now? We're out of it. We'll hardly remember him tomorrow. I'm going down. I'm going down to see."

But she did not seem glad. She was looking at me as though she was afraid. I wonder if she saw something I did not see. I wonder if she saw the road before the end.

"And what if it isn't so?" she asked. "If he isn't running away?"

I bent toward her, but she still looked at the wharf. I kissed her, but she never turned her head.

"If he isn't," I answered, "we'll both stay on together. Don't you see I'll never leave you now?"

She was looking up at me.

"No matter what happens?" she asked.

"No matter what happens," I answered.

"I can't," she whispered. "Oh—I can't ask you to go again."

XVII

I STILL wonder what it is about a wharf that sets the blood to run. They are still along our river, but their planking has rotted, and the weeds grow between the cracks. They were the sea, and more than the sea. They were trade and venture and memory and regret. For the dust of a dozen seaports was stamped into their planking. They were steeped in coral and Caribbean sand, and spice and sandalwood and fish and rum and oak. I can still remember how they thrilled with life when a ship was lashed along them, ready for the sea.

Their restiveness became a turbulence then. The confusion of sounds was a rhythmic symphony like the chant of some old song, wordless but full of meaning, some song as old as sail.

I could hear it before I saw the Felicity, before I saw the men. It was rising above Eliphalet Greer's warehouses. Its refrain was taken up by the harbor gulls. It was quivering through the Felicity's spars like some wild benediction. She was lashed against the piling with planking over her bulwarks and her hoisting rigging out. Eliphalet Greer was watching while they tossed the salt meat aboard and stored it in the after hatch. He was tapping with his cane on the planks while he listened to that medley of sound.

Murdock himself was standing aft, shouting directions and encouragement to a dozen perspiring men who were grouped about the after hatch, and the spirit of it was stirring him also, giving rude poetry to his exhortations and lending his voice the blare of a trumpet.

"Git up in there!" he was shouting. "Step to it, you swabs! Git a move on, the whole watch of you. Ain't we going to clear tonight? Ain't you getting ten extra dollars apiece? Ten dollars! Ten dollars to get drunk on! Ten dollars and a wash in licker. Ain't that enough to make the sweat run off of you? Crack 'em down then! Crack 'em down!"

But Eliphalet Greer never spoke. Every now and then he would look up at the rigging, and then glance out at the channel markers in the stream, and then fall to tapping with his cane. He was staring at the Felicity in a fascinated way, quite as though he had not seen her a thousand times before, as though he had not stood by himself while they selected her timbers. But he saw me. He saw me almost before I had picked my way through the gear that was still to go aboard, and turned his back on the Felicity and strode toward me.

"Charles," he said, "what are you doing here?"

"I came to see you go," I said.

As I spoke he paused uncertainly, seemed on the point of answering, and then closed his mouth tight shut, and glanced down the wharf toward the street.

"Why didn't you stay where I told you?" he asked harshly. "I've sent after you three times. Come into the counting-room. I've sent them all away. How can I think with this noise? Can't they be quiet? Can't those fools be still?"

Then he was walking down the wharf, hastily, noisily, not with his old firm step. He was hurrying like the man in the Bible possessed of some evil spirit. The counting-room was at the foot of the wharf, but even there I could hear Murdock's voice, and the calling of the men. Eliphalet Greer moved faster. He seemed to be hurrying from the noise, as though it was a voice of doom. He wrenched open the door of the countingroom and I followed him, and he slammed it behind us. There it was, just as I remembered it, with its bare, unplastered walls, the high stools and the desks with the ledgers, and the pine table and the chair where Eliphalet Greer had sat very long ago. I remembered how quiet he had been. I remembered the smoothness of his voice, and the careful balance of his words. I remembered, and I was startled by the difference between then and now.

Eliphalet Greer did not sit down. He was breathing fast.

"So you think I'm running away?" he said. "It's like you to come and see the old man go."

"Aren't you?" I asked. "You can't tell me the Felicity isn't going out tonight."

Eliphalet Greer's voice shook.

"You fool!" he burst out. "You muddle-headed fool! Do you think I'm going to run away when the knives are out? Do you think you're going to see the last of me because I'm putting water aboard a brig? Look at me! Look at me, and tell me if you think I'm going now."

But he never waited for me to reply. I hardly think he ever knew what he said just then. It was his mind, not his will that was speaking.

"I'll show him! I'll show him that he can't play loose, not any more than he could when he tried it last. Damn him! Does he think he can frighten me? Damn his eyes! What right has he to come back and look me in the face? Haven't I seen him enough? Hasn't he been with me every day, every night, without his coming here?"

He stopped. His breathing had grown loud and stertorous. In those days when the cold of winter was hard to stave off, and the forests still lay thick and dark not far to the west, good and evil were more definite and personal than they will ever be again.

I wish I could be as sure of the devil's presence now as I was in Eliphalet Greer's countingroom. He was there in all his glory. He was gripping and goading Eliphalet like Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea, and Elphalet was lost to himself in the force which was uppermost within him.

"Damn him!" began Eliphalet again, and I stepped forward and seized his arm. It was as rigid as the arm of a man in a trance.

"Be quiet, sir," I said, "or they'll hear you in the street. What's the use in cursing a man like that?"

(Continued on Page 137

for those rosy cheeks try oats and milk

QUICK QUAKER—luscious and strength building

Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

Oatmeal Cream Pudding

2 cups cooked oatmeal
½ cup sugar
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon gelatine
1 cup milk
1 cup cream or evaporated milk

Soak the gelatine in the cold milk for five to ten minutes. Warm the oatmeal if left-over porridge is used, and stir the soaked gelatine and the sugar into the hot oatmeal. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, then rub through a strainer. Add the lemon rind and fold in the cream or evaporated milk whipped stiff. Pour into a serving dish or shallow mold and chill thoroughly. Serve cold, plain or with any crushed fruit.

FOR sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks—"oats and milk" say all authorities on child feeding.

Because of lack of time, many mothers were serving less nourishing breakfasts. So Quaker Oats experts perfected Quick Quaker.

Savory, flavory and delicious, it's cooked and ready in 3 to 5 minutes. That's quicker than toast, quicker than coffee! Why not have richer, more nourishing breakfasts then?

Ask your grocer for Quick Quaker. You will be delighted.

All that rich Quaker flavor, all its smooth deliciousness, are retained. The grains are cut before flaking and rolled very thin. They cook faster. That's the only difference.

Ask for the kind that you prefer—Quick Quaker or regular Quaker Oats. But be sure you get Quaker. Look for the picture of the Quaker on the label.

Standard full size and weight packages—
Medium: 1½ pounds;
Large 3 pounds, 7 oz.

QUICK QUAKER QUAKER OATS

Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

The kind you have always known

The Quaker Oats Company

THEN – a flaw in the will!

A family left suddenly fatherless . . An estate that seems ample . . Then—a flaw in the will! . . A stubborn legal battle . . Vexatious delays . . Mounting fees . . Heavy expenses at home . . An anxious mother in despair!

ÆTNA-IZE

HOW much would be left for *your* wife if the estate were dragged through court? What would she do for ready cash—her first great need should you be taken suddenly from her? No fair-minded man will dodge this vital issue.

Let the Ætna-izer in your community show you a will no lawyer can break. Let him demonstrate how an Ætna policy will establish a capital fund sufficient to give your family immediate cash, and pay them a definite income every month.

The Ætna Life Insurance Company and affiliated companies issue virtually every known form of policy—Life Insurance in all its branches; Group Life; Group Disability; Accident and Health; Automobile; Compensation; Liability; Burglary; Plate Glass; Fire; Water Damage; Marine; Transportation; Fidelity Bonds; Surety Bonds, etc

Ætna-ize according to your needs—as you prosper and as your obligations increase.

WHEREVER you live, an intelligent Ætna representative is ready to provide you with unrivaled security, backed by Ætna's tremendous resources and record for paying losses promptly. The Ætna Life Insurance Company and affiliated companies are the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world.

See the Ætna-izer in your community to-day. He is a man worth knowing. He will help you avoid insurance mistakes and show you how to forestall financial disaster in every form.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES
ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY CO AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

(Continued from Page 134

When I touched him he looked at me so queerly that I let him go.

"Damn him!" he reiterated, but he did so with less force. His voice was halting, like a clock that is running down.

"Be quiet," I repeated, and he stopped.

It surprised me how suddenly he stopped. For a moment he looked blank and almost startled, and then he took a handkerchief from his pocket and drew it across his forehead.

"Charles," he said, "I'm sorry. I'm not myself today. You'll know when you have something on your soul, and God knows I have enough."

"Why are you loading the Felicity?" I asked him.

I thought he was quite himself again, for he stuffed his handkerchief back into his pocket, and pulled back the armchair that stood by the pine table.

"You ought to know, Charles," he said. "Can't you guess?"

I shook my head, and the countingroom was still. I wished it was not. For some reason I felt a dread of its silence.

"Yes, Charles," he said at length; "the Felicity's going out; and Richard Parton's going with her."

"You mean," I asked incredulously, "that he's willing to do that?"

He looked fixedly at me before he replied, and though his face had never changed, I had a strange fancy that he was amused.

"No, that isn't what I mean," he said; "that's why I want you here."

Then I saw his mouth twitch into a grimace that was far from amusement. He leaned forward and seized my coat sleeve.

"Don't, Charles," he was saying—"don't leave me alone here—all alone in hell!"

His plea was so unexpected that I started back, but he rose and slapped his other hand against my shoulder, and suddenly I felt as cold as stone. His face was not a foot from mine, and it seemed to me that everything he had striven to hide was there—every passion, every lust and pain.

"You heard me," he groaned. "I asked him to go in peace. Must I always go on—always on and on?"

Then I felt his hand slipping from my shoulder. His face was gray. His whole body was sagging back.

"The chair," he said. "In a minute I'll be all right in a minute."

He was beside the chair, clutching blindly at the arms. He pitched into it, and his face dropped toward the table, and his hands groped forward across the bare wood.

"Stay where you are," he said; "I'll be all right in a minute."

And there I stood. I can never wholly understand what happened then. Perhaps it was physical weakness which seized upon him, but I think it was more than that, now that I have seen other men, partly good and partly bad! He was not himself. There was nothing familiar in the man who was sitting there. He was more than a single individual.

"Why was he just the same?" he groaned. "Why did he smile like that, just as he used to smile? He knows, oh, yes, he knows I used to love him once, even when he was steeped to the eyes in sin. Hasn't he done enough by putting the cup to my lips? He knew I'd be too weak ever to set it down."

"You say you loved him?"

Eliphalet Greer started at my voice. I have never known what it was that prompted me to speak, for I had made up my mind to be still.

"Then why," I asked, "did you leave him on that island?"

Eliphalet Greer drew himself straight up in his chair.

"I'll tell you," he said, "but there isn't any use. You'll never understand men like him and me, not until you're like us, and I hope you'll never be. You'll never know what makes us go on and why we can't stop. You don't know about the devil and his works. You've never had him whispering in your ear, whispering until everything inside you goes, just the way a sail tears off the yards. You've never had him beside you while you lie awake looking at the dark."

"Was that why," I asked, "you put him on the island?"

Eliphalet Greer turned in his chair to face me.

"Because he tried to kill me. Be quiet, boy. What makes you jump? You've heard of killing before."

"And why," I asked, "did he try to kill you?"

"Wait till the blood gets in your own eyes," answered Eliphalet Greer. "It will some day. I've always known it will. Wait till you see a man's face in your sleep, and his words begin to stick and scratch. He tried to kill me because we quarreled."

"You quarreled?"

Eliphalet Greer leaned toward me across the table, and some of his former violence was back in his voice again.

"Don't look at me like a preacher's son! Don't try to tell me what's right and wrong. You've never felt remorse. You can't feel it till you've been a man like me."

I had thought that he was afraid, but I knew he was not then. It was not fear which had broken him, but remorse itself. He was struggling with it like Sisyphus with his rock.

"You'd have done it if you'd been there. Don't tell me you wouldn't. You'd be no better than anyone else if Satan came down beside you."

But he never told me what I would have done. He seemed to have forgotten. His voice trailed away, and when he spoke again his words were in another key.

"Yes, Charles, I've been a wicked man, but it's not for you to judge. Only the wicked can judge the wicked; only the wicked know. I was born wicked. I was a sinner before I carried blacks, before I heard the chains clank in the hold. I was a sinner before I ever sinned. It was all marked out. I had to go on and on."

He had stretched his arms before him. They were poised in front of him, lank and ungainly in their black broadcloth, and his voice had soared out of his control. I started away from him. I was ashamed to stay and see him so, but I could not go. I could not, though no living man should see another as I saw Eliphalet then. There in his countingroom Eliphalet Greer was calling on his God. A torrent of wild words was surging to his lips.

"O Maker of all living things," he cried, "Maker of the heavens and the earth, when wilt Thou set me free, O God! Wilt Thou never free Thy servant from the lusts of the flesh? Wilt Thou never send the devil from me? Save me from the clutches of the Old Man, and let me sin no more. Now that my sins are as scarlet, I pray Thee make them white as snow."

Was he crying the cry of all sinners then? Was it the prayer of all lost men? I find it hard to tell. I only remember he was praying like a Methodist minister at a camp meeting.

For a moment I thought he had lost his reason, and it was only later I thought of it in the light of pathos.

"Be quiet," I said hastily, "or they'll hear you in the street."

I was not aware of the irony of my reply.

"Charles," he said, "listen to me, Charles."

"I am listening," I said, "but you needn't tell me this. I know enough already. You don't know what you're saying. Why should I hear you so?"

"Because," he said, "I want you to pity me, Charles. I want you to know how I repent my sin, for I sin in spite of myself. I tell you it hurts me to do wrong."

"Then why do you keep on?" I began. "Why do you ——"

Eliphalet Greer turned to me almost in anger.

"Because I must," he said; "because it lies inside me—here. Won't you pity me? Won't you pity me when I've bartered away ten thousand lives, when my ships are bringing over more? Parton and I began it, and I've kept it on alone."

"But why have you kept on?" I asked.

"Because I couldn't stop," he said. "God knows I couldn't stop. I tell you it's in my blood. It runs through me like drink. I can't stop. O Lord! O Maker of all living ——"

"Don't!" I interrupted hastily. "Say your prayers when I'm gone."

The way he intoned his words had set my nerves on edge, but he did not appear to hear.

"Save me, O Lord!" he cried. "How can I sell calicoes when I've sold men? I've tried, O Lord; I've tried! How can Your servant add figures when he's seen topsails up in a gale, and they sell for four hundred dollars a head? How can any man do right when he's done wrong, when he's heard the grappling irons go down, and heard the shouting forward? Oh, why hast Thou made it so sweet, O Lord, so that every moment is like wine until the shouting dies? Oh, why does it seem sweet now when I can hear it again, and the deck shakes, and I take another throw? Oh, when wilt Thou make it bitter, O Lord and set Thy servant free?"

"Stop, Mr. Greer!" I cried. "You don't know what you're saying!"

But he hardly stopped for breath.

"And neither do you," he rejoined. "How can you know till you've sunk a ship? I've dealt in slaves and I've seen piracy, but he needn't throw it in my face. Damn him! He needn't sneer at me now. He was up to it as much as I was. He shipped the crew at Singapore. Damn him! He touched off the first gun."

It was curious to see how the flames sprang up again within him, how the very memory of it had set him off again. It was like the wine of which he spoke, and the distorted shapes which were rising before him were like the echoes of the trumpets and the shouting of the captains.

"Yes," cried Eliphalet Greer. "How can I sell dead fish when I've been around Good Hope, when I've seen the channels behind the islands, and the water streaked out in the sun? How can I be honest when I've seen a crew driven below? I can't stop it now!"

"Do you know you're as good as telling me you used to be a pirate?" I exclaimed dizzily. "You're telling enough to hang yourself, twice over."

"And what if I have been?" demanded Eliphalet Greer. "He put me up to it. He was the devil himself, the devil and all his works. He told me about the gold. He knew how it was loaded. He'd been there his first trip out of Boston, and he remembered it ever since. He knew the way they hove to at night. How could I stop after what he told me?

"Ask Murdock. Murdock knows. He boarded with us when we drove down the watch. He saw what we took off of her. He helped us row it back. He was there when we poured it on the cabin table, and all sail was up and we were running out of sight. There was enough to make us all rich. Oh, yes, Murdock was there. He was standing with his mouth hanging open.

"'Mr. Greer,' he said, 'it's better than niggers'; and I said, 'Lord, stay Thy hand. Thy servant hath enough.' And Parton was there, too; right under the light. Oh, yes, he was there, and he only laughed, and I answered him. 'Richard,' I said, 'we have sinned in the eyes of God and man'; and he laughed again, and then I saw what I had done, and I knelt on the floor and prayed."

"You say you robbed a ship," I heard myself saying hoarsely; "I thought you were running slaves."

"Charles," he said, "it's the way of sin. We started with the slaves. We ran them in and came back for more until he grew tired. We ended in the Indian Ocean, robbing an Indiaman. It was sin upon sin, ever since I met him. He showed me the way to go. I was very weak, Charles, but I tried—God knows I tried. When I was young like you, I left this port an honest man. You see how I've ended now. Go back to the Gazette, and read how the Daphne was attacked in 1817."

I stared at the old man sitting before me. I was dazed by what I had heard. They were stupendous and terrible, his incoherent words, and the fleeting glimpses into the life that lay behind him. It was incredible that he should be there with his gold watch chain, sitting in his countingroom, when he was walking iniquity. It was like some story in the forecastle when the sea is running high.

"Yes," he was saying, "I knew what I had done, after it was finished. Don't say I never tried to put my sins behind me. I knew the horror of it then. It was like too much drink, and all the while he was goading me on. You've seen him. You've heard his voice. 'Get up, Eliphalet,' he said. 'You'll be all right in the morning.' 'Richard,' I said, 'I'll never be so again,' and he only kept on laughing.

"'You old fool,' he said, 'we've been through all this before. Get up off the floor. We've only just begun.'

"I pulled myself up to my feet, and it made me sick to see him. He could always hold himself just so. He was like a picture, but I knew what he was then. It made me strong.

"'Richard,' I said, 'we've finished. We've both of us done enough.'

"And he just stood there with the lamp swaying back and forth above his head, and his handkerchief over his wrist where he had been slashed, and his hair over his eyes. I can hear him now.

"'Look over there at the table,' he said. 'We've got enough to buy three brigs, and enough to load 'em full. Not one little sloop, but three brigs, three brigs full of niggers. In a year we'll have enough to be rich for life—you know how. Do you think I'm going to stop when we've just begun?'

"I knew what he said was true. The dealers were paying high, and we'd learned how to run them. We'd sold slaves at Rio and Havana, but the Lord had given me strength.

"'Get thee behind me, Satan,' I said; 'we've sinned enough. Think of the wife you have ashore.'"

There was a moment's silence before Eliphalet went on.

"Yes, he had a wife—in Portsmouth it was. She was timid and played the spinnet, and thought he was a hero. She called him her knight. He had a way with women I could never understand. She thought he was the world, and he let her think so. He never told her a word of what he was up to. She was glad he was in partnership with a sober man like me. She's been dead a long while now, but she never knew. There was a child, not two years old when we sailed. Wouldn't you have thought he would have come to his senses when I reminded him he was a family man? He was fond of them both. I've often seen them together.

"'Richard,' I said, 'think of the wife you have ashore!'

"But it did no good. She was too far away.

"'Will you ever stop referring to that?' he cried out at me. 'I am thinking of her. I'm providing for her by the sweat of my brow.'

"I still was gentle with him. 'Oh, Richard,' I said, 'can I not lead you to repent your sins, as I am repenting mine?'

"'Are you going to drop it?' he shouted. 'Are you going to sheer off just when things are coming our way?'

"And I was angry, too, righteously angry with the anger of a just man.

"'Richard,' I cried back at him, 'I'm finished. I'll not go on. I'm sick. I'm sick of everything. I wasn't made for a life like this, and I'm finished. I'll not do it, and you'll not. Not while I'm alive.'"

Eliphalet Greer wiped the perspiration from his forehead. I had never heard him speak for so long a time. As I set them down, his words do not seem much. I can remember better what he left unsaid, and what he did not say was probably truer than what he spoke, though the years already were thick about it.

I know the story now. As I think of it, the circumstances which surround it do not matter. The name of the ship, the bearings, how they came aboard, and the amount of money that was sealed in the cabin are only a part of a hundred stories, warped and exaggerated until they have lost all semblance of truth. Eliphalet Greer himself is the only fact that makes the story strange. He was an element as out of place in that narrative as a pulpit in a gambling house. Was he always swaying back and forth, like some ill-weighted pendulum, between right and wrong?

Eliphalet Greer paused. He seemed to be wrestling with some thought, some memory that was keener and more poignant than the rest.

"And what do you guess he did then?" he asked, staring at the wall. "How did he pay me for my kindness and my forbearance and the years I stood beside him? Because I wanted to do right he tried to murder me! He offered the crew a hundred dollars apiece above their shares to have me thrown overboard! He tried to throw me to the fishes like Jonah to the whale!"

Eliphalet's voice had risen to a weird crescendo.

"That's what came of my kindness. That's what came of my loving him like a brother! He tried to murder me when I raised my hand to save him from the eternal fire!"

I sometimes wonder if Eliphalet Greer had the same gaunt figure then as when I first knew him, and whether his arms had the same ungainly swing. He was probably not much different, for time has little effect on a certain New England build, and it is as awkward in youth as it is in age. He must always have been more like a schoolteacher than a sailor, a humorous sight when he pulled at a rope, an Ichabod Crane when he was out on the yards. I can see why Mr. Parton laughed when Eliphalet

(Continued on Page 141)

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knelt on the cabin floor, but time had sapped that interview of its humor. The wrong and the right were strangely intermingled when it came back to life.

"Why did he turn on me?" cried Eliphalet Greer. "He knew it would drive me mad! Why didn't he throw me in? Why did I have to know?"

"What did you do?" I asked. "How did you find it out?"

I was afraid—I am ashamed to say it—I was afraid he would start praying again, and that I should never know how it ended. But when I spoke he stopped and looked at me in a startled way, as though he had forgotten I was there.

"Charles," said Eliphalet Greer, "I'm not the man I used to be. Open the locker by the window and bring me a glass of rum. Murdock told me."

The rum was in a square brown bottle with a tumbler beside it. Eliphalet Greer picked up the bottle in an unaccustomed way, and tilted it over the glass. He coughed when he put the spirits to his lips. He was still coughing when he set the glass down before him.

"You've sailed with him," he said. "Did you ever know a time when Murdock didn't know where his bread was buttered? Yes, he told me, and I knew what to do. I offered the crew five hundred apiece to put Richard Parton in irons." Eliphalet Greer had half risen from his chair. "And they did it! They knew me! They knew I'd keep my word better than he'd keep his. They grabbed him out of his bunk that very night. He swore at them. He begged them to let him go. O Lord, I can hear him now. I've heard him often since. He thought it was turn about, but I knew what to do. I knew what he was. He was Satan—Satan himself. He was the spirit of darkness, and I sent him back to hell. The Lord was guiding me then. It came to me like a dream. I was justice and I was fulfillment. I sat with him in the stern sheets when we rowed him ashore, and he offered to fight me on the beach. I gave him his clothes. I gave him his prize money. I gave him everything that was his. He was standing on the beach when we backed the sails—but he never called back. Why didn't he call? If he only had I'd have set him aboard again. If he'd only called, no matter what he'd have threatened, I'd have set him on board. But he only kept standing there. He never moved a hand."

There was one thing which I could not understand.

"But why did you do that? You had no scruples. Why did you leave him there?" I demanded as though I was a judge. "When he tried to have you killed, why didn't you kill when your turn came?"

His answer was too quick and unconsidered not to be the truth.

"I did not dare," he said. "It wasn't in me."

And I could understand. It was his conscience clinging to him like a gyve, the conscience that held him still, that had always held him.

"I should have! I should have! Don't think I don't know that—but I couldn't. It was fate. It was where I always fail. When I hated him most I couldn't raise my hand. I did what I did to save my soul, but I couldn't raise my hand."

"And yet ——" I began.

"Yes," he said, "I sent you, but you'll never know how often I wished I'd called you back."

It was only a short while before, that I had stood looking back at that island, watching the same beach Eliphalet Greer had watched, watching until it became as fragile as some island in the clouds. The beach was of ancient coral and was very white. Eliphalet Greer had fallen silent, and I knew I was not the only one who was thinking of the beach.

"I thought you marooned him to save your soul," I said.

Eliphalet Greer brought his fist down on the table.

"It didn't save my soul!" he snapped. "When I got to Cape Verd I couldn't stop; not when I saw the boats there and the money."

"And you started in again?" I asked incredulously. His story had changed from a moral tale. Eliphalet Greer bowed his head.

"God help me, I couldn't stop," he said. "Not any more than Murdock could stop drinking. It's in me. It's in me still."

He did not see the irony, or its uselessness.

"Then there was no reason to leave him at all," I said.

His head was up again, and his face had grown as uncompromising as stone.

"Charles," he said, "when you grow as old as I am, you'll find your ways are set. I will not say what I might do if I was younger. I have been speaking in heat and pain, but I will not any more. If I regret what I have done, it's too late. Now do you know why the Felicity's against the wharf?" Before I could reply, he had moved beside me. "Because Richard Parton's going back to the island," he said.

I started away, but he seized me by the shoulder.

"You can't be thinking of that!" I cried. "Haven't you any mercy in you?"

"I'd have let him be if he hadn't threatened me," said Eliphalet Greer. "Oh, yes, I'd have let him be; but it's too late now! He's going as soon as it gets dark. He's going like a drunken sailor. They're watching him. His time is going to come."

As he spoke his hand on my shoulder tightened.

"You know how it's done. A crack on the head, and down they go. Murdock was right. The old way is the best way. He'll find it won't do to play loose with me, not any more than it ever did."

"If you think," I began, "that I'm going to be mixed up in this —— If you think ——"

"You fool," interrupted Eliphalet Greer, "why have I been talking to you? Answer me that."

"God help you, I don't know," I said.

Eliphalet Greer folded his arms and every trace of kindness had gone out of him.

"Because your life depends on your standing by. Because you and I are going up tonight to help Richard Parton on board."

I stepped toward him, but he stood still. For a second there was blackness around me. Everything seemed black. A wave of black was enveloping me. I was struggling against it.

"Get someone else to do your dirty work," I gasped.

Eliphalet Greer stood still with folded arms.

"There's no one else," he said. "Murdock's too old, and he's afraid. I want someone young, with his back to the wall. That's why you're coming with me, Charles."

I saw the devil then. The devil was Eliphalet Greer himself in his black coat.

"That's right," Eliphalet Greer was saying; "I know how you feel. Twist if you want, but you won't get away. I've got the steel in you. Twist and be damned. If you don't stand by me we all go together—you, Murdock, all of us. If you don't lend a hand tonight I'll let him stay. He'll tell a pretty story, and I'll let him tell it. He'll tell 'em what I am; but I swear if I go down you'll go down with me. You've been in my pay. That'll be enough to damn you when the time comes, and I'll swear the rest on the Book. I'll tell 'em a story they won't forget. I know how to do it. I've broken men before. When I get through, you'll be better dead, the whole crew of you. I'm not going down alone. I'll pull the whole temple down, like Samson. Do you think you can take my money and not pay me back? Put down your arm. Don't raise your hand to me, you paid murderer!"

The stillness of the countingroom must have brought me back. I was standing close to Eliphalet Greer with my arm half raised, and he had not moved. He had not taken his eyes from mine, but the room seemed brighter and I could see other things beside his face.

"Do what you like," I said, "I'll take my chances against anything you say. Do what you like. I've listened to you before."

And then I stopped. He must have seen my expression change, but he never knew what I was thinking. He said we would all go, and I knew we would. Only a little while ago she had been standing with her cloak around her watching me go down the hill, and he had said we would all go. She seemed to be standing close beside me

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again, and I knew I could not leave her so. I knew what they would say. I could hear the gossip go already.

"Ah," said Eliphalet Greer, "I thought you would understand!"

But he never knew what I understood.

"Making up your mind is always the hardest part," he said. "It will be as easy as easy now. I knew you would see the truth."

"I see it," I answered, but he never knew what I saw.

Eliphalet Greer sat himself back in his chair, and pulled out his heavy gold repeater.

"Charles," he said, "you'll be a man before we're through. I wish we both were young. Sit down now, and listen."

XVIII

WHY should I tell what I did that day, when I did nothing through my own volition? I was only waiting, waiting to play a part in Eliphalet Greer's own story; and while I was waiting it still went on along the lines the stars had set, and I do not believe that any living man could have stopped it then.

The noon meal had been cleared long ago when I entered the Anchor House. The tables had been laid for supper, and the taproom was filled with an increasing number of men whose work at the wharves was over. I had been walking, though I cannot remember where. My head was aching, and my shoes were covered with mud. It seemed strange that no one knew that everything had been going on just as it had before, just as it had for a hundred other days. I was young then; too young to know how pitifully little we ever see of others' lives. There must have been a dozen men in the taproom, seated comfortably about the open fire, and I knew them all. My entrance did not disturb them however. It hardly caused a ripple. They greeted me as though I had never been away to sea, for in those days when everyone came and went, exits and entrances meant less than they do now, and in a place as transient as the Anchor House, almost nothing. Jim Lowes was almost the only one who looked at me a second time. He had been standing behind the bar, but when he saw me he walked hastily around it.

"Where've you been?" he asked.

"Walking," I answered.

"Where?"

"I don't know," I said; and I didn't know. I hardly heard him. I only half saw the taproom and the fire.

"Charles," he said regretfully, "you look like you've seen a ghost. I might have known you'd see too much. Why didn't you leave ghosts to old folks who know what's best?"

I did not answer, and Jim Lowes had moved closer beside me, and waved his thumb toward the fire.

"Bend down," he said suddenly. "I can't be hollering up at you. Bend down. I want to tell you something."

And then he lowered his voice to an undertone.

"I'm not the only one who's seeing things," he whispered. "When the day's queer, the night's queer, Charles. Listen. Where's your ears? Listen."

Jim Lowes was pointing toward the guests about the fire. I became aware of something I had not noticed before, of an unusual interest, of excitement almost in the way they spoke and listened that was different from other afternoons. Old Ephraim Hoopes was bending forward, pounding the arm of his chair.

There was nothing strange about Ephraim Hoopes' being there. Everyone in town knew his habits. He was in the taproom any afternoon. Any morning when the weather was fit, his fishing sloop would put out of harbor before it was light, and he always went alone. He knew the ledges like the palm of his hand. He fished, not because he had to, for he had enough means to avoid work. Though he was old, he was still an active man, and he always said that he disliked sitting still until his clock struck. I do not believe he was ever happy unless he was out of sight of land, for he had spent his life on deep water. He was always restless. He was always anxious to be out to see how it looked offshore, and it was plain to see that he had taken his trip that morning. His beard was jutting forth aggressively from his chin, and moving like a whitecap on a wave. He had thrown out his chest as he always did after his third glass, and was glancing indignantly about him.

"I tell you I saw it," he was saying. "Ain't it enough to tell you I saw it?"

Jacob Rice, who ran the store across the street, was sitting beside him, smoking his clay pipe. He tapped the ashes out on the palm of his hand as Ephraim Hoopes finished speaking. I still remember Jacob Rice's sharp nasal voice.

"Ephraim," he said, "won't you never stay ashore where you belong? Won't you ever stop gallivanting about in that little nutshell when there isn't any need? You've told a lot about what you've seen, but ain't you getting too old, Ephraim, to go on jeopardizing your immortal soul?"

Ephraim Hoopes whirled indignantly toward him.

"What about you, you old skinflint?" he demanded. "Don't you talk to God-fearing folks, when I saw you putting sand in your sugar yesterday."

"Stuff!" said Jacob Rice, unmoved. "You saw me like you saw that ship, and you saw that ship because you like to talk, and folks are tired of your old yarns and you like to have folks listen."

Ephraim Hoopes made an indignant gesture.

"By Godfrey!" he demanded. "Don't any of you believe me? Not when I saw with my own eyes? Not when I saw her lines? I know what I see and what I don't. My eyes are good enough for that, and they've seen a sight more than anybody's here. She was coming down right on top of me, before she put about. I was as near as over the street. I saw 'em on the deck. I saw every eternal line of her. I know every ship that's come out of the Morrill yard. I know how young Morrill cuts the bows. I know what he builds as well as I know myself. She was one of Morrill's ships. I'll swear it on the judgment book. She was launched in '25. Her name's different. Her paint's different. Her rigging's not the same, but I know her."

"And she's out there now?" someone asked.

"She's out there standing off and on, like she's waiting a time to come in," Ephraim Hoopes answered.

"If she's out there, what's she waiting for?" asked Jacob Rice. "Who ever heard of a skipper in his senses standing on and off on a quiet day with everything clear?"

Before replying, Ephraim Hoopes glanced around him, and the semicircle of chairs scraped forward.

"Ask Eliphalet Greer," he said. "Mebbe he knows if anybody does."

The chairs scraped nearer.

"But she's no ship of his," someone said.

Ephraim Hoopes shook his head dejectedly.

"It's like you," he said, "never to remember. She was a ship of his. She left here in his name. She left here seven years ago. He sold her—in Baltimore, if I remember right. You ask him. Mebbe he's bought her back again."

I heard Jim Lowes catch his breath, as sharply as though he had been plunged into cold water.

"You say she's out there still," he asked, "standing off and on?"

"That's where she is," said Ephraim Hoopes. "You can't fool me. I know her. I know the hull of every vessel I've ever clapped eye on. She's one that Morrill built for Eliphalet Greer, and which sailed out in '25, and now she's painted black as pitch, and all her ports are open, and when the lookout saw me he sang out, and they put over just like that. They sheered off as if they were afraid. I tell you there's wickedness aboard her. She ain't an honest ship. I know what she looked like to me, but I won't say."

"Stuff!" said Jacob Rice. "If she's out there she was blown in last night, and she's lost her bearings."

"Well, well," said Ephraim Hoopes more pleasantly, "I'm only telling what I saw. Go out and look for yourself."

Jim Lowes was wiping his hands hastily on his apron, though there seemed to be no need.

"Charles," he said, "you'll be wanting to see your bedchamber, Charles."

"I want to hear what he's saying," I objected, but Jim Lowes was pulling me away.

"Haven't you heard enough?" he answered tartly.

He kept pulling at my sleeve. And I followed him from the taproom up the creaking stairs.

There was a musty smell in the passageway, and I knew that my room would smell the same. It was before the time of machine-made carpets, and the halls were bare, so that our feet sounded heavily. A row of doors stood on either side, but Jim Lowes passed them all, and turned to a side passage at his left toward the L above the kitchen.

"Here you be, Charles," he said.

He spoke without much pride, and there was a reason. There was never much cause to be proud of the accommodations which the Anchor House afforded. It was a narrow room with a single window open toward the harbor. There was a bed close to the wall, a rush-bottom chair with a candle upon it, and a jug and a pitcher. I remember it seemed like a very small room to hold both of us. Jim Lowes was breathing rapidly, and his breath sounded unusually loud in those close quarters.

"You heard what he said," Jim Lowes whispered. "He saw a ship out there. I don't feel easy about what's going on tonight."

"So you know what's going on tonight?" I asked.

Jim Lowes glanced about him nervously.

"You needn't speak so loud," he remonstrated. "Ain't it hard enough without talking, I should admire to know? How can I keep respectable without I keep things quiet? Ain't it bad enough to have him four doors down the hall, just settin' on a chair with his legs cocked up on the bed, reading a book, just like he was a teacher at the college? Reading a book! And Jim Young and West down in the street watching if he goes out, and there he's just settin' as if everything was peaceful. What makes him so quiet for? That's what I'd like to know."

"Richard Parton's in here now?" I stammered.

"Charles," said Jim Lowes, "since I've been keeping tavern I've always satisfied my customers, and I don't call to interfere in gentlemen's quarrels. If Mr. Greer wants the house quiet I'll keep it quiet, and no questions asked; provided he pays enough. I know when a man's dead and when he isn't—but what's he reading a book for? It isn't like him just to be settin' still." Jim Lowes moved toward the door. "I never have liked it, and now there comes a ship," he said.

Then I was alone in my room. The walls were blank, and painted a dingy yellow. The floor was bare except for a thin strip of carpet by the bed. The single window was an uncompromising square of light. The bed covering was white, unrelieved by a single spot or shadow. There were not more than three paces from the door to the window. I remember the number well, for I walked back and forth for a little while. I was quite alone, and yet I was never less alone than I was then. Faces kept leaping up in my memory, faces and disjointed words. I had been ashamed to be seen in the streets, but it was worse there by myself. The thing I was going to do kept running through my mind. Eliphalet Greer's voice kept ringing in my ears.

I had not felt it out of doors, but between those narrow walls I was filled with a curious sickly fear. Mr. Parton was reading in his room, four doors away, Jim Lowes had said. He was waiting and I was waiting, but I was not afraid of him. My fear was of something greater than Mr. Parton would ever be. The walls of that room seemed to press upon me. They seemed to be moving nearer, like the walls in some cell of the Inquisition, until the air itself seemed possessed of an intolerable weight. The room itself was like a cell. It was shutting me from life. It was like the island where he was going. I wanted to look at the water again, at the water and the sky.

I could see it from my window just above the elm trees in the street beneath. The sun was upon it, so that it moved and shone like blades of bluish steel. The river was like a road, widening at its mouth into a great plain that vanished in the sky behind a bank of clouds, which already were growing vague and soft as clouds do when the sun falls low. It was hard to see where the water ended and the sky began. Now and then the sun's rays would strike on a wave which seemed to lap against the clouds themselves, but then the wave would sink again, and I could see the ocean swell beyond. At first I thought there was nothing upon that stretch of water. It seemed as lonely as it had in the beginning, and then I saw a sail.

It was like light on the water at first, it was so far away. It appeared and vanished at first like the rising of the water, but as I watched, it became a constant definite thing, a speck of white distinct from sea and cloud. It was only a speck of white, but I knew it was a sail, a sail standing in toward shore.

I remember I felt tired, deathly tired. I recall that I stretched myself on my bed, and that the mud from my shoes smeared the white coverlid. I remember staring up at the ceiling, but the sea was still before me. I shut my eyes, but the sun was still upon the water. Voices were calling across it. I could hear the creaking of blocks and the straining of wood. And then my mind had gone to strange places, airy fantastic places, filled with sights I had seen before and sights I had never seen. Eliphalet Greer was with me. He kept darting out from chaos, and even when everything grew still, and blacker than night, Eliphalet Greer was there. His hand was on my shoulder, and I could hear a voice soaring feebly into the dark.

"O Lord," it was saying, "my sins are as scarlet. I pray Thee make them white as snow."

But I could not tell whether he was calling or whether it was I.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.

Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,

Of The Saturday Evening Post, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1924.

State of Pennsylvania } ss
County of Philadelphia }

Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared P. S. Collins, who, having been duly sworn according to law deposes and says that he is the General Business Manager of The Saturday Evening Post and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are.

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor, George Horace Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

Managing Editor, None
Business Manager, P. S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

2. That the owners holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock are:

Name of	Post Office Address
Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania	
Philip S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania	
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania	
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Trustee under will of Louisa Knapp Curtis,	Wyncote, Pennsylvania
John Grabbel, Wyncote, Pennsylvania	
Edward W. Hazen, Haddam, Connecticut	
George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania	
C. H. Ludington, Ardmore, Pennsylvania	
Ledger Company	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

The Curtis Publishing Company,
P. S. Collins,
General Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1924.

W. C. Turner,
Notary Public

My commission expires April 1, 1927)

W O R K R I T E R A D I O S E T S W O R K R I G H T

NEUTRODYNE

"Can we get those blues from Memphis?" *"Easy! Just turn the dials to 64, Mary, and we'll have 'em right away."*

You never imagined that radio *could be* so sure—so simple to use. Just think! Once you've tuned in a station with WorkRite Super Neutrodyne Receivers, you can turn to it instantly, at any time, simply by referring to your "log."

Select what you want to hear from the daily programs—and know in advance that WorkRite will get it for you—clear as a bell, with no loss of quality, richness or brilliance, and free from distracting howls or whistles.

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There's another great WorkRite advantage that you'll appreciate. It's this. No matter how powerful your local stations may be, you can easily tune them out and bring in other stations using practically the same wave length.

The first time you operate one of these beautiful, companionable sets, you'll think it's almost magical. But, there's really no secret to WorkRite's remarkable range and selectivity. They are due largely to two things: First—WorkRite's ingenious Super Neutrodyne "hook-up." Second—the way WorkRite is built—the fine materials that go into every set—the intimate, careful attention given to every detail of manufacture.

Already Tremendously Successful

WorkRite has already won a host of enthusiastic friends. Dealers in many cities find themselves pressed to meet the demand for WorkRite. So, if the store you visit is unable to demonstrate WorkRite for you, write us and we will send you the name of a store that can. Or, if you want to know more about WorkRite sets before you see them, mail coupon below and we'll send a beautiful illustrated rotogravure folder giving full information on all WorkRite models.

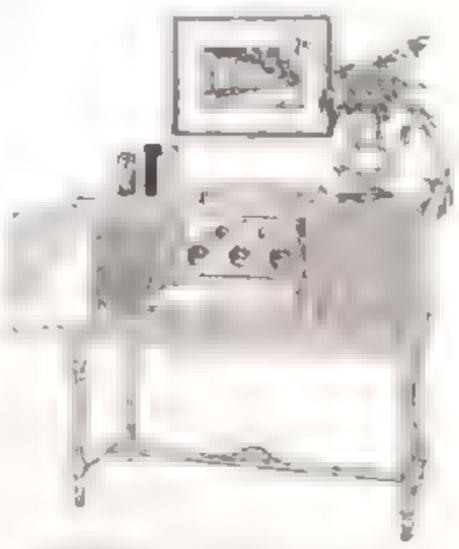
By all means, know what WorkRite will do. It would mean so much to you and your family—a new delight, a fresh treat, every day.

THE WORKRITE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1812 EAST 30TH STREET CLEVELAND, OHIO
Branches, Chicago, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Los Angeles, 239 South Los Angeles Street

WORKRITE AIR MASTER

Like all WorkRite models, this is a 5 tube set, encased in genuine brown mahogany cabinet with graceful sloping panel. Almost identical with WorkRite Radio King, shown in main illustration, except the latter has a loud speaker built into cabinet behind a handsome grille. Both furnished with plug and special cable carrying all battery wires

Price, Air Master, without accessories, $160
Price, Radio King, without accessories, $225



WORKRITE ARISTOCRAT

In this beautiful mahogany console, the loud speaker with special horn and reproducing unit is placed on one side and compartment for A and B batteries on other side. All connections made inside with cable and plug. Front drops, forming arm-rest for tuning or writing. Drawer beneath drop is provided for log sheets, etc. A set unsurpassed in any respect

Price, Aristocrat, without accessories, $350

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1812 East 30th Street Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE a copy of the Rotogravure booklet which describes WorkRite.

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Address

City State

DEALERS—If you don't know about WorkRite Super Neutrodyne Receivers, by all means write us immediately for full particulars.

WORKRITE
SUPER NEUTRODYNE RADIO SETS

The Safeway Six-Wheeler

THE Safeway Six-Wheeler is the most conspicuous and outstanding achievement since the development of the first motor coach. It is the result of determination to bring to highway transportation the luxury, comfort and safety of the high-powered limousine.

To achieve this ideal took six years of engineering effort. Five years of grueling road tests. A million miles of merciless driving through all sorts of roads and weather. No coach ever had such searching tests. For the Six-Wheeler was so novel in idea, so remarkable in its performance, that it was not placed upon the market until every last refinement was made and every claim established beyond shadow of a doubt.

It is the successful application of the four rear wheels in tandem that makes the Safeway Six-Wheeler the outstanding achievement in coach design. Weight is distributed over all six wheels. So, for the first time on a coach of this capacity, the use of pneumatic tires with their superior cushioning qualities becomes both practical and economical.

Drive is on all four rear wheels. Two separate axles, resiliently sprung to the chassis, are so ingeniously organized that each wheel moves up and down over road irregularities independently of the others. When one wheel is lifted by a bump the other three stay on the road. The springs absorb the jolt of the wheel meeting the obstruction.

Such surpassingly smooth running makes possible sustained speed that maintains time-table schedules. And with this higher average speed comes safety that can be judged by no existing motor vehicle standards.

Brakes on all four rear wheels give perfect control at all speeds. Low center of gravity, a better type of spring suspension and six-point road contact bring unusual stability and reduce side-sway to a minimum. Due to the six-wheel feature, skidding is practically eliminated.

The Safeway Coach is a revelation in finish and refinement.

THE SAFEWAY

revolutionizes highway transportation

Noiseless, all-metal body, with removable side panels. Plate glass windows in felted runs. Luxurious seating. All the ease-giving luxury that is commonly associated with only the finest closed cars.

Best of all, the Safeway is a protector of roads. Actual tests made by the U. S. Bureau of Roads with a five-ton six-wheel truck showed the Six-Wheeler struck the road surface a blow of but 7000 pounds as against 29,000 pounds from the ordinary four-wheel, solid-tired vehicle of the same weight. This saving of highways is a specific development which would in itself more than justify the years which have been spent to bring this amazing coach to its present perfection.

The Safeway Six-Wheeler is the logical and natural evolution of automotive engineering science. Its perfection and its possibilities have attracted to the chairmanship of the Board of Directors of the Six Wheel Company, Charles M. Schwab, who sees in the Safeway Six-Wheeler the realizations of an ambition he has long held—to put American highway transportation on a level with the great achievements of American steam and electric railways.

To any community, group or individual interested in better transportation facilities, either city or suburban; to traction companies, railroads, schools, country clubs, manufacturing plants, owners of existing coach lines, promoters of new coach lines—in short, wherever unprecedented comfort, safety and economy in transportation is the desired result, the Safeway opens a new field of service, of satisfaction and of profit which deserves careful investigation. Write for specifications and full details. The Six Wheel Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

SIX-WHEELER

Eliminating Radio "B" Batteries on *Your* Set

After the B-Liminator, for using the lighting circuit (110 volts, 60 cycle A. C.) in place of radio "B" batteries, was perfected, it was tested for months in various parts of the country with absolute success on every standard type of circuit available.

So exhaustive were these tests and so completely successful with all types of circuits that we are willing to put the Timmons guarantee back of the B-Liminator you buy for your own particular set. (Patented May 15, 1923).

If within ten days, your dealer or we cannot make it do all that is claimed for it after you have correctly followed instructions, your dealer is authorized to refund your purchase price.

When you purchase your B-Liminator you will like the improved results it gives from finer control of your plate current—even down to a fraction of a volt. The price is $35.

You will learn the advantages of a smooth flow of never-changing current. The compactness of the little B-Liminator will appeal to you in comparison to "B" batteries, and most important, you will appreciate the great economy in cost of operation.

The Timmons Laboratory, which produced B-Liminators, has also been successful in producing what is possibly the finest toned loud speaker ever made. It is the cabinet type, now so much desired. All Timmons Talkers have been of this concealed horn type. The latest achievement is based on the original Timmons principle of reflected tone—two horns are used. The diaphragm also is new in design, giving added volume and tone purity.

But the new Timmons Talker is not just a wonderfully clear loud speaker. With an entirely new, enlarged and beautiful cabinet with fine gothic scroll grill, backed by a bronze-gold screen, it is a really beautiful piece of furniture—hand-rubbed mahogany finish throughout—price $35.

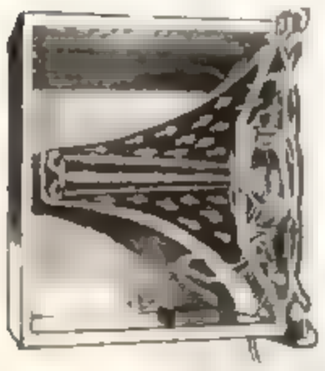
Then there is the type N non-adjustable Timmons Talker. The same principle of reflected tone is used as in the adjustable Talker. Hand-rubbed mahogany finish throughout. We don't believe that there is actually a value in radio today to compare with this Talker for $18.

Dealers who handle the Timmons Radio Products are dependable dealers from whom to buy. Ask the best dealer in your community to show you the Timmons line. Meanwhile, write us and full descriptive literature will be mailed to you.

Timmons Talkers

Type N, Price $18.

Type A is shown in the larger illustration. Price $35.



Showing the two concealed horns and principle of reflected tone.

Timmons Radio Products Corporation

Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

TIMMONS RADIO PRODUCTS

SOPHISTICATION

Continued from Page 25

nephew, Joseph George Stukely Fancher, Second, had yelled last night. The white farmhouse was singularly vacant without the baby's noises and the flutter of his little court at bathing time or on the emergency of a chilled bottle. Babies filled a speculative moment now and then. He watched Ermyntrude bring in a fourth offspring, whose legs were just black twigs thrust out from its rotund helplessness, and asked her, "Does their father take an interest in 'em?"

Ermyntrude gave him one of her slow insolent glares and trotted away under the white fence again. Stukely wandered after her into the barnyard and surveyed its neat emptiness with pleasure as he rounded the corner of the stable. Joe always gave an hour of Saturday to cleaning the place up, and now the sun piled light and heat on the tidy clay, and the freshly painted roof of a shed was rather pretty above its blackly gaping door. Nature was being square or oblong today. Roofs far off in Gossetville or on the nearer farms shone in angles and flat spreads of simple color. The blistering side of a white gatepost was a blank sheet for writing. The creek still managed to curl in its course along the mild valley and Ermyntrude darted from the shed in mass of sliding muscles nowhere rectilinear, but the door that she left was a dim quadrangle and some dust that floated after her yellow hurry stayed in air as a melting triangle while Stukely admired its subsiding golden tone. Then a man said "Damn the cat! They'll notice she's packing off her kits! . How d'you feel?"

A woman answered in a sluggish, petulant drawl, "Oh, do drop that English voice!" and ended the sentence in a slow and curiously flat laughter that trailed along from the shed and flapped a center in Stukely's senses. It was an altogether ugly, dreary noise, after the musical excitement of Joe Fancher's wrath, and the boy stepped back once noiselessly. His rubber soles, with a hole in one, had brought him here, and he was hearing strange things where there should be nothing to be heard.

"I have to keep it up, old girl. If I drop it I forget it."

The woman said "Old girl!" and did not laugh again, having enough insulted this man in the shed. Then she drawled, "Nothing for it. I've got to eat, Lew."

"It's a risk," the man said.

Silence and the ferocity of sunlight swarmed back on Stukely. Something in his wrist began to twitch and he turned the brown skin where the veins ran close to the crust so as to stare at them. A hundred words of two strangers had startled him so that his blood pounded along. . . . A man ought to be cooler. Twenty in September. He ran a palm over his black curls and confusedly recalled that if he had stayed in college he would be a junior. To weigh a hundred and seventy-six pounds and be able to box five rounds against Joe and not give out, and to be afraid of two unseen people in a shed on his own father's farm! It wouldn't do. But the silence was dazing and the sun seemed to increase its fires. He thought of Joe safe among the tomatoes, and then went in a halting swagger straight at the black door. His shoulder cracked on the side of the wide gulf and he gasped "Ow!" foolishly in the stare of eyes from this cube's inner shadow.

"I say, I'm afraid we've been disturbing your cat," the English voice began without a tremor. "Came in to be out of the sun for a bit, you know, and she's packing her kittens off somewhere."

"I—I noticed," said Stukely.

His jarred shoulder ached and the silvery flutter of dust in a block of sunlight from the single dirty window confused him. The man, in gray tweed, seemed to shrink and then to grow in a visible affability of shown teeth and bright blue eyes. The woman's russet knickerbockers shifted. She was just a slim intensity of shadow by an old rake in a corner.

"Is the doctor at home?"

"Doctor?"

The long man said, "Yes. Noticed the sign on the—the what d'you call them? Your mail box. Doctor Kent."

Stukely mumbled, "Oh. . . . No, father's a clergyman. Joe—my brother-in-law—painted that on." He was talking emptily. What did this rogue with the clerical waistcoat under his smart jacket care who had painted Dr. G. Kent on the free-delivery box? He should do something directly about this man and the woman whose clipped hair hung in silken prettiness beside her thin face, so that she seemed dressed to play Joan of Arc.

"Oh, not a medical man? I'm sorry. My wife's rather overdone it. Too much of your Yankee sun, I dare say."

The woman broke into gracious laughter, a blowing, easy sound that filled the shed and charmed Stukely as mere melody. She said, "My dear Hugh! I wasn't the idiot who proposed a walking trip in July, now was I? After you've been in America a while, you'll discover that our summer isn't made for hikes'"

"Old girl, I quite know it by this time! I say, d'you think we could have a glass of milk in your kitchen? Some maniac at Point Falls told us we'd find an inn this way, and we haven't. . . . Thanks so much!" said the man, picking up a knapsack from the floor and swinging it over his gray shoulder. "And were you singing Lord Lovel just now? It quite startled me."

Stukely nipped his tongue between his teeth and stood picking at a splinter of the doorway caught in his shirt's brown mesh. How well the man did it! The voice was English in every twist, crisp and vigorous, and the gray clothes were certainly English, and the knapsack had on its dusty stuff a stamped crown and the number of some regiment.

"That was my brother-in-law singing."

"Southerner, isn't he?" the woman charmingly asked as she stepped into sunlight. "Down in the Carolina mountains all the people know all the old English songs."

"That seems so odd," the man pronounced, and sneezed as light flashed all over his curly yellow hair.

Stukely stumbled out of the shed after them. They were at once an English cleric and his American wife on a walking tour, and a pair of rogues. If he hadn't heard the sour exchange of speeches just now, he would have been taken in. Anybody would believe in them. He should say something to halt their composed stroll up the alley between barn and stable and tell them to be off, and yet he couldn't make his tongue move as the girl lingered to glance up at the scarlet owls that Norah had thought the right thing to paint on the door of the loft.

"How amusing!"

"M-my sister. She thinks a farm's made to be decorated," said Stukely, and then blushed. He was criticizing Norah to a brace of cheats!

"And she's quite right," the girl nodded, looking him over graciously and quickly; "and you couldn't expect her to sit about and just do sewing because you've moved into the country, could you?"

"I suppose not."

A prodigious anger hammered his lungs. She was clever. The sound of his voice or a glance at the sophisticated owls and a green bench stenciled with black flowers beside the pump had told her this was an amateur farm. She sauntered with both thumbs tucked into a narrow belt of dull leather and musically said "I'm nearly famished, really!" as she passed the garage with another glance. Maybe she could tell that it had cost all last fall's apples from the dense trees on the slope behind the white house, and it didn't at all surprise him when she spun to say, "There was a Dr. Gavin Kent who had St. Philip's Church in New York. You're not related?"

"That's my father. I suppose you're from New York?"

"Heavens, no! I'm a humble Californian. But I heard your father preach once—that must have been two or three years ago. Such a handsome old fellow!"

Stukely flushed and bit his tongue again. This female rogue had turned the right compliment in the right way. A gentlewoman who'd seen the Reverend Gavin Kent dispensing his barytone wisdom from the carved pulpit of St. Philip's might have said just that, and in just that tone. She had simply washed all the common nastiness out of her voice and was a lady on a walking tour—not at all a pretty woman, much too thin and pallid, lagging to brush some dahlias in a star of bloom at a corner of the pillared porch, and then cooing properly in the green coolness of the great living room, with all Bishop Stukely's

Continued on Page 149

"*Sheresilk*" is the name of the sheerest grade of pure silk "Onyx" Hose. It is so clear you can see through it perfectly, as in this photograph.

"Onyx" Hosiery
"Pointex"

All pure silk
Style 350—Medium weight.
Style 450—"Sheresilk" (chiffon weight silk)
$2.75

At leading stores everywhere

Pure silk, with lisle garter top
Style 255—Service weight, lisle sole.
Style 355—"Sheresilk", lisle lined sole
$1.95

CHOOSE YOUR CLOSED CAR AS YOU WOULD A HOME~Be sure of the Heating Equipment

THE HEAT IS THERE ~ WHY NOT USE IT?

THE PERFECTION HEATER is your assurance of cheerful warmth and luxurious driving comfort even on the coldest days.

So, if you are considering buying a closed car this Fall be sure it has a Perfection Heater. You will find it standard equipment on closed models of most well-known makes of cars. For Perfection Heater is the original car heater and is built and guaranteed by the oldest and largest organization of its kind.

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Also manufacturers of the Swan Carburetor System through its subsidiary, The Swan Carburetor Co.

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Auburn	Durant	Gardner	Maxwell	Nash	Premier	Stevens-Duryea	Taxi Cabs	Kelsey Cab	Roamer Cab
Buick	Elcar	Hupmobile	Mercer	Oakland	R & V Knight	Verne	Bender Cab	Luxor Cab	Wallis Knight Cab
Case	Elgin	Kissel	McFarlan	Paige	Stephens	*Special Equipment	Checker Cab	Premier Cab	Yellow Cab
Cunningham	Flint	Marmon*	Moon	Pierce-Arrow*	Sterling-Knight			R & L Cab	

PERFECTION HEATERS
For Motor Cars

(Continued from Page 146)

books in the high shelves and light multiplied everywhere on old mahogany and the faint gilding of framed prints.

"How nice you've made the place look!"

The male rogue agreed, "Jolly!" and heavily dropped into a chair of venerable depth. His metallic, curling hair and his affable teeth both flashed, and he fixed on Stukely a professional clergyman's beaming approval of all things. The machinery of the smile was wonderfully smooth, and he articulated, "If your cook could manage a pitcher of milk and a bit of bread?" in the best manner.

"I'll see," said Stukely, and lumbered down the green passage into the kitchen with a feeling of profound idiocy. They were so agile and so instant that he had the sense of an unearthly clumsiness and innocence. And he had let them into the house as helplessly as a child! They wanted food and shelter and he was doing their bidding as though he didn't shave twice a week! His black eyes had in the mirror over the sink a look of vacant babyhood. Perhaps birds felt thus before a snake's teeth shut on them. He spun and scowled at the kitchen's door as steps pattered on the porch, and tried to grin coolly at Joe Fancher.

"Who's those eggs you carried in front of the house, ace?"

"I—they want some milk an' bread and butter," said Stukely.

If he told Joe that he knew these people for fakers and had turned them loose within a hand's breadth of Grandfather Stukely's silver, Norah's husband would think him mad. No, it was best to hide his folly and get rid of the blond pair before the Reverend Gavin Kent came, dusty, from church and urged them to stay to lunch. He swung his face from Joe's wisdom and wondered if a blush showed through his cotton shirt as he routed out milk from the ice chest. Joe knew too much about everything human, as it was, and he needn't know that even Ermyntrude had guessed these people baleful and had hurried her children from them.

"That dame," said Joe, "is much too skinny to be rompin' wild around in pants. Her legs were made for kinda long and very thick skirts. The he egg oughta wear a hat. He'll spoil his pretty hair. . . . Gimme that bread knife! Grandmamma raised me to cut bread decent. You'll never be a housekeeper, bud. Bread eats better if not sawed into pavin' blocks. Your technic's kinda like Gluepants Kelly when I was young in the Marines. I always knew when Glue was doin' time in the kitchen. The bread came in sorta ten-foot squares. . . . And that's cookin' butter, honey. Goodness gracious, ain't you learned nothin' nowhere? King Solomon's dawg just sniffed you an' walked by. Lemme feed these apes, or they'll never get fed."

He shoved Stukely aside from the table and began to butter bread in a swift accuracy as though he were counting eggs into a crate or dealing cards. Stukely found himself a roaming nuisance in the placid kitchen with chicken stewing in a pot on the stove and Ermyntrude vigilant on the porch, watching the roadway so as to meet the Reverend Gavin Kent when he should appear on the way home from church in Gossetville.

Stukely grunted drearily and began to roll a cigarette. . . . His father would certainly ask these marauders to stay to luncheon! He was too blind to perceive anything in the way of warning nods or winks, and his natural cordiality would simply gush on another parson!

Stukely whirled on Joe Fancher and ordered, "Here! Y-you do that kind of thing better than I can. Get those thugs out of here before dad comes home! He might ask 'em to eat lunch."

"You needn't to sweat so hard about it," said Joe, tranquilly flattening a napkin on a tray, "'cause I won't let the reverend do no such thing. Only one hen stewin' in the pot yonder, an' her none so big."

"That wouldn't make any difference to dad. Joe! He'd feed any murderer that happened in at mealtime, and he's so awf'ly innocent about people that—that"—Stukely gulped, seeing Joe's eyes darken—"that ——"

Joe rubbed a hand on his bleached hair, now so pale that it seemed almost white above his phenomenal tan, and then he lifted his arrogant nose toward the painted ceiling in a stare toward heaven, saying, "Oh, lightnin', strike him hard! . . . If these eggs are stale, ace, what did you let 'em in for? What are they? Some more cultivated apes lookin' for a place to start a artistic colony, or a parcel of book agents, or ——"

"They're all wrong," Stukely snarled, "whatever they are!" He mangled his cigarette and faltered, "I never know how to get rid of people."

"Bud, you better learn very soon, 'cause you might end up like Jasper Whibble's uncle out in Eutropius when I was young, an' get in state's prison for marryin' three to six ladies, just to be obligin'. . . . Very good. I'll go get us rid of these lice, an' you give Ermyntrude a dish of milk."

Stukely let Ermyntrude in from the porch with a relieved and humble sense of his inferiority to Norah's husband. Joe would blandish the unwelcome out of the house and would know much about them to be discussed in the barnyard, when the five cows were milked and the bull Erasmus stabled, and there was nothing much in all this. A sophisticated being should take it all calmly. The world was full of rogues. Stukely gave Ermyntrude a dose of cream and watched her whiskers flick its surface delicately while she drank. . . . It was odd that she had been alarmed into moving her family by just those voices in her shed. Joe was chattering to the man and woman beyond the green door of the living room, and they would be eating bread and milk. Stukely scowled up the passage and wondered what the pair would make of the limber, graceful fellow with his worn denim jacket and frayed breeches and his wonderfully compounded dialect, full of Southern and Marine idiom and outlandish slang collected variously from Missouri to Paris. They would make anything but a fool of him, of course, and Stukely grinned a little as the door flashed open and the bleached round head came down the passage.

"Where you find those people?"

"I—they were in the shed in the yard. That was why Ermyntrude was ——"

"Uh-huh! Was the man lyin' down or standin' up?"

Stukely shook his head, and saw Joe's eyes darkening to their excited tint while the long creature slashed a knife into the loaf and made three slices silently before he said, "You read the paper yesterday? Was there a killin' anywhere in New York—or anywhere?"

"Killing!"

"Uh-huh! Couldn't you see that egg's been shot, ace?"

"No!"

"Don't answer me back! He's been shot—or stabbed. In his right side somewheres. . . . I should think anybody'd see he's nigh sick enough to lie down an' croak. . . . Get me my gun, kid, very fast! In the drawer under Norah's sorta second-class shimmies an' such. . . . It's in a silk sock."

"But ——"

"Goodness gracious, kid, go do like I say!"

Stukely tumbled up the narrow back stairs and discerned himself as something wild and moist in the mirror of his sister's room, where a broken toy elephant was quite irrelevant in a corner and a pair of Joe's trousers humbly adorned the painted bed's foot with its cherubs and formal roses.

The revolver in its mask of ruined black silk was clammy, and he gazed at the flat metal ugliness of the thing with a sickly wonder at its deformity. . . . If you pulled the trigger, somebody could die. It seemed too fantastic, all at once, and the boy stood frowning at the greenish, still machine, aware of a straying butterfly and the tremor of curtains in a sudden mild breeze that brought in the sharp scent of the bruised tomato vines and the noise of the bull Erasmus, sulky in his pasture by the creek. Over that vague grumble came the bumbling of a motor, and then he stiffened in a shock of dread. His father was speaking from the drive below the windows, and the trained ecclesiastic barytone rose as a threat. "Thank you very much! And give my regards to ——" He was thanking whatever farmer had brought him back from church in Gossetville. The man replied, and the motor drifted out of the dooryard in its peaceful rattle of cheap machinery.

It would never do to let the Reverend Gavin Kent's fatal kindness give these rogues a chance to linger. Stukely wiped his shorn black curls with some female trifle from the strewn dresser and went in a carom through the upper hall. The house echoed already with his father's graceful notice of callers, and Stukely descended the

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And you will hear *real music*, without distortion, for the Kennedy is *a musical instrument*, not a mechanical novelty. A musician will enjoy its purity of tone—an artist admire its beauty.

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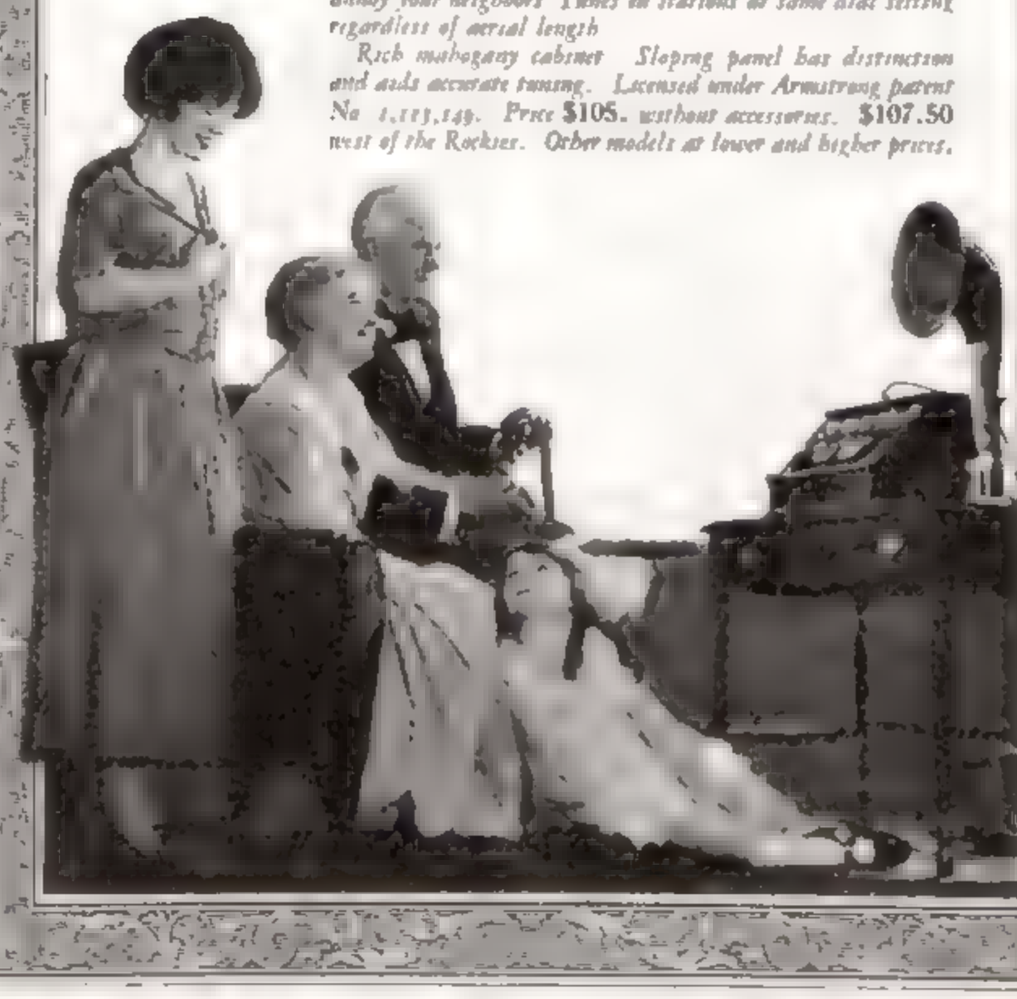

green stairs of the living room into an explosion of courtesy.

". . . rather enjoy warm weather, myself. An old bag of bones like me doesn't suffer. And you're walking to—where?"

"Saratoga, sir," said the male rogue, relapsing into the ancient chair; "I've always had a curiosity to see the place."

The girl laughed. "Yes; I'm afraid Hugh's rather the sporting parson, Doctor Kent. I think he really wants to see a race or two."

"You're gonna be awful disappointed," Joe Fancher drawled, "'cause the ponies ain't runnin' yet. But you won't get there maybe till Thursday or Friday, an' they will be then. . . . Stuke, your poppa's all refreshed an' happy. He's had a nice nap in church an' he's ——"

"On the contrary," said the Reverend Gavin Kent, without heat, "it was a very interesting sermon, Joe. It was an improvisation, and our good friend Doctor Putnam made seven misquotations in his excitement. . . . Stuke, you seem to be halfway upstairs, my dear boy. Do get me my cigarette case. No, here it is on the piano. I can see it quite plainly."

He beamed under his yellow spectacles and strolled across the worn handsome rug with the awful certainty of motion that sometimes banged him into trees. His little voyage ended at the round bulge of the black piano, and the woman lounging on its other side fixed him with her respectful stare, so that Stukely caught his breath in a thrill of rage. The pretense of gentility faced its absolute self over the gleaming wood and the pale luster of the silver case. The room maintained a stillness, as if the chairs and books gazed at the entertainment, and Joe Fancher shifted beside the stone fireplace slowly as if his muscles ached.

Then the old man said, "Will you smoke, Mrs. ——"

"Latimer. No, thanks. I don't smoke, Doctor Kent."

"Really? Are you one of the solitary survivals? It shocked me into senseless words, in 1900," the clergyman told her, "when I discovered that the wives of my vestrymen smoked. Will you smoke, Mr. Latimer?"

"No, thanks, sir," said the rogue in the deep chair, and the room was still again while the Reverend Gavin Kent lighted his cigarette.

The vapor oozed in a circle around his white hair and the sharp beauty of his profile wavered in it for a breath.

Then the man in the chair enunciated, "Lovely country you have around here."

"They tell me so," said Doctor Kent, stroking the piano. "Like all imbeciles who want to enjoy a delightful old age, I bought this place from an advertisement; and then my sophisticated neighbors began to sell me things. Fortunately my long-suffering son and son-in-law have made the mare behave, and by some accident it seems that I did buy a very good bull. His name is Erasmus. We sell milk and eggs and vegetables and are much more prosperous than I deserve to be."

Mrs. Latimer laughed gently in her pillar of sunshine by the window and said, "So it's a sophisticated neighborhood?"

"Oh, very! The radio simply bristles in Gossetville, and we have the New York papers by noon, and this morning there was a robbery at Point Falls. You must have walked through there—the small town about seven miles south of here."

Stukely said, "Ten miles, dad," and was dazed by the steady politeness of his own voice, so that he sat down on the stairs and rubbed his nose with this indefinite lacy object he had plucked from Norah's dresser. The laces scratched his nostrils and he beheld a foolish garment embroidered with small bees and formal French bouquets. Uncertain as to what it might be he rolled it into his shirt and tried to pretend that he hadn't seen the slim Mrs. Latimer's stare dance toward him and away while the man in the chair said, "Point Falls. Yes, we came that way. A robbery? Fancy!"

"Who got robbed, reverend?"

"Nobody; I mean, the robbers didn't succeed in getting anything. They were driven off with heavy losses. I suppose one shouldn't joke about it. The driver of their machine was almost killed. The other two men ran into the woods."

"Shocking," said the man in the chair.

He lay with a hand on each arm of the deeply cushioned old furniture, and the leather framed his face darkly, so that his flush and the greenish glitter of his hair took the light brilliantly. How could anybody look at him and not know that he was ill! The face had vivid flares in either cheek and the whole body was lax on the leather, spent and collapsed. Stukely wondered if blood trickled somewhere under the gray tweed and the thin black stuff of the waistcoat, and moved a foot nervously on the green paint of the staircase.

"Who were they tryin' to rob, reverend?"

"That theatrical manager—Mr. Walling, isn't it?—who has a country place at Point Falls. There were some sapphires in a safe in the place; not at all valuable, apparently; part of a theatrical costume, they were saying in town." The even flood of the trained barytone thinned into a pause and the Reverend Gavin Kent was silent.

It seemed to Stukely that some metal had been smitten in the placid room and the vibration did not end until the boy's blood buzzed in his ears. Nobody was speaking, yet a thing spoke while the smoke rippled in slants and lazy angles from his father's cigarette and the man in gray smiled with the hard accuracy of a doll straight before him.

"You say these sapphires wasn't worth a damn, reverend?" Joe yawned.

"My dear Joe, the value of a damn has never been exactly stated to me. Mr. Nevins, the grocer, told me after church that they were flawed sapphires—a bracelet of them that Mr. Walling kept in a safe at his place. I believe some old actress left them to him by will. I once met Walling at a garden party. He seemed a very nice fellow."

The blood had stopped in Stukely's head, but this vibration did not cease. His father's voice had subtly changed its tone and Joe stuffed a pipe with tobacco from the green jar on the mantelpiece, drawling so slowly that he parodied his speech, "I dunno what a damn's worth, reverend, but a flawed sapphire ain't worth much more'n some pretty blue glass, 'cause when I was young down in Gawgia a lady daddy preached at very kindly left his church some sapphires and grandmamma got all excited about how much pants she could put on the heathen with 'em an' took 'em to New York to sell, and lo and behold, all she got for the heathens' pants was about twenty-three dollars an' six cents. . . . How comes Nevins so wise about all this ruckus?"

"The judge at Point Falls telephoned up for his bloodhound. He sent it down while we were at church. It made dreadful noises and disturbed the sermon very badly."

"Goodness gracious," said Joe, with round eyes, "did they take Waldo down to do his stuff on these eggs? My! He ain't much for show, but he's a right smart im'-tation of a bloodhound. His mamma had some plain spotty dawg in her family, but Waldo makes a noise like a bloodhound and works very busy when he gets started."

The woman behind the piano chuckled, "I thought bloodhounds only happened in Uncle Tom's Cabin! Fancy, Hugh! Have you ever seen a bloodhound?"

"My dear girl! Of course!" said the man in the chair, too loudly.

Doctor Kent's voice broke another pause: "There's something terribly repulsive in the idea of human beings being hunted down by a dog. And yet it's even more repulsive that these silly robbers abandoned their confederate this poor lad who drove their car—and ran off before they knew he wasn't dead. I suppose the criminal is infinitely less sentimental than he tries to appear on trial. They desert each other in extremities as easily as politicians seem to under investigation. Mr. Walling's valet fired after them down the drive. He seems to be quite a good shot. You don't use revolvers so airily in England, Mr. Latimer."

"Rather not," the man in the chair said.

Mrs. Latimer leaned over the piano and dropped thin fingers on the silver of the cigarette case. She said, "But—isn't the bloodhound a good deal of a myth?"

"I really don't know," Doctor Kent answered; "but Joe's a mine of information on practical matters. Joe, is the bloodhound an overrated dog?"

"Uh-huh, reverend, he is," said Joe, lolling on the mantel. "He can't climb trees an' he never flies, nor did I ever see one do tricks to speak of. But when he's on his business he deserves all the reputation he's got. When I was young out in Missouri State an' they put dawgs on Eddie McClintock for shootin' Ben Welden south of Jasper Wibble's woodlot, I and Jasper trailed right along, sorta unbelievin' an' cynical about all this, 'cause they didn't get the dawgs there until a day an' a half after the killin'. Only the dawgs wummoxed their long flappy ears a time an' then made awful noises like a boiler with a bellyache an' started for Arkansaw d'rectly. McClintock hadn't got very far, 'cause Ben had left some lead in him before his untimely decease. It took the dawgs about three hours to find him in Colfax's woods by the creek. Fifteen miles, mebbe. He was dyin', so daddy didn't have to escort him to the gallows. He was very handsome to look at, with yeller curly hair an' kinda big blue eyes. I remember bein' right sorry for him while they were holdin' the dawgs off him an' washin' his side where the bullet was. Uh-huh! He was a handsome hound. Shot in the right side," Joe drawled, chewing his pipe, "right under the ribs. His face was all kinda red with fever an' he kept tryin' to laugh at how the dawgs jumped up an' down with four niggers holdin' em. . . . What did you say, sir?"

The man in the chair said, "What—an—interesting—life you've had!" without any trace of England in his clear slow voice, and tried to laugh, then let the sound expire in the silence of weariness.

"What part of England are you from, Mr. Latimer?"

The body stirred in the chair and the young man lightly told the old man, "I? Canterbury, sir."

"Lovely place," said the Reverend Gavin Kent, grinding out his cigarette in a bowl of blue porcelain. After a breath he went on, "The prettiest part of Yorkshire's just around Canterbury."

"Rather. Yes, Yorkshire's very pretty."

The silence became a vault about Stukely's head, and the room seemed to condense in a vapor of colors and beings. He stood up suddenly, sure that everybody knew some secret and that his father's face had altered into a fury that crashed into words: "You cheat!"

"They're too wise, Lew," said the woman. "He got you. Come on!"

She had slid around the piano's bulk, away from Joe, and Stukely blinked at her hair's gleaming in the sunlight of the door. The man came lurching out of the chair with a queer long cough, and then was not a man but a scarecrow loosed from its stake in a field and blown in a long curve past the staring woman and the bright doorway until his knees sagged and he fell gently, piece by piece, across the velvet arm of a chair, and seemed to lie broken, so, with one palm upward on the floor and his legs trailing horribly.

"Is he ill, Joe?"

"Been shot, reverend. Did you walk him all the way here from Point Falls, sister? Uh-huh?" Joe beamed at her sunny rigor in the doorway and drawled, "You're tryin' to get rid of him mighty hard! You —— Yeh! Watch her go, Stuke! That's right, lady," he yelled after her patter on the flagstones of the walk, "fry your feet on the ground! Yeh! You're gonna get away fast, now your man's done himself! Say, dirt wouldn't stay on her!"

She had simply vanished, and Stukely gaped at Joe's blue jacket swirling where she'd been, then stared while Joe stooped to turn the collapsed body on the chair and began to rip its clothes with swift dark hands. Doctor Kent moved uncertainly closer to this fresh calamity, and Ermyntrude came stealing from some shadow with her tail in agitation.

"Is he badly hurt, Joe?"

"Yes-sir. Rush up an' get me down some bandages, you Stuke, an' some sorta dis'-fectant outa the med'cine chest, an' a bowl of water. Reverend, you tel'phone the doctor right away fast. Tell him it's a bullet clean through this guy's side under the ribs. Lie still, brother!"

Stukely piled up the stairs on a gale of relief and gasped in the cool upper hall. Something plain and outright had happened, after minutes of baffled anger and disgust. The man was hideously hurt, and must be tended, and the slim gracious woman had simply vanished—run away. He grabbed things nimbly from the medicine chest of the bathroom and raced down the backstairs to meet Ermyntrude in retreat beside the kitchen stove.

"You go stay in the garage with your family!" said Stukely, kicking open the door. "Go on! Don't be a nuisance!"

He watched the cat's sedate stroll for half a breath and then dived at the kettle whimpering on the stove and filled a bowl with steaming water. He was no longer clumsy or absurd to himself. He could do these things and could stand over Joe while the lean side whitened under a moist rag and displayed the queerest little puckered gap—hardly a pea's breadth.

"That doesn't look very bad, Joe!"

"You dunno nothin', bud. Cut his collar off him and don't lif' his head any. Doctor say he'd be along soon, reverend? Good! . . . Lie still, guy! You ain't bad, but you might be better. . . . Lawdy, how the poor ape's bled, ace!"

The man rolled his head a little and sighed, after Stukely had somehow ripped the collar clear of his thin throat. He had shrunk, in stripping off the clothes from his shoulders, and became wiry, less imposing, younger. He said, "She—ran," without accent or meaning, and Joe's head lifted from his job with the pad of bandage, to frown.

"Act like you expected she would, fella?"

"I suppose so," the man faltered and shut his eyes again. The lids wrinkled while Stukely stood back, and then water ran in slow shallow drops on the motionless face.

"Married, brother?"

"Yes."

Joe said, spinning fresh bandage from a roll, "I'm right sorry to hear it. Lie still."

"I—can't do anything else, my dear sir."

Stukely put his tongue between his teeth and carefully bit it, reciting to himself that he would be twenty pretty soon and that this man was a rogue, a burglar, and that his hair had not been bleached by sun but lay blackened in its roots. His tongue hurt but his throat hurt more acutely. Then he walked out of the doorway and stood kicking a pillar of the porch while the road and the red roof of the Puddy farmhouse across the way and the affable clouds idly blowing in heaven all nastily mixed together in a blur. And the woman had run away! He decided that humanity was abominable—with three or four exceptions.

Anyhow, humanity shouldn't lie still on old red velvet and shed tears without making faces or grin and say "my dear sir" in that washed, dreadful tone. It was vilely unfair to onlookers. It ought to be stopped.

The eight Puddy children were howling and throwing things at one another, awaiting Sunday noon's dinner in the dooryard of their home two hundred yards away, and he was oppressed by the noises, especially by the shrill yelps of Olive Puddy, who presently advanced and hurtled over two fences in the manner of a gaunt colt. Stukely lighted a cigarette with speed and glared at this abominable child through the smoke that ought to mask his eyes from her inspection.

Olive cavorted on the grass and presently squawked, "Is the lady in pants visitin' you folks, Mister Stuke?"

"What lady in pants? And say 'trousers,' Olive."

"Her that asked if she could tel'phone from our house right now. She come out of here. Mamma," said Olive, "won't let me get my hair clipped."

Stukely inhaled a deal of smoke and looked down the road toward Gossetville and saw the dusty clay unoccupied by any figure.

"She telephoned from your place?"

"Yup," said Olive, spinning on one heel; "but mamma shooed us all out of the hall, so I dunno what she said. Is your telephone busted down?"

She had run away from the man inside and then stopped to telephone. Stukely told the loudly restless Olive, "It's not in good shape today," and then was charmed by the Puddy's dinner bell sounding with violence and by the sight of Olive's salmon stockings in flight across the fence. Bloodhounds and men might come, but the man on the red couch was safe from Olive's beryl stare and the whooping battle cry that would bring her four sisters and three brothers running to see. He watched the tribe pour up their father's porch to food, all yelling equally, and then swung inside the door to blink at the Reverend Gavin Kent quite still beside the black piano with his yellow spectacles laid aside and his handsome, dimmed eyes staring nowhere.

"Dad?"

"Yes, my dear boy."

"That—she telephoned somewhere from the Puddy place just now," Stukely whispered.

"Oh. Come outside, Stuke. What," the old man asked with his voice diminished to a murmur, "do criminals call betraying each other? I've been trying to remember."

"Double-cross, sir."

(Continued on Page 154)

"—and then I got my Philco!"

Was soaked to the skin—caught a bad cold—ruined a good suit. That's what the failure of a (——) Battery did to me. * * * And then I got *my* Philco!" writes Mr. J. S. R.

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PHILCO DIAMOND GRID BATTERIES

100,000 miles *and more*

No truck owner will operate a truck long enough to run 100,000 miles unless those miles are *money earning miles*

In the performance of every one of the thousands of White Trucks which have run 100,000 miles and more there is a story of work well done, of business expanded, of money earned, of service rendered to an owner beyond his expectations. They are interesting stories—not only to the owner who has lived them, but to all operators of motor trucks. Bare synopses of a few of these stories are set forth here.

The Massachusetts Baking Company owns 5 Whites that have each run from 100,000 to 150,000 miles; 3 more that have run from 150,000 to 200,000 miles each. In addition to these there are 27 others in their fleet of 57 Whites that have run more than 75,000 miles each. Many of these 27 will soon cross the 100,000-mile mark.

Willard's Chocolates, Ltd., of Ontario, Canada, has a fleet of 14 White Trucks. Every truck in the fleet has run more than 100,000 miles. The entire 14 are still in active service.

The Standard Oil Company of Indiana has 24 White Trucks, each of which has run more than 100,000 miles. No other trucks in this company's service have equaled the performance of these Whites, either in length of service or in mileage covered.

Below is a list of the owners with the largest numbers of Whites which have each run 100,000 miles and more:

Gulf Refining Co	116
Motor Transit Co. (Los Angeles)	73
California Transit Co	41
Bradford Baking Co	32
White Transit Co., Inc.	28
Peninsula Rapid Transit Co	27
Provincial Highway Board	26
Valley Transit Co	25
Schulze Baking Co	25
Cleveland Transfer Co	25
Gimbel Brothers, Inc	25
Standard Oil Co. of Indiana	24
Twin City Motor Bus Co	23
Dennis Sheen Transfer Co.	22

Mandel Brothers, Chicago, operates 39 White Trucks. Sixteen of this fleet are eligible to the 100,000-mile list, 9 having run from 100,000 to 150,000 miles each and 7 having run from 150,000 to 200,000 miles each.

FOR years The White Company has been publishing a list of, not a dozen, not a hundred, but thousands of White Trucks which have exceeded that mileage. Isolated accomplishments are not performance standards. 100,000 miles has become the standard of measure for motor truck performance because these thousands of White Trucks have made it the standard.

Today the owners of 4,195 White Trucks report that they have each run 100,000 miles and more. Hundreds of others, of which we have no accurate record, have exceeded that mileage. Scores have passed the 300,000-mile mark and are still giving dependable service. Thirteen of these have passed the 500,000-mile mark.

White Trucks are built to give these high mileages. In the great White factory nothing is spared in material, engineering or care and skill of workmanship. Experienced craftsmen build White Trucks with a confidence that they will achieve such mileages with proper operating care.

Some trucks, because of the nature of the work they do, would not run 100,000 miles in 20 years. But White Trucks which have run 100,000 and more miles represent all models, all lines of business, all sections of the world. Blistering equatorial heat, polar freeze, gumbo and marshland, ruts and underbrush, mountain grade and shifting sand—no matter what the conditions of road, load or weather—White Trucks keep on rolling up *money-earning miles*.

Such a mass of evidence is proof unassailable that an investment in White Trucks returns the maximum in sustained, continuous transportation.

No other truck manufacturer has ever published such a volume of evidence of durability, dependability and economy. No other truck manufacturer can.

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND

WHITE

Actual records of White Truck Owners

211 Whites have run **300,000** miles and more each

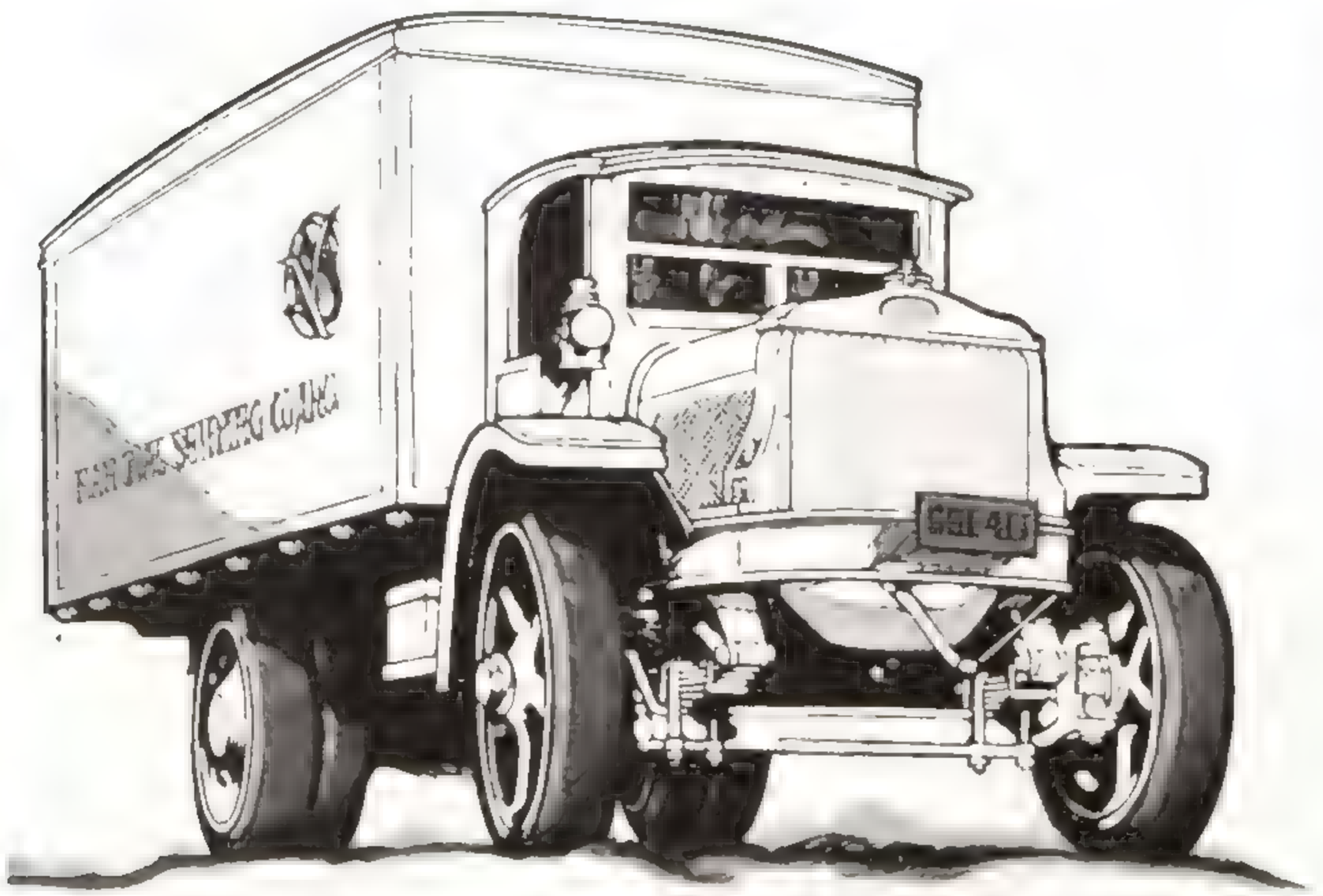
517 have run between **200,000** and **300,000** miles each

783 have run between **150,000** and **200,000** miles each

2684 have run between **100,000** and **150,000** miles each

bringing us to this astounding total—

4195 Whites have run **100,000** miles and more each



White Service

Assuring continuous, sustained transportation everywhere.

The operator who has need for only one truck reckons the mileage of his White in multiples of 100,000 miles the same as the fleet owner. The Brown Electric Company, Rockledge, Florida, bought a White Truck eleven years ago after it had already been run 81,000 miles. It has now run more than 200,000 miles, is doing heavy hauling every day and its owner considers it good for several more years of service.

White Trucks make their 100,000-mile records in all kinds of service Al G. Barnes' Circus owns 2 Whites that have run more than 150,000 miles each. Most of their going was rough dirt roads and soft circus lots—excellent proving grounds for White power and dependability.

The entire fleet of 26 White Trucks operated by the Provincial Highway Board of the Province of Nova Scotia, Halifax, have each run more than 100,000 miles.

Chicago American-Herald Examiner writes: "In October, 1919, we purchased 14 White Trucks. Twelve of these have gone over 100,000 miles each. From the present condition of these trucks we believe they will give many more miles of economical service."

The 100,000-mile record this year shows a gain of 1,807 trucks over last year's record and a gain of 1,023 owners' names.

The names of all of the owners of the 4,195 White Trucks which have run 100,000 miles and more are listed in a new booklet just published. The mileages are classified. You will find in the booklet owners in your section of the country, in your line of business and with trucking problems the same as your own.

The booklet is free. We will be glad to send it to you. Write The White Company, 842 E. 79th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

TRUCKS

The radio panel with the Red Stripe

FOR more than ten years bakelite-Dilecto has been the radio panel pre-eminent.

But other materials have been taken for it, so bakelite-Dilecto was given a mark of identity—the *red stripe*.

All the good qualities remain unchanged. Dielectric and mechanical strengths are as high as ever. Machining is equally easy. The sleek, black, everlasting finish is the same.

Exacting professionals, including the U. S. Signal Corps, have used it for years, not only for panels but also for bases, unit mountings, coil cores, condenser ends and as a general insulator.

Made in sheets, rods and tubes. Find that character - proving *red stripe* when you choose your next radio set, or seek a panel for your home-made equipment.

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LOS ANGELES, 307 S. Hill St. — SEATTLE, 1041 Sixth Ave., So.

Offices and Agents Throughout the World

(Continued from Page 150)

"That's it," said the clergyman, frowning at the sun; "the double-cross. Where did she telephone?"

"Olive didn't know."

"That's most remarkable. Olive must have been forcibly kept from listening. . . . I think, my dear boy, we'll know in a hurry where she telephoned."

"Where d'you think, sir?"

"The police," said the Reverend Gavin Kent, opening his cigarette case.

"B-but they'd catch her if they find out where she telephoned from, dad! I mean, she can't get away in those clothes! Conspicuous as a church! She's wearin' knickerbockers!"

"My dear boy," his father said rather tartly, "you spend most of your evenings reading fiction, and I notice that even if you profess to despise moving pictures you are in regular attendance when the film changes in Gossetville. And yet you don't seem to know what state's evidence is! I'm afraid she's betrayed the poor fellow. It's so idiotic to boast that nothing can shock us! Even Joe—and he's very experienced for his age—was shocked when she ran. No," said the old man, scowling at the sun, "there's no such thing as sophistication. We can always be shocked. We can always be touched. Experience never hardens us completely. It's hardly worth while to say so even. Help me down to the gate, my dear boy. I took off my glasses," he smiled, "so as to wipe my eyes, just now."

He moved in black majesty down to the gate of the short drive and stood with a hand on a post, considering the roadway. Stukely cleared his throat five times and then said in a tone that began quite carelessly and loudly, "I suppose we'll have to turn him over to the police when they come, sir."

"Don't feel too badly about it, my dear boy. I'll telegraph your Uncle George. . . . We'll see what worldly contrivance can do. Theoretically, this poor fellow belongs in prison. I might be able to make some other arrangement. How loudly Ermyntrude can purr!"

Ermyntrude laced herself around the black trousers and purred upward immensely, with her eyes fiery slits in her sulphur mask. Stukely said idly, "She's brought her kittens into the garage. Tried to plant 'em in the car. I gave her a basket. This fellow hasn't done anything, really, father. He didn't get anything."

"He attempted a burglary. If it's a first offense, your uncle's lawyer might be able to do something. . . . Here comes Doctor McCready. I can tell his engine. It has a sort of silly giggle."

The young doctor's machine spun up the drive and he gave his military little nod to the pair beside the gate, then trotted up the steps of the porch and into the house, brisk and competent. Stukely shoved Ermyntrude away with a foot and leaned on the other post. He saw Uncle George Stukely, puffing and irritated, reading a long telegram in a club and grumbling about "Gavin's damn charities"; but this man shouldn't go to prison. If he could tramp ten miles from Point Falls with a bleeding hole in his side and risk being caught so that the slim woman should eat, there was something not cheap at all in him. He counted his fingers and observed the clouds, with small glances backward at the house, until Joe came lounging down the steps and around the doctor's car, paused to watch Ermyntrude's progress toward the garage and came lounging on with the gray coat over one arm.

"You keep askin' me damn foolish questions, ace, about how bullets an' so on look. . . . This is how a bullet hole looks when a gun goes off right at a guy's back. See here where the fuzz is all singed off, sorta? . . . He'll do very well, reverend. Lost a bucket of blood, but he'll live to go to penitentiary an'—he ain't more'n twenty-six or seven. I should like," said Joe tenderly, "to slap that dame's face, just once, very hard. Howsoever, she has her revolver in her left hip pocket."

"How d'you know she has, Joe?"

"Goodness gracious, child! You don't never look at nothin'! Ermyntrude probably knew directly where the gun was. This guy didn't have none. I bet he's very amachoor about bein' a bandit. Uh-huh! . . . Yonder comes one of those new-style runabouts. They hang too low on the ground. You don't do nothin' in 'em, I bet, but eat dust."

The car was blue and it glittered in silvery flashes ahead of a common machine that seemed a respectful valet in its wake. When both sets of wheels slowed, Stukely's muscles tightened, and when a husky voice sailed through the dust, crying "Is this Doctor Kent's?" he let Joe nod to a tall, correctly capped man whose brown face wasn't brutal and whose dark clothes were very handsome indeed as he slid out of his buff coat and paused to say something to two burly beings in the second, cheap machine. Oh, yes! This was Mark Walling, seen in so many photographs of theatrical journalism. Stukely nursed the white gatepost and sulkily considered Mr. Walling's black shoes—a certain thirty dollars' worth of leather. And one of the burly brutes had a shield of plated metal on his waistcoat, and ought to have shaved this morning. Stukely loathed all three men. Law was just arbitrary and disgusting. There should be rules made about playing fair. The theatrical manager approached and glanced at the Reverend Gavin Kent, and then took his cap off to show gray hair that had been red once, and pleasant enough gray eyes.

"My name's Walling, sir."

"Ah, yes! I think," said the rector of St. Philip's Church, "that you once were good enough to appear at an entertainment for my mission on the East Side." And the full dignity of St. Philip's Church hovered in stone and stained glass, in Spanish arches and Norman aisles, above the curly white hair.

"I remember appearing," said Mr. Walling, "but I wasn't very good. I used to be one of the lousiest actors that ever walked. . . . There's a boy named Lew Kendall here. I'd like to speak to him—sir."

The Reverend Gavin Kent waved a palm over the top of a gatepost and his face paled while Stukely rocked in a determination. If these thugs and theatrical managers were going to arrest anybody they'd hear what the process looked like to a witness! He heard his father say, unwillingly, "Lew Kendall, Mr. Walling?" and knew that his father wanted to lie.

"Yes. I was telephoned that he's here—by a woman," said Mr. Walling, twirling his cap on a thumb.

The silence became ugly and then Joe Fancher drawled, "My Gawd! She gave the poor ape away!" and suddenly spat on the dust of the drive.

"Profanity won't improve anything, Joe! Mr. Walling," the clerical voice broke out, "I feel obliged to interfere! I understand that your house was broken into, but that nothing was taken. The talk reached me this morning. This poor young fellow ——"

Mr. Walling said quickly, "Please understand me, sir. I haven't any intention of hurtin' Lew. He's one of the best stage managers I ever had. Willin' to take him back any time. But you're wrong about the house being broken into. My fool French butler started firin' blank cartridges before Lew got on the veranda even. If he had broken in—why, this would be pretty serious for Lew. He's from my town in New Jersey, and I sent him to school. You needn't worry about my sendin' the poor pup to jail."

Joe gave out a snort of complete relief and hardly looked at Ermyntrude with one of her black kittens in mouth circling distractedly among all these feet. Several drops of sweat slid on Stukely's neck and he conceived a great fondness for Mr. Mark Walling, whose voice had a certain husky music and whose cap was in excellent taste. The Reverend Gavin Kent bowed his curls a little and said, "I'm very glad indeed to hear that. I'm quite helpless without my glasses, Mr. Walling. Are those officers with you?"

"Detectives. Brought 'em up from town last night. If it came to arresting Lew I wasn't going to have a country sheriff do it."

"Then you expected this—this attempt?"

"Lord, yes! Had a letter on Friday. Gave me the time and everything. She never could spell 'notify' straight when I had her in my office. So I knew who typed the letter, you see. And I don't care to talk to her," the celebrity stated, twirling the cap violently. "If you'll just hand her my compliments and tell her to think of some other way of gettin' a divorce from Lew, that's all I've got to say to her. But I should think even Lew would be pretty well fed up by this time. She had him down to playing five-dollar extras in movies with his hair bleached so people wouldn't know him, and if he don't believe she framed this thing last night he's more of an idiot than he's got any right to be."

Joe Fancher drawled, "Let this be a lesson to you, kid. Don't ever marry a skinny blond woman that's mouth draws down in the corners. Uh-huh! They drag very low on the ground an' bite when you pat 'em. . . . Go on from here, you Ermyntrude! Take that black thing offa my feet! . . . The lady left us very fast, friend, so soon as your Lew fainted."

"Fainted?"

"Uh-huh! She begins by bringin' him in when she knew he could just about carry his pain in both hands, and so soon as the reverend saw he wasn't any English preacher, and the poor ape passes out, she gat herself down from J'rusalem unto Sinai very fast and the place of her abidin' no man knoweth. . . . How's that for Scripture, reverend?"

"I don't quite understand," said the Reverend Gavin Kent, tracing a curve on the dust with his toe, "how this boy comes to be wounded if your butler fired blank cartridges. . . . And wasn't the driver of their car killed?"

"He'll pull through," Mr. Walling nodded, and the cap spun with a soft little flutter on his thumb. The two detectives stood stolid and professional with cigars drooping in their mouths, but one of them smiled behind the spar of tobacco knowingly.

"Mr. Walling, what are you concealing in this affair?"

"I'm not having any luck concealing anything," said the manager, with a grin. "This girl's what you won't believe in your profession, sir. She's a natural crook. Comes of nice people out in Ohio, and went to a big boarding school before her dad lost his money. She's just a crook, Doctor Kent. Used to forge my name on little checks when she typed for me. She's smart and she appreciates the advantages of actin' like a lady. She's had a typing bureau in the Hotel Marengo lately. Lew tried to be a manager on his own and lost every cent he could pull together. . . . My desk at the Walling is just where I can look out and see who's coming across the street. I've watched Lew get halfway across and then lose his nerve and go away three times this month. He's proud. I've sent him word to come back and be good, and I guess he will now. . . . She could get a divorce, you know, with him in prison. The joke's on her. She won't get any divorce now; and she knows I can make New York darned disagreeable for her. She'll just see that Lew hasn't been arrested, and pull out for Chicago or points west. . . . Don't you believe in Least said, soonest mended? It's the only one of those proverbs that usually seems to work."

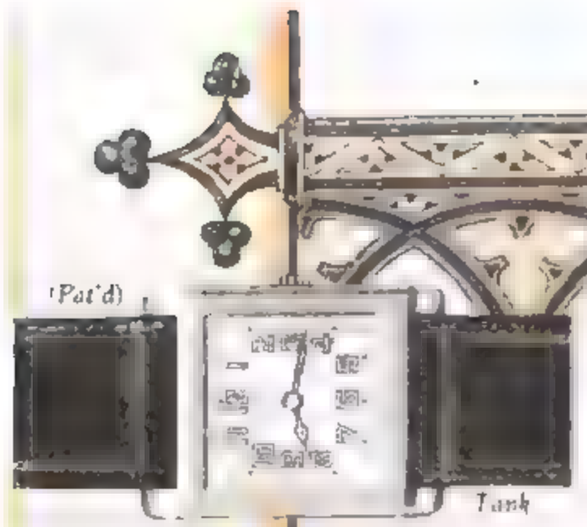
"And the bloodhound, Mr. Walling?"

"The bloodhound is an awful frost. There wasn't any coat or cap for him to smell, and Lew can't be arrested, anyhow, for walking up the driveway of my place. All the driver knows is that two men hired him to drive 'em out here. I can—handle the police at Point Falls. This girl got Lew worked up enough to make a try for these sapphires. She knows they're worth nothing. If he turned on her in court—which she knows he wouldn't—and blamed her for persuading him into this, all she has to do is to stand and look innocent. She's an expert at it. I—don't care to pile on the agony on this business, but there's an old fellow from Oklahoma livin' at the Marengo. He had a leg in the grave and they say his income's ten thousand a day. Oil, of course. She's been typing his letters for him. Everybody that lunches at the Marengo's been grinning over it. The old gentleman calls her Miss Tracy and brings her flowers every day. The inference ought to be sufficient. And I said she appreciates the advantages of being a lady."

"Mr. Oilwell could do no less than hold hands an' be symp'thetic if her husband got him a set of convict's pants," Joe yawned, "and as for anybody firin' from two feet or so behind this poor ape an' burnin' his coat—why, goodness gracious, what lady would do her man so? It's like out in Eutropius, Missouri, when I was young and Jasper Whibble's cousin Sam's wife died so very painful of upsettin' the kerosene can in her bedroom where she never used but candlelight to anybody's knowledge and Sam Whibble married fifty sorta famous acres of good cornland an' a pretty handsome, if cross-eyed widow lady next May. All you can say is that accidents will happen."

"All the driver knows," said the unshaven detective, "is that she—he didn't

(Continued on Page 157)



The influence of Gruen in any watch you buy

The watch you carry in your pocket may not be a Gruen. Yet, no matter what the name upon the dial, it is quite sure to show, in one or several of its features, the influence of the Gruen Guild.

For it was the Gruen Watch Makers Guild that designed the first "16" size watch, still the standard size for railroad use.

It was the Gruen Guild that produced the first stem-wind watch

It was the Gruen Guild that introduced the wrist watch in the United States.

Such advances, of course, are quite the natural outcome of the spirit upon which the Gruen Guild was founded—the spirit of the old-time guilds, whose constant effort it was to produce ever finer things.

But the Gruen contributions to the art of watch manufacturing in America did not stop with these.

Twenty-two years ago, the Gruen Guildsmen produced a watch they called the Gruen VeriThin.

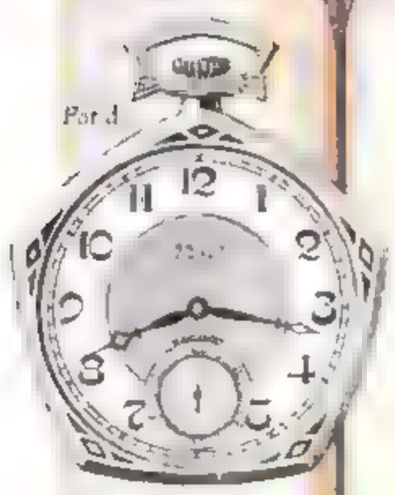
By a simple rearrangement of wheels and other technical improvements they had made possible, for the first time at popular prices, a thin watch of the highest accuracy and durability.

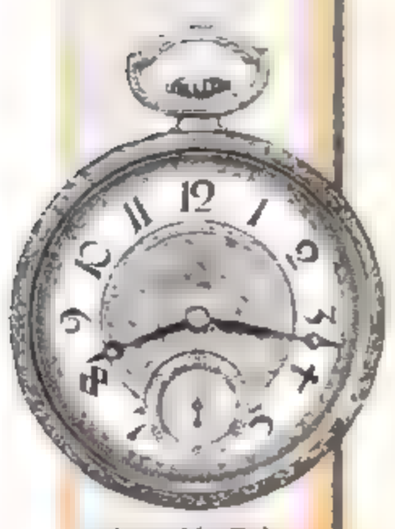
From that day to this the Gruen VeriThin has stood as the ideal in men's pocket watches. Its slender grace gave rise to new standards of beauty in watch construction, changing the entire nation's conception of what a man's pocket timepiece should be.

Countless imitations of it have been produced. But the man who buys a watch today should keep in mind that in the Gruen VeriThin, thinness is achieved by patented technical improvements in the movement of the watch—without reduction in size or strength of parts.

In nearly every community, the better jewelers can show you the watches pictured here, as well as a variety of other Gruen models—their stores are marked by the Gruen emblem shown above.

In the event of any accident to your Gruen Watch, these same jewelers can repair it quickly and easily at a very moderate cost.


Pentagon


Louis VeriThin

Empire 261½

SemiThin

Empire 50—Ultra-VeriThin, solid green or white gold "Precision" movement $100; case inlaid with fine enamel $110

Tank (Pat'd)—Green gold reinforced, "Precision" movement $55, white gold reinforced $60, solid green gold $75, solid white gold $85; others up to $210 according to case and movement

Pentagon 154 (Pat'd)—VeriThin, white or green gold reinforced, inlaid with enamel on bezel and edge of back, "Precision" movement $75; also made in plain case; solid gold $100 up

Louis VeriThin—White or green gold $50; with "Precision" movement $60

Empire 261½—VeriThin—Solid white and green gold combination 21 ruby jewels "Precision" movement $125

SemiThin—Green gold filled $25; white gold filled $27 50, other SemiThins up to $50 according to case and movement

GRUEN Guild Watches

1874—Fiftieth Anniversary Year—1924

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.
Canadian Branch, Toronto
Engaged in the art of watchmaking since 1874

Member of BUSINESS CHARACTER
Rice Leaders of the World Association

Wheel train diagram, showing how the four operating planes of the ordinary watch are reduced to three in the Gruen VeriThin and two in the Ultra-VeriThin. This thinness is secured without loss of accuracy or durability of parts

Saving 1000 years a week

—a word about the gigantic service the laundry performs

MORE than two million homes relieved of family washing cares each week—a day's time saved for each home—more than 1000 years of leisure, youth and health given back to the women of America every week in the year!

The annual volume of laundry business is greater than the cost of the Panama Canal

Almost beyond comprehension, isn't it? Yet such is the stupendous service performed by the laundries of the country. To give it, they employ a vast army of men and women. The annual volume of business is greater than the cost of the Panama Canal. The estimated value of the clothes handled by the laundries in one year is practically twice the sum which is required to run the national government of the United States for the same length of time! Think of it!

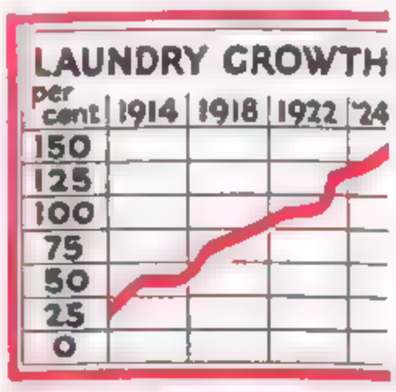
The value of the clothes laundries handle is twice the amount required to run the government.

To make its service easily accessible to every possible family, the laundry industry has invested approximately $200,000,000 in equipment and buildings and is spending increasing millions every year. Scarcely a town or village from the Atlantic to the Pacific that has not this modern clothes cleansing service at its elbow.

And the range of the service offered! Less than a dozen years ago the laundry was almost exclusively a "collar-and-shirt" business. Today, the laundry not only cares for the entire family bundle, but it cares for it in exactly the way the patron desires—everything washed and ironed, everything washed and part of the things ironed, or simply everything washed and returned to you ready for ironing at home.

In 1914 a "collar-and-shirt" business, laundries now handle the whole family bundle.

Because of this wide variety of services, the laundry has become the washday servant of millions of families who once regarded it as beyond their means. Laundry patronage has doubled and redoubled; each week sees fresh thousands of women freed from the drudgery of home washing, given a new day to call their own.



This chart illustrates in percentages the rapid growth of laundries from 1914 to 1924

If you have never tried laundry service, discover its advantages now. Today, no matter what day of the week it is—whether Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday or Friday—phone one of the modern laundries in your city and tell them to send for your bundle. Your washday worries will be over.

Prim-Prest

A finer laundry service. Everything carefully washed in many changes of rainsoft water and mild suds, everything beautifully ironed, ready to use or put away—a dainty service, complete in every detail.

Ho-mestic

A most acceptable medium priced service. Everything is tastefully ironed and folded. Because of the moderate cost of this service no starch is used. Many laundries, however, starch wearing apparel at a slight additional cost.

Rough Dry

Everything washed. Articles like knit underwear, hosiery, bath towels, are fluffed dry, ready for use. Flat work is neatly ironed. Those pieces needing it are starched. Only the ironing of the lighter pieces is left to be done at home.

Float-Ironed

A low-priced ironed service. Everything washed. Flat work ironed. Wearing apparel ironed unstarched and 70 per cent finished. Articles like shirts, waists and house dresses will require a little touching up with a hand iron at home.

Thrif-T-service

Everything carefully washed and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed. All flat work is ironed and carefully folded. Other work is returned damp, ready for starching.

Wet Wash

Everything washed in mild suds, and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of rainsoft water. The excess water is removed and the bundle returned damp, sweet and clean, ready to iron or starch and hang up to dry.

Here are six modern laundry services to choose from. Some laundries offer all; all laundries offer some, or equivalent services under other names.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, CINCINNATI

(Continued from Page 154)

get her hair under her cap—got out of the car and stood by the gate. Mr. Walling's Frenchman fired three blanks. . . . Mulvey says he heard six shots. I say it was five. She wasn't taking any chances. The driver wasn't wise. They kept talkin' this English stuff in the car all the way up from town and he thought this guy was just deliverin' a letter at Mr. Walling's. . . . She worked it smooth as rubber up to the finish. . . . Is the man hurt bad?"

"After walkin' seven miles with a hole in him, he ain't healthy, but he'll do, friend. You better go and say somethin' friendly an' courteous," Joe told the manager, "'cause he's a pretty sad egg—all ashamed of himself an' ready to bawl for his mamma any minute."

"He hasn't got one," said Mr. Walling, and walked quickly up the drive to the white house, which took him in while Ermyntrude put a second black kitten at Stukely's feet and the detectives drew off to their machine in a murmur of low talk.

Stukely picked up the kittens and strolled away down the hot grass and between trunks of sinless apple trees. A thin sickness kept his throat hard and bitter. You packed tomatoes for these people and sent pounds of butter down to New York and passed them on the street and then they spent their nights shooting each other and planning escapes from each other by the foulest means. And men got married! The world had no security anywhere. The helpless kittens were as well off as humanity. He scowled over his shoulder at Joe Fancher and growled, "I don't see anything funny!"

"You are, ace."

"Am I? How?"

"You look just like you did when the new churn didn't make butter. What you grievin' for? Where's the good of your daddy preachin' how Eve said, 'Gimme that apple yonder, Adam,' and poor ol' Adam bein' fool enough, with the snake all wriggly under a rhubarb laughin' his head offa his tail; or about how Delilah did Samson when she got sick of watchin' him skin lions on the gallery? Uh-huh! And you brought it onta yourself playin' with black cats. . . . Where you carryin' them?"

"The garage. I let Ermyntrude put them there."

"And why's she now movin' them?"

"I don't know. I suppose because she's a woman," Stukely sneered. "And damned if I see why this Kendall walked along with that hag after she'd shot him!"

"Oh, child, you'll break my heart! Think he knew she plugged him? You do her wrong! All a guy knows when he's bein' shot at in the dark is that he wants to be gone from there. . . . I respect this dame a lot. Where she loses out is that she ain't wise enough to see that this Walling is too soft-hearted a guy to bing Kendall into the hoosgow, like she would if she was a rich man and somebody tried to bust inta her house. So she'll have to reside in San Francisco or Vancouver a while. In two to three years she'll be married to some very nice old guy with a lotta coin and her hair'll be a different sorta yella and if anybody says 'Wouldn't you like to be an actress, Mrs. Gumph?' she'll say 'Mercy no! They seem such peculiah kinda folks,' and go on pourin' tea in Vancouver or wherever. Nor don't you fret, babe, 'cause inside her dome the lady ain't thinkin' ill of herself. Think how much wrong this Kendall's done her too!"

"Wrong!"

"Uh-huh! Didn't the poor ape go an' marry her an' then not make any money, so she hadda bang a typewriter some more? And didn't he just sorta insist on lovin' her, when he'd ought to've died of somethin' or run off with another blonde, so she could find a better lot of matrimony? And her right in a hotel on Broadway where movie ladies come in to lunch all covered with stuff, and guys like your Uncle George go through the lobby an' have the chef up to order dinner very special for an English banker? An' here's old Mr. Oilcan, from Enid, Oklahoma, showin' her his daughter's picture that died of croup when she was six weeks old and was named Flora for her aunt in Bucyrus, Ohio, that useda play the organ in the Meth'dist church. . . . You're awful funny, ace. You expect people to act like they don't want to. You've just saw this Mr. Walling behave himself whiter than chalk, but you're all bellyache because this skinny blonde with her mouth all mean in the corners an' no legs in her stockings ain't been a lady. . . . It's how David felt when King Saul heaved the spear at him after him playin' Yiddish jazz on his harp so pretty, an' killin' old Mrs. Goliath's boy so handy in the woodlot. You gotta learn that people nearly all do what they want to an' then blame the weather—like I did yesterday when I didn't turn up to help you milk, an' you did last Tuesday." Joe drawled, swinging open the door of the garage, "This is Sunday, and I feel all moral an' I'm pointin' these things out so you'll be a better boy, bud, and —— Huh?"

Stukely managed, "J-Joe!" and then stood with the fat kittens wriggling under his chin. One streak of light descended slanting from the building's single window and made the yellow hair luminous as the woman slipped down from the bench below the dusty panes and glanced at Joe so quickly that he hardly saw her pupils flash in the shadow beside the car's bulk.

"Are those policemen with Mark Walling?"

"Where's any Mr. Mark Walling, lady? . . . How would he be here—unless," Joe said, "somebody sent for him."

"Of course that was Walling who went into the house! I telephoned for him!"

"You're gettin' very honest, lady. And you'll go on and say that you took a lotta pains to write Mr. Walling that your husband was gonna bust in his house last night?"

The faintest pause happened before she spoke again, and then she said:

"Yes. I wanted Lew taught a lesson. He's been doing things that he shouldn't and ——"

"Uh-huh! And a few months in the lockyup would all sorta straighten him out and make a new man of him. I see," said Joe, beaming at her, his eyes green. "Walling's an old friend an' won't be too hard on him; acted very nice right now. He's awful sorry his French butler plugged a hole in your husband an' killed that driver. Very nice easy-goin' guy. And you'll be waitin' at the prison gates when Lew comes out all reformed an' take him off out West to begin life anew, huh?"

There was a motion of the yellow hair. The head sank and lifted. She said, "You don't know how horrible it was, last night! And—it's been dreadful for months! You don't know what it's like to watch somebody you care for g-going to pieces under your eyes and ——"

"Yeh. I expect it's very sad. It's how Sam Whibble felt out in Eutropius when I was young watchin' his wife take care of nine kids an' do laundry for grandmamma. Finally he just couldn't stand it any longer, and spilled the kerosene can right on the bedroom floor an' dropped a match on it and was extremely handsome at the funeral. . . . Would you mind shuttin' the door, Stuke? Gimme that gun in your pocket, lady. . . . Give it here, sister! Give it here," said Joe, without raising his voice from the melody of the drawl, "an' right off, or I'll forget about bein' polite to women, an' lam the head offa you! 'Cause Walling's butler was usin' blank cartridges, last night, and you ain't got a word left to say, sister! . . . And your Lew can't be stuck in jail so's you can get a divorce off of him an' marry nobody. . . . He didn't break into nobody's house in the night season with intent to commit a robbery therein, like Judge Sims useda read out in court when I was young down in Gawgia. Uh-huh! After all the trouble you went to to sit on the bed nights combin' your hair an' sayin' how nasty it is of Mr. Walling to be a rich guy an' have a lot of sapphires up at his place in the country when Gawd knows you're losin' all the shape off your fingers bangin' keys all day and —— You gonna gimme that gun, girl? Stuke's very sens'tive an' ain't ever seen a dame smacked in the face. We're all preacher's folks an' he's been raised nice. . . . Thank you. . . . Ladies with mouths like you got always get very reasonable if they think they're gonna be hurt. As for old Mr. Oilcan, down in New York, sister, he'll never be yours, but I hear there's plenty of timbermen and so on out in Vancouver; or you might try Fresno. There's a guy useda be in my battalion runs the hotel. Don't change your hair any, 'cause it's mighty becomin' to you thataway. You look sorta frail and innocent. Did you ever read the Bible any, when you were young out in Ohio?"

She said nothing. Immense blue lines had risen in her wrists as the empty hands hung facing Stukely, and her nostrils were stiff circles as she stared at Joe, whose frown deepened until she nodded, and then slacked.

"There's a lot of good readin' in it, ain't there? The language is much more sorta grand than folks can spill nowadays. Remember where it says, 'And they showed him mercy, and said unto him: Depart from among us'? What you do is to walk down the creek by the cemetery an' get on the two o'clock train west. You got plenty of money in a purse on you somewhere that Lew never knew nothin' of. It's the two o'clock west you'll get on, sister . . . Mr. Walling's sent word to New York so you'll be awful unpopular with old Mr. Oilcan or anybody down there. You get on this train, an' keep goin'. Open the back door for the lady, you Stuke! Where's your manners?"

"Damned if I will!" Stukely barked, and turned his back.

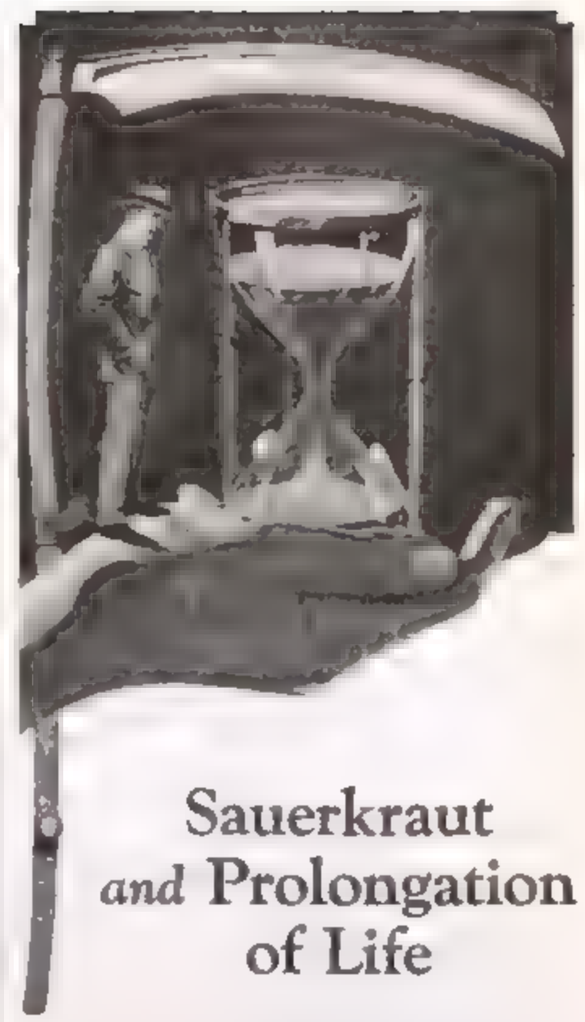
"Ace, don't be so rude to a lady! . . . Out this way, sister. No need for you to be stared at by those nasty detectives out front. . . . They might remember you too well and meet you accidental in San Francisco sometime when you're all grand in your next husband's automobile down Market Street. . . . Just walk by the hawgpen and don't stop to talk to your relatives. . . . Goo'-by."

Her soles grated on concrete toward the rear door of the little building and then paused. She said queerly, "Who are you, anyhow?"

"I'm nobody. Just a guy that's been around a good deal. I'm pretty s'phisticated. . . . Goo'-by. Next time you try to kill anybody, be sure an' throw the gun away. . . . Goo'-by."

The door shut.

Twilight, Lake Arrowhead, California



Sauerkraut *and* Prolongation of Life

"The general public will do well to eat sauerkraut much more liberally as a routine in keeping fit." That, in substance, is the recommendation of many leaders in the constantly growing health movement.

Writing of health preservation, Milo Hastings, Director, Physical Culture Food Research Laboratory, says: "Lactic ferments are one of the very best organic or food antiseptics. These ferments kill off the germs which cause poisonous intestinal decay, the absorption of which often results in auto-intoxication. In sauerkraut we have *a food beaning abundant ferments as well as the minerals and vitamins which we find in fruits, and contains them in greater quantities.*"

Hygeia, the magazine published by the American Medical Association, recently contained an article by Victor C. Vaughan recounting Captain Cook's success in maintaining the health of his sailors during his famous voyage (1772-1775) by rationing sauerkraut.

McCarrison, in "Studies in Deficiency Disease," points out that a low vitamin content in the diet renders the body more liable to infection. In sauerkraut nature has stored a wealth of the three vitamins necessary to growth and good health.

That sauerkraut supplies, in rich measure, these life-sustaining vitamins and other health elements, and that this food is nature's great conditioner and regulator, are the findings of science. All of the remarkable facts, with quotations from highest authorities, and many new tested recipes, are contained in the free book, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food." If you, too, are interested in good foods and good health, send the coupon for a copy.

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at grocery stores, meat markets, delicatessen stores)

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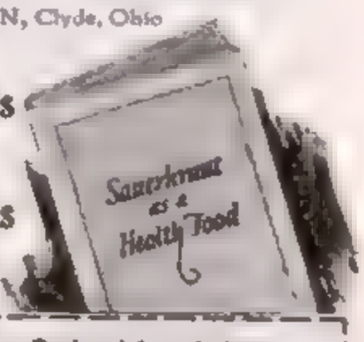

The National Kraut Packers' Association, Clyde, Ohio

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Address

City and State

THE OLD DOG

(Continued from Page 11)

nature that I could arrange for it practically my own hours. For years, as a matter of fact, I had been doing most of it in the very early morning, getting up at four and being all through by eight. The remainder of the day had been, to be frank, frittered away. I did some desultory reading, a good part at the club among current magazines and newspapers. I spent many hours on squash and tennis and golf. I was active enough and the days passed rapidly, but I had long been conscious of the fact that I was wasting too much time.

When my conscience pricked me about this I comforted myself in the belief that this was necessary relaxation. I worked every day in the year and took my vacation in this spread-out fashion.

That was all very well, but it had become something of a routine and there were times when I feared I was growing stale. Had I been foot-free I would have traveled, but, with a family, that was not easily managed and, besides, was expensive. I had already been to Europe several times and am not at all sure I brought back with me anything commensurate with the time and money I spent. I did not have sufficient background. I had hovered around London and Paris in rather a stupid and conventional fashion, and while the adventure was not a net loss it was not sufficiently stimulating to make worth a sacrifice any repetition.

I had one experience there, however, which I never forgot. With letters of introduction, I journeyed down to Oxford one day and lunched with an undergraduate. The meal was served in his room and he excused himself for several interruptions while he received and sent off wires to some bookmaker with whom he was doing business on the races. He was intelligent, but his interests were not wholly in his studies. Yet the standard of conversation which he established easily and naturally both surprised and embarrassed me. Without affectation and with a familiarity which showed thoughtful reading, he touched upon the current literatures not only of England but of France, Italy and Russia. It was clear, moreover, that his comments were based upon a historical background that had really become a part of him. There was nothing pedantic in his attitude and he was not trying to impress me. He assumed that this material was as much at my command as at his. It was not. It would not have been at the command of any American college graduate, not specializing in English, in my acquaintance. Even a Harvard senior fresh from his divisionals would have only a book knowledge of this material. I was twenty years older than this young man, and I felt ashamed. Here was something which appealed to me as in the nature of a real education. In the truest sense this fellow could be called a university man.

The Obvious Thing to Do

Ten years had passed since then and I had done nothing to make up for an ignorance I was able to conceal only by maintaining a discreet silence.

I might, to be sure, have read by myself, but to read systematically is not an easy thing to do for a man not trained as a scholar. It is more difficult in America than anywhere else.

Then one morning, after more than twenty-five years of waiting, the obvious thing to do flashed into my head.

"Look here," I said to my wife, "why can't I go to college as well as the boy?"

"Why not?" she asked.

This was in the middle of the winter, just before midyears.

"Do you suppose they would let me in for a course or two?"

"It's easy enough to find out," she suggested.

I put on my hat and walked up to the University—this time not for the boy, but for myself. I saw one of the deans.

"It's a quarter of a century since I was a student here," I said. "May I go on from where I left off?"

"I don't see why not, if you're able," he answered. "What class were you?"

I told him, and he pressed a button. In a few minutes a young lady appeared with a book which suggested the Doomsday Book. In it was the record of every member of my old class in every study. I had received credits in five courses.

"If you plan for a degree you must pass twelve and a half more studies," he announced. "You will be allowed to enter on the basis of the requirements in your original class."

"I can start this next half year?"

"Any time you wish."

"Fine," I said.

He looked at me doubtfully.

"You will have to do a lot of reading," he warned. "The work will take time. It isn't easy."

"I'm willing to work," I agreed.

Within an hour I was registered as a student in Harvard College, classified as an Oc C., which stands for out-of-course college.

Breaking Through

Beginning in the middle of the year I was obliged to take half courses, and chose for my first venture back again into academic fields a course in æsthetics; another in sixteenth and seventeenth century French history; as a third, a survey course in philosophy; and as a fourth, a course on Ralph Waldo Emerson. I went into those first lectures feeling rather self-conscious and out of place. I was afraid I should stick out as a freak among these younger men, but the war had brought back many men grown old before their time, and these with a sprinkling of graduate students of all ages made me feel less conspicuous. Many looked to be actually older in years than I was. But even between me and the regular undergraduates there was not the noticeable difference in age that I had expected. In appearance and bearing these fellows seemed anything but youngsters. They carried themselves with amazing assurance, and their faces, while not deeply marked by experience, were anything but callow. Among them I attracted no attention. They received me with the same indifference they did their classmates. They are a conservative lot. In a college of this size the mere fact that you sit next to a man is considered an accident, not an introduction. Often enough a neighbor takes his seat throughout an entire college year without even nodding. Often enough he does not even learn your name. This is not done so much in a caddish spirit as in a selfish spirit. As men meet in the classroom they are not interested in one another. All their friendships are formed outside—in the dining halls, the dormitories, but more particularly through their social and athletic activities. Those who enter college with large groups from the big preparatory schools have a big advantage this way. Still, if a man is active and ambitious and has any real ability it is possible for him to break through. I met several boys of this type.

One was the son of a man without any college training, who warned his son against choosing Harvard because of the traditional cliquishness of the place.

"Better pick a smaller college," he advised. "You'll be buried in Cambridge."

This fellow had no social connections and no athletic ability. He had no literary or musical talent. But he was alert, intelligent and ambitious.

"If I'm the kind who is going to get buried I might as well find it out now as later," he declared.

He was neither self-assertive nor presumptuous, but as soon as he entered Harvard he looked around for opportunities. He tried for everything thrown open to free competition that he thought himself qualified to fill. He lost out in the trials for manager of the athletic teams, for here personal friendships do count for something. Then he tried for the executive positions on the college periodicals. He found his opening with one magazine which had for years been a financial failure. He jumped in, and within six months had put the paper on its feet. This was enough to make him stick out, and he was taken into one of the leading clubs and made treasurer. From this point on his progress was rapid and his record so good that he was later taken into one of the most desirable clubs in college, a rival of the first. This was unprecedented. He graduated, one of the prominent men of his class.

I ran across another energetic young fellow who entered with considerable ability as a ball player, but because he was obliged to earn his own way gave up an almost assured position on the varsity team because this called for too much time. He was waiting upon a college table for his meals and doing chores around the city, such as emptying ashes. In the spring he tried for the track team, because he found it possible to train for this without interfering with his work. Within a year he had qualified for the sprints, won his H and been taken into two clubs.

A still more interesting success of this kind was the son of a sturdy New Englander from a small country town where for years I have passed my summers. This boy was absolutely upon his own resources and depended upon the winning of scholarships for his education. This meant continued high standing in his studies. For the first two years he worked himself to skin and bones. Realizing the foolishness of this, he turned to athletics merely as a means for restoring his health. He was a typical grind, but he had a sound body, the inheritance of many generations of country folk. As a village schoolboy he had wrestled a little, and now he turned back to that hardy sport. He was unknown in the gymnasium, and because of his slouchy bearing was considered at first as something of a joke. But he persisted with that grim determination which was already making him conspicuous among the men of high scholastic standing. Within a year he had made the team. The next year he was elected captain and that same year won the intercollegiate championship against men who were making athletics the chief object of their college career. At the same time he maintained his standing as an A man.

I remembered how, nearly thirty years before, coming to college from a small country preparatory school, I had sat glum and reserved in my seat for fear of being thought intrusive. I made it a point now to talk as much as possible to this new generation. With few exceptions I found them responsive. Often they were at first somewhat patronizing, as though making a concession, but as the months went by, this attitude wore away and they became more natural.

The thing that astonished me from the start was the superiority of these young fellows over me in the handling of college work. I am not and never was a scholar, but neither in most cases were these boys. It was also true, as I tried to console myself, that with them study was a vocation and with me an avocation. I was still carrying on my professional work and was obliged to keep that the chief interest of the day. But they, too, had their outside interests which consumed a great deal of their time and thought. It was to my advantage that I was more mature than they and took a keener interest in the subject matter. On the whole, too, I worked as many hours and more conscientiously than most of them. Yet when the first weekly written tests came I found these youngsters covering three sheets of notepaper to my one. When the marks came back I had secured the low grade of D while they had won B's and C's. This was in æsthetics, a subject in which I was deeply interested and in which I had taken careful notes and done faithfully the outside reading. I turned to the young man next to me a careless-appearing fellow who had never taken a note and who had appeared utterly indifferent to the lecturer.

"What did you get?" I asked.

"Oh, I pulled down a C."

"How in thunder did you do it?" I asked.

"Bull," he replied briefly.

A Humiliating Start

That is merely another word for bluff. The art consists of saying profusely the little you do know. It must be done seriously and skillfully. He handed me his paper. I looked it over. It sounded fairly sensible and left me with the impression that he really knew something. At any rate, had I been the examiner I should have hesitated to say he did not know anything of the subject, which was the literal truth.

In French history I was humiliated with an E at the first hour examination. Here again I had attended every lecture and taken profuse notes, for the subject had been presented in both a scholarly and a dramatic fashion. I had enjoyed every moment and had responded with a thrill to the earnestness and enthusiasm of the speaker. He was keen about the period and spoke almost without reference to his notes, striding up and down the platform with his thin white face reflecting his interest in these exciting years so crowded with romantic and clever personages. The trouble was that I had followed him as an entertainer, not as a teacher. I had failed to remember that I was here as a student. I had neglected details—precise details of dates. Furthermore, I had no background. For most of these men much of this material was review of work covered in general courses. Also it dovetailed into the history of the other Continental nations which they had studied. I had come in at an angle which made it difficult. But even after all these excuses I realized I was no match as a student for these younger men. They had more elastic and retentive memories and knew the game. There were many A men here, and the amount of detail they knew for the moment filled me with envy.

In the Emerson course I was doing somewhat better. But even here I was worried. It was one thing to sit down by a study lamp and casually read through such an essay as that on Nature, receiving a vague and pleasurable impression, and quite another so to master it with a dozen others as to be able to write from memory a minute digest. The ground covered all the essays, the poems, the journals and a large amount of biographical matter.

Son-to-Father Talk

In the meanwhile reading was also piling up in my course in philosophy. This was supposed to be kindergarten work—a brief introductory preparation to a really serious study of the problems we here only surveyed. The lecturer was a smiling, disarming younger man, who, however, was doing brilliant original work in this field. He spoke easily and delightfully, but all the while he plodded steadily down the centuries from the beginning of thought, piling up name after name, theory after theory, with the steady, crushing progress of a glacier. He expected of us, of course, only a superficial knowledge of each man and theory, but there were so many of them and, as we went on, the differentiation between them was so much a matter of a subtle definition of words and terms that even this modest task appeared impossible. This class consisted of a younger group of men than any of my others—mostly sophomores. Behind me sat a fat, good-natured, moon-faced youth who grunted at each lecture in hopeless confusion. He appealed to me.

"What in thunder do you make out of this?" he asked.

I tried my best to explain the particular problem worrying him. It was like talking to an infant. My words meant nothing at all. I did not understand how they could. These questions were as far removed from the current of his everyday thought as the planets above his head. We had weekly conferences where we discussed mind and matter, truth, beauty, the soul, and before the year was out some fifty various philosophies with all their ramifications.

"Gosh," said this young fellow at the end of every such hour, "can you beat it?"

Yet somehow he staggered through.

At the end of a month I began to realize that I had undertaken more work than I intended. At the rate I was going it looked to me as though I should flunk, for I was under the same obligation as the rest of the undergraduate body to secure marks in most studies of C or better. If I did not the privilege of continuing my studies here would, very rightfully, be withdrawn. The college was crowded to capacity and it was impossible to carry any deadwood. I began to look worried and my son took a crack at me.

"How's it going, dad?"

"So so," I answered.

"Got an A yet?"

"No," I admitted.

"What was that last mark I saw in the history test?"

"An E," I confessed.

"Gosh!"

"What's more, I deserved it."

"You'll have to buck up or you'll be put on probation."

"Right."

"Isn't so easy as it looked."

"It isn't, and if you'll take warning by me you'll put in some extra licks yourself in preparation for what's coming to you."

(Continued on Page 163)

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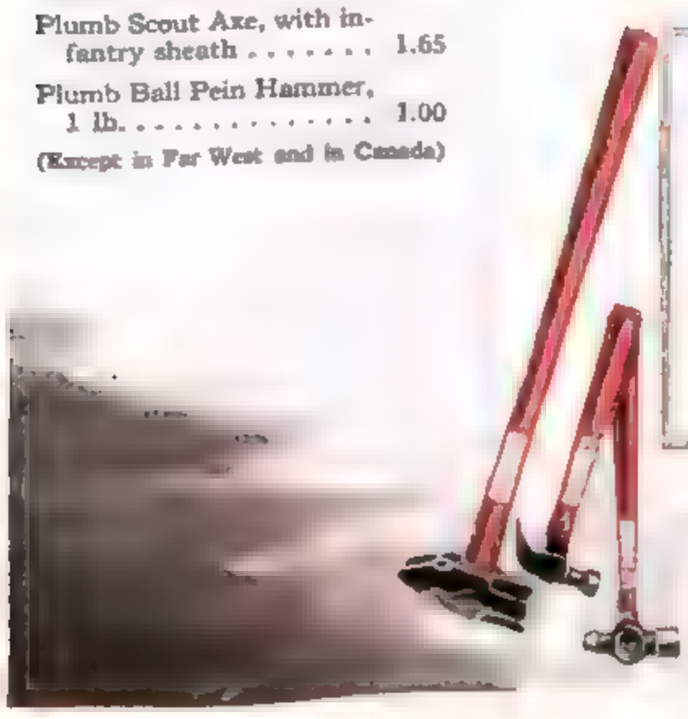

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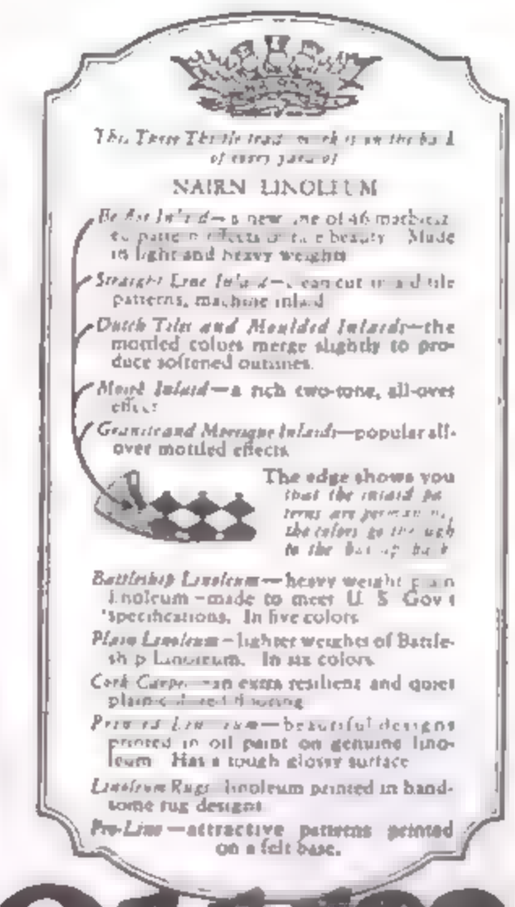
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NAIRN Linoleum

(Continued from Page 158)

"Haven't got anything as low as E yet in my work," he reminded me.

I was worried and chagrined, but at that I was stimulated. I was in this thing and meant to see it through. My mind was more active than it had been for years and, instead of being filled with the passing chit-chat of the daily papers, was charged with so much interesting material that I was in danger of becoming a conversational bore. I tried out at the clubs some of the good things I was hearing at my lectures, but I soon learned better. I was hobnobbing now with such men as Richelieu and Mazarin and Emerson and Thoreau and the Alcotts, with Lessing and Berkeley and Descartes, but when I attempted to introduce them into the conversation I was met with resentful silence and a yawn. Men hid themselves behind their papers—I had not read one for a month—or slid away to the card or billiard room. If I had continued I should have been voted the club pest. But I did not. I shut up. I was not spending so much time as formerly in my old haunts anyway, but when I did drop in for lunch or at the end of the day I contented myself with listening. It was with difficulty, however, that I in my turn restrained a yawn.

At home I had things more my own way. The table conversation of my three children had long disturbed me. Either they bolted their food in silence and hurried away or they aired their petty grievances among themselves or idly chattered and gossiped. I had no wish to be pedantic and I had no ambition to bring up a group of precocious infants, but I did feel there was an opportunity here for improvement which would aid digestion if nothing more. Both in my outside reading and in the lectures I was gathering a fund of anecdotes which were often humorous, often romantic, often thrilling. The past, in whatever subject, was crowded with drama and with interesting persons who were the best possible material for story-telling. I pretended to be merely entertaining them in repeating these and, on the whole, succeeded, but in this way I carried them along through all my courses. French history, with such material as Henry of Navarre and Richelieu and Mazarin and the court of Louis XIV to draw upon, was the favorite subject. But even in philosophy Zeno and his paradoxes furnished several amusing hours, while the personalities of dozens of other philosophers, if not their theories, proved entertaining. In æsthetics we were discussing modern psychological theories of why we enjoy colors and musical sounds and pictures—all answers to the everlasting juvenile cry of "Why?" Emerson and his friend Thoreau, who made a perfect pencil and then quit because there was no more fun in it and who went to jail rather than pay his tax and was taken out in spite of himself and who tramped the Cape and lived in the woods, were fine subjects. The Alcotts and their farming experiment was a mine.

Making Knowledge Attractive

The recital of their extreme humanitarianism, which forbade their drinking milk for fear of robbing a prospective calf, forbade them from using the wool of sheep because it was robbery, from using animals as beasts of burden for fear of infringing upon an inalienable right to freedom, until one by one these dreamers almost starved to death and it became necessary to drag off Alcott himself on a sled, was drama. I did not allow them to laugh at the idealism back of this experiment, but only at the extreme to which it was carried.

Even if they forgot all I told them, these talks of mine accomplished another important end; it gave them a new slant on college work. I was treating this matter not as academic material—an obstacle in the path of happiness—but as the source of lively table gossip. I was genuinely enthusiastic, and this disarmed them. They ceased to balk, as they would have done had they thought they were learning anything useful. They began to feel that, after all, there might be a certain amount of entertainment in this matter of securing an education.

Certainly I was finding this true myself, in spite of the hard work. My whole attitude toward life was changed. I was gaining a perspective that made it possible for me to ignore the little frets and worries of everyday life. I had too many other things to think about to be irritated with current trivialities. My mind was more alert than it had been for years and I looked forward eagerly to every new day. The only trouble was there was not time enough. Every one of these courses furnished leads that I wished to follow up, but as it was I could just barely cover the prescribed reading. I never went into Widener Library without gasping for breath. Here were a million volumes, and few of them were utterly valueless. Yet out of them I was able to skim through only a few dozen. For years I had been going by this building without as much as stepping in, while thousands were still doing so and would so continue. To all but the fraction of one per cent this accumulated wisdom of the ages was as though it did not exist. These volumes were so many voices crying in a wilderness, even to many to whom this knowledge was easily available.

Point-of-the-Pencil Knowledge

Those winter months passed like days, and spring came. The grass in the yard turned green and the old elms leafed out and the sun shone with balmy warmth. It was a temptation I shared with other undergraduates to drop my books now and turn to the golf course and the tennis courts. But the June finals were looming up, and this meant a review of all the ground covered, both in notes and outside reading. In the meanwhile there was no let-up in new material. Every lecturer acted as though he thought his the only course in college, and tried to crowd into these last few weeks as much as possible. I was dazed by the amount of detail I was supposed to memorize, particularly of names and dates. When I massed it all in front of me it seemed like a hopeless proposition, but I went at it.

The boy watched me with a grin.

"Think you'll make it?" he asked.

"You bet your life I will," I answered grimly.

I turned back to my notes, but I was by no means as confident as I pretended to be.

Surrounded by a group of young men who had not been born when I was in college, I went through the ordeal of the June finals after that long lapse of years. Seated in the examination room with a blue book and that list of stubborn printed questions in front of me, supervised by tiptoeing proctors whose faces were as expressionless as the surface of the erased blackboards, I felt as absurdly uneasy as I had a quarter of a century before.

Most of these younger men were cooler and more self-possessed than I, for they were better prepared. I had plunged into this work as from around a sharp curve, while they were making the ascent on high, after a running start. They were in practice for this sort of thing. Passing an examination is an art in itself and demands special training and experience. It calls for what is known as point-of-the-pencil knowledge; the kind that flows freely from a fountain pen, although, as Doctor Crothers once pointed out, when the ink flows too freely it is a sign the pen is running dry. These tests call also for a high order of skill in so elaborating upon what you know as to conceal what you don't know. Most of the teaching staff flatter themselves that they can see through this ruse, but I have good reason for believing that they are mistaken. I met several boys who secured their degrees this year upon their uncanny ability in this direction.

Another useful attribute in the examination room is a capacity for holding details not in themselves important. Judiciously sprinkled in, they seem to indicate very careful reading, although as a matter of fact they indicate nothing of the sort. They are crammed for the occasion to camouflage little or no reading.

I looked around the room at these younger men writing so energetically. My own position here seemed more like a memory than a reality. These were the same fellows among whom I had sat so many years ago and I was only dreaming that I was here. But the proctor reminded me that this was stern reality by posting upon the blackboard in large figures the hour—9:15. Time was passing. With an effort I concentrated my attention upon the examination questions.

I had expected an easier time of it than I was having. I figured that my added years of experience and my more mature outlook, together with my deeper interest in the subjects, would give an advantage. Up to a certain point this held true, but beyond that these facts worked against me. The ability to accumulate details and to hold for a brief period this mass of unrelated material was a young man's game. For this they had been in training some eight years. Their minds were flexible and elastic and could be crammed almost to the bursting point. Before every test they reminded me of ewe lambs that have been fed from a bottle until they have rounded out like balloons. My own capacity for this sort of thing was slight. I could hold very little unrelated matter. I had to swallow more slowly and wait for the process of digestion. But the pace had been so fast that I had not been able to absorb as much as had been expected of me.

These tests cover three hours and a man is supposed to write from twenty-five hundred to four thousand words. This calls for quick thinking. Not much time can be wasted looking about the room.

Once I got started it did not seem fifteen minutes before the proctor in a voice like that of an executioner—these fellows take themselves very seriously—announced, "The examination is now closed."

Men were scrambling to finish a last sentence, but not a minute extra was allowed.

My final marks for these first four half courses were two B's and two C's. From the point of view of scholarship this was not a particularly good showing, but I was satisfied. It gave me credit for two full courses toward a degree and proved that I was capable at least of a passing grade. It justified me in going on with the work another year if it seemed worth the effort. And it did, from every angle.

I was in a new world here, and that in itself meant much to me. To have discovered this within a five-minute walk of home was something to have accomplished. Men travel ten thousand miles and make all sorts of sacrifices for a change less radical and less stimulating.

My position in this new sphere seemed to me particularly favorable for getting the most out of it. I occupied a middle ground between the undergraduate who lacked the perspective of experience, and the professorial staff who suffered somewhat from too close an approach and from a vision apt to be dulled by concentration in a special field. It is a rare teacher who can do the intensive work demanded of him today as a specialist, and keep in touch with other departments. Two such men I met at Harvard, both disciples of President Emeritus Eliot. Their influence, like his, was very great.

The Self-Assurance of Youth

I occupied, too, a middle ground between the undergraduate body and the outside world. In the six months that I had been associating with these young men I had heard more intelligent conversation than I had heard in my clubs in the previous five years. I was taken to lunch at one of the prominent undergraduate societies and was surprised at the level of the table talk. There was plenty of nonsense, as there should be, but these fellows fresh from their lectures were filled with interesting material which they were eager to discuss. Furthermore, they were not afraid to discuss it and were no end clever in much of their criticism. They were nimble-witted, unafraid and self-confident—perhaps too self-confident. They bandied big questions about rather airily. "Sorry I can't make it," said one of these young fellows sadly as he refused an invitation to a game of tennis. "I've got to turn in a paper on God."

When the fall term opened in September I was back for registration. Perhaps I was spurred on by the remark of several friends who assured me that I would not last.

"You did well to stick it out half a term," said one of them, "but you can't keep on."

"Why not?" I demanded.

"Can't teach an old dog new tricks."

"That's the difference between a dog and a man," I suggested.

As a matter of fact, I felt more confident this second year than I had the first. I was still a long way from a degree but I had learned a thing or two about this work that made me feel that it was bound to grow easier. Perhaps I was a little too cocky about it, for I chose four full courses. As it turned out, they were all fairly stiff, and one was decidedly more than that. One was a study of English history from 1688 on—as dramatic and as interesting a period to an American as could be found. The second course was a survey of English literature from Beowulf to the present—a presumptuous undertaking on the face of it. The third was an advanced course in English

(Continued on Page 165)

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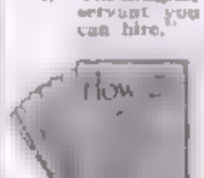

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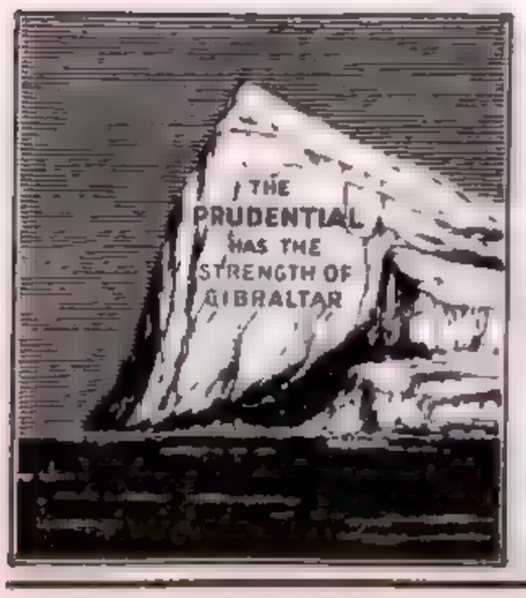

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composition, which was required of me for a degree. I anticipated little from this because I was a writer by profession, but it proved one of the most valuable and interesting features of my program. The fourth course was a survey of fine arts from 5000 B. C. to 1925. This, in my earlier college experience, had been known as a snap. It was so much of a snap that the entire varsity football squad took it one season in order to secure more leisure. It happened, however, that the faculty had been holding quiet conferences during the previous summer over the reputation the course had acquired, and decided to tighten it up. They did, and almost wrecked the team. It has been tightened ever since, until now it is one of the stiffest memory courses in the catalogue. The work is handled as history, and not as æsthetics. The idea is not to teach the youth of the land to admire pictures, sculpture and architecture, but actually to know something about them. In spite of this the course was crowded to the capacity of the lecture room.

As I took my assigned seat at the opening classes I studied with interest the new faces about me. Most of them seemed to be surprisingly mature. The callow undergraduate is of the past—even in the prep schools. I attended last spring an Exeter-Andover track meet and saw full-grown men of twenty-one competing, and in some events coming close to world records. The upper group of any of these big schools are collegians before they enter college.

The faces about me showed a cosmopolitan parentage with racial characteristics definitely marked. The names revealed their origin even more clearly, as they do in the business world. The Mayflower element is not nearly so predominant as it was twenty-five years ago. Neither is the well-to-do element. There is little conspicuously fine dressing at Harvard. Men come into the classroom in any old sort of costume and pass unnoticed. Sometimes this is carried to the point of affectation, just as the current style in undergraduate cars is to make them look as disreputable as possible. The swagger thing of the day is an old chassis with a pine-board seat, the radiator covers removed, and all loose parts fastened with wire and rope.

Most of these undergraduate faces looked intelligent, but their expression was one of indifference. If they were not actually bored they were certainly passive. Still, I think this attitude, for the most part traditional, can be broken down. To try it out I made several overtures.

The Concentration System

A young man in a seat ahead of me knew a group of half a dozen boys around him. He was an alert, likable chap, who talked a good deal about playing squash. One morning as he came in I spoke.

"I'd like to take you on sometime," I said.

He glanced at me in surprise. I was obviously older and looked somewhat heavy. He hesitated a moment and then answered, "Sure."

We made an appointment, and much to his surprise I trimmed him handily, for I had been playing steadily for ten years. I found him interesting and we had several games after this.

Most friendships in college, however, are made in the dormitories. I met later a man who had come back to college after being ten years out. He was married, had several children, and had resigned from a lucrative business position in order to prepare himself for teaching. He lived in the Yard, made several societies, and was on the crew squad. He was over thirty, but that never made him feel out of place.

The first few weeks of the new college year were easy as always—disarmingly easy. I was fresh from a summer in Maine and I had no back work to worry about. But this peaceful period did not last long. It is surprising how much outside reading can be handed out—must be handed out—even within a month, when an attempt is made to cover in so brief a period so much ground. If it were possible for a man to take a single course and read intelligently and thoroughly all the assigned reading he would then be left with something permanent. As it is he must do a great deal of superficial and rapid skimming which is soon forgotten.

The average undergraduate today is doing in three years what was meant to be done in four and what properly could be accomplished in not less than from six to eight years. The modern concentration system, which forces application to a group of subjects in the same field, is an attempt to remedy this weakness without increasing the period of study. It is working out fairly well, but it produces hothouse results. It is no substitute for slow, steady growth.

In English history we were soon handling in single lectures subjects upon which one could profitably spend a month; in English literature we were galloping past so many geniuses that it was a task merely to learn their names, while in fine arts we hurdled centuries.

"Five minutes counts for fifty years in this course," said the lecturer as he apologized for introducing a new subject toward the end of the hour.

Professors stood, watch in hand, like race starters, waiting impatiently for the seven minutes to pass which were given men to get into the hall and seated. Often they began when the clatter was still on, and they were often talking while the men were putting up their notebooks and noisily swinging back their seats. I found lecture notes accumulating so rapidly that I had no time to look them over. Before one-half of an assigned reading list had been covered a new list was posted. I was worried, but these younger men took it calmly enough.

The Generous Professor

In my history course the young fellow who sat at my right spent perhaps five minutes drawing his initials and a face or two upon his notepaper and then went to sleep. He never took a note all that year. He claimed he never did any of the outside reading. It bored him. Yet in the semi-monthly tests he wrote industriously and generally managed to secure a C.

"How do you do it?" I asked one day.

He suppressed a yawn.

"Don't be so cutting," he answered.

"I'm honestly interested," I persisted; "with all the reading I am able to do I just make it."

"Really?"

"Yet you ——"

But he was too occupied with the creation of a bathing girl in black and white to answer.

On the other side of me was a young Hebrew. He worked hard and the day before an examination was able to learn by memory a list of from one to two hundred names and dates so that he knew them as surely as though he were looking at a printed page. Back of me sat two alert Middle Western youths who, judging from their conversation, played bridge every night until early morning. In the classroom, however, they attended strictly to business and at the end of the year passed all their courses. Under the same conditions it would have been impossible for me to secure an E.

In addition to the memory test, I was beaten in another direction by these younger men. The present-day tendency at Harvard in many courses is to get below fact knowledge and encourage the formation of individual opinions. In the course in English literature the professor said again and again, "I want to know what your personal reaction to these men is. I don't care whether you agree with me or with anyone else in the world. You will not be marked on the intrinsic value of your opinion, but whether or not you show that you have read with sufficient intelligence to have formed an opinion of some sort. Don't be afraid to say you don't like Shakspere if that is the truth, but be ready to give your reasons."

Several days before an hour examination this man posted upon the board the following notice: "You may bring into the examination room any books or notes you wish."

A sigh of relief swept over the class, and the faces of the three hundred students blended into one broad collective grin. It looked for a moment as though the greatest obstacle to a successful college career, the necessity to study, had at length been removed. I myself thought that here was an opportunity to get away from the strain of cramming.

But the more I considered this generous proposal the less of a concession I saw it to be. In the sixty minutes allotted to the test there was certainly going to be little time for doing the prescribed reading, which in this case covered Boswell's Life of Johnson, Fielding's Tom Jones, and plays by Goldsmith and Sheridan. In order to

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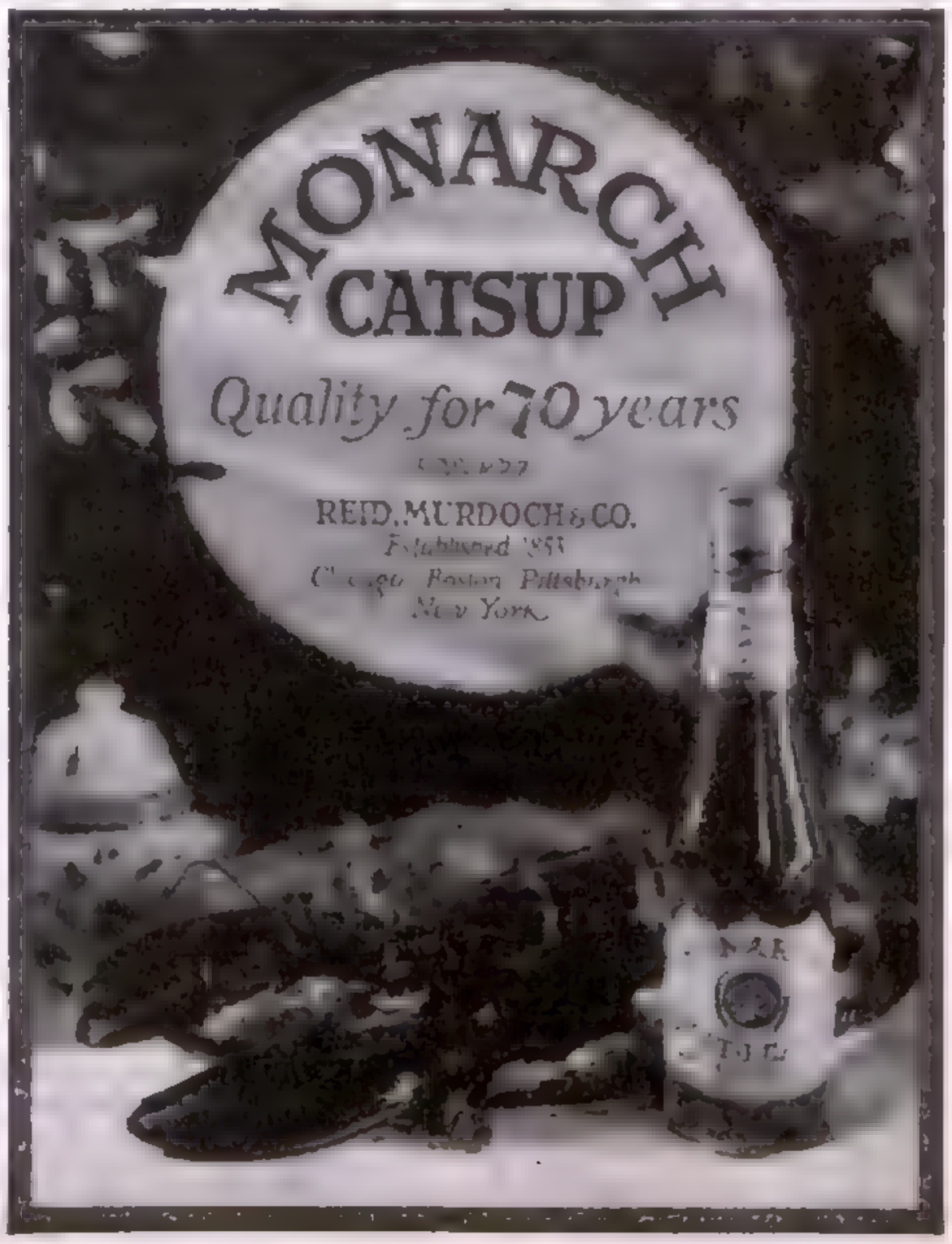


refer to these books it was obviously necessary to know first what they contained. If one knew this, then the books themselves could prove of little service. In fact, they might turn out to be a burden, for it would be almost impossible to resist the temptation to run through them if they were at hand. As the day for the examination approached I eliminated one volume after another, until in the end I decided that the wisest procedure was to ignore wholly this kind invitation. I showed good judgment. Many men staggered into the examination room with all the volumes their arms could hold, and later I saw them frantically turning the pages and growing more and more confused with every passing second. It was like trying to catch three balls thrown at once. They missed them all.

The paper consisted of only one question: "Suppose a seventeenth-century man of letters to have gone to the Elysian Fields, where he has retained a lively interest in literature. Write, as from him, a letter to some contemporary playwright, novelist or biographer, expressing his opinions as you have gathered them from your reading"

To give within a period of sixty minutes a seasoned reply to such a question demands quick thinking based on real knowledge. While I was trying to formulate my opinion some of these undergraduates had covered a dozen pages. Here was where the boldness and irresponsibility of youth counted. Most of these fellows were ready with opinions on any conceivable subject. If they had none they were able to make them up on the spot. Furthermore, they were not afraid to voice themselves. They plunged ahead where an older man was inclined to pause and think. With good-natured naïveté, they were ready at a moment's notice to give a critical estimate of Johnson or Sheridan or Goldsmith, based sometimes on standard criticism picked up from footnotes in their desultory reading, but flavored often enough with acute observations of their own. Most of them turned in much better papers on this test than I did.

Clever—that is the word I kept using to myself in an endeavor to characterize this new generation of collegians. They were nimble-witted, unafraid and self-confident—almost too self-confident. Few of them considered education as a cultural end in itself. They valued their studies not as a means to finer living, but as a means to earning a living.

"Of what use is Greek anyhow?" asked a student of a professor of the old school.

"Of no use, thank God," answered the white-haired scholar.

There is little of that spirit in the modern college. Greek, today, is scarcely more than a memory in the curriculum. Latin, because of its practical value, is given more consideration. Even the modern interest in fine arts has been partly cultivated by resort to a ruse. A recent bulletin issued by the National Board of Education spoke of the value of a knowledge of art in the preparing of advertisements. Harvard in a recent plea for much-needed funds for this department dwelt upon the work it was doing in educating men to serve as curators of museums and to undertake chemical research in the preservation of pictures.

Candidates for Doctorates

Nine out of ten of the young men I talked with viewed their work wholly as preparation for a profession. This has been forced upon them by the requirement demanding a Bachelor of Arts degree for entrance into the law, medical and theological schools.

Even the school of business administration now demands this degree. Theoretically this is a move in the right direction, but it is jamming our colleges with men who look upon these three years merely as an obstacle to be overcome before settling down to really serious study.

I found this attitude even among those intending to teach. It is the current fashion for all our smaller colleges to demand a doctor's degree of members of their staff, while in the larger universities advance is practically impossible without this degree. Yet in a great many cases this intense concentration of three years extra on some petty subject is deadening, and is so recognized to be by the student. One has only to read the subjects of the doctors' theses to appreciate this. A man anxious to teach English literature is sentenced to master Anglo-Saxon and Old French among other things—to change himself from an enthusiast into a pedagogue. Many find this work impossible, and turn sadly away to other professions. Those who stick out the ordeal and fulfill the conditions are a hard-working lot. You will find them tucked away in the niches of Widener Library poring over their books.

By the time they have won their doctorate they are likely to be out of touch with the young men they are to teach. One of the most popular and influential professors at Harvard today is a man who saved himself from this deadening process by interrupting his teaching career with ten or more years of business life. The effect of this contact with the outside world is felt in every lecture he delivers. His courses are so crowded that he is obliged to limit the number because of lack of seating space. It is significant, moreover, that his subject is English literature and that a large share of those who attend are men specializing in the sciences.

Professional Efficiency

More, I think, than the faculty realize, the student selects his courses, so far as the concentration requirements permit, on the appeal of the personality of the men giving them. He turns away from the type of scholarship that is acquired at the expense of individuality. In the classroom gossip preceding the arrival of the professor you hear such comments as these: "That's a good subject, but A is a dead one" or "Be sure to take B's course; he's a corker."

This estimate is not based on the snap-course standard. There are no more snap courses at Harvard. It signifies that B has been able to rouse interest, and so is able, perhaps with less scholarship, to get his subject matter over, where A cannot. Yet in the choice of teachers this very human and valuable attribute is not taken into account. Professors of this type are rare and seem almost to happen by accident in college. Often enough they are rather sniffed at within academic circles, in the belief that to popularize education is to weaken it.

Under modern conditions I found any close personal approach to a professor to be practically impossible. That is not the fault of the professor. Many of them would welcome an opportunity to see more of their pupils, but they are living upon a schedule as exacting as that of a modern business man. In such departments as those of literature and philosophy this seems ridiculously incongruous. I used to amuse myself by imagining Socrates trying to drop into a modern class in philosophy. Entering Emerson, the building devoted to philosophy at Harvard, he would find himself, on the hour, in the midst of two streams of students—one trying to get out and another trying to get in through the same door. The attempt of two bodies to occupy the same space at the same time is manifestly doomed to failure, but it offers an opportunity for a pretty struggle. In the classroom the professor sits with his watch in front of him counting off the seconds. At ten minutes past he is on his feet, for in this hour he will cover more ground than Socrates would have thought of covering in ten years. He talks as rapidly as it is possible for the student to take notes. Five minutes before the closing hour a rustle is heard about the room as the students begin to fold papers, put away fountain pens and get set for the race to the next lecture. As the college bell rings the professor's last sentence is lost and he himself is on the way to the door. To talk further with him, except in the regular conference period, an appointment must be made. He has an office and a secretary—everything but a time card to punch. He has, also, an assistant, to whom most of the consultation work is turned over. All I was ever able to see of one man through an entire half course was the few seconds I caught him as he raced from the lecture room to a little wooden box in which he dropped his attendance report and back again to his office. Socrates certainly would have gasped at any attempt to clear up such problems as free will and absolutism within this scanty period.

Yet I take off my hat to these men. The amount of work they do would paralyze the busiest of our busy business men. The idea that a modern college professor leads a quiet, reflective life needs correction. He has to work sixteen hours a day at high speed. Few of them ever know the meaning of a real vacation. During the spring recess of two weeks I tried to get hold of one man who as the head of a big department has even more responsibility and more routine work than the average, only to find that he had darted off from Cambridge to Texas to deliver a lecture. The chances are that he took with him, to fill in any spare seconds, a suitcase full of themes.

In one course the professor had to read and correct ninety themes a week with, in addition to this, thirty long themes every two weeks. He lectured twice a week on this subject, giving several hours to the preparation of each lecture. And this was only one of a half dozen courses. Moreover, this did not cover one-half of the duties required of him; faculty meetings, department meetings, and throughout the year dozens of outside lectures of an official nature. On top of this he was supposed to read every new book published in his particular field. He was a man, too, well past his prime, who, if in business, would be enjoying a justly earned leisure on a private yacht or about a golf course.

Another lecturer surprised me again and again by showing that before each lecture he himself went over all the reading prescribed in the course—an amount that pressed the undergraduate hard. This same man, in spite of the fact that he was a charming man of letters, talked at times like an efficiency expert.

"You must learn to speed up both your reading and your writing ability," he said. "Find out how much you read and digest normally per hour. You will discover that this is low, the result of lazy, slipshod methods. You can double this and triple it with practice. This is true of your writing. If your ordinary capacity is six hundred words an hour you can increase this with practice to one thousand. I have known men to approach almost two thousand. Don't leave such things to chance. Work upon them."

He might have been a car manufacturer talking to his employes, and yet there was much truth in his advice.

Almost Supermen

The effect of such methods and of the tense atmosphere surrounding a modern college is shown in the student body. Even if they are not all scholars, they walk with a quicker step than formerly. There is little pure loafing. If a man is not hustling about his studies he is hustling about other college activities. If he seeks to make the college papers, the college musical or theatrical organizations or the college managerships, the pace set is that of the modern business world. I knew one man who held the treasurership of a college periodical, and the amount of work he did was astonishing. He made frequent trips to New York, occasional trips to Washington, and hustled around Boston and Cambridge like an alert bond salesman. He rushed into his office to look over his mail and kept three or four assistants busy carrying out orders. Incidentally the social activities which went along with the office occupied him almost every evening. In spite of this, however, he maintained a fair grade in his studies.

Of course any branch of modern athletics calls for even more time, and yet some of these varsity players are straight A men. These fellows seem to me almost like supermen, for an A at Harvard is not won without much hard work of a sort that takes time. A great deal of reading must be done and many themes written. The latter run from three thousand to ten thousand words and demand a preparation consuming hours.

I passed all my mid-years and began the second half year with more confidence. As the weeks went by I found I was reading more rapidly and, what was still more important, retaining more of what I read. My memory, with practice, steadily improved.

In May I began to review for the June finals, which cover the work of the entire year. I was bewildered by the amount of material this included, but by concentrating upon one subject at a time I managed it. When my marks came in I found I had one A, one B, and two C's. For an undergraduate this would be called indifferent work, but I am content.

But after all, the degree is my least important objective. I have been stimulated and informed. Current news means to me one thousand per cent more than it did a year ago. So do current thought and current literature and art. Though so long a resident of Cambridge, I had never visited our museums except in a perfunctory way, although some of the world's masterpieces stood ready to reveal their beauty to anyone willing to spend a half hour in going to them—some, as in the Fogg Art Museum, within a five-minute walk. I know them today, but within another year I shall know them better.

Keeping an Education

I am living in a new world, and that is something to have accomplished with idle time in a year and a half. But to maintain my position I must keep at work. I have learned how quickly knowledge acquired in this forced fashion will slip away. For about a week after a final examination the average student is really something of an authority in his various subjects. Often enough by the following September fifty per cent of his information has become vague, and by the following June, when he has buried this beneath five more courses, it is pretty well blotted out. I am trying to avoid this loss by going over the work again and again in my mind. I plan, after graduating, to review my notes every year and build upon them by further correlative reading. To keep an education is quite as difficult a task as to acquire one.

I showed my marks to the boy as soon as I received them.

"See that A?" I said with some emphasis.

"Hot stuff, dad. But there's only one of them."

"To be sure. I'll make you a present of ten dollars if you'll get it in the same course."

"I'm on."

"And that B in English history isn't so bad," I continued.

"No, but those two C's ——"

"That one in English literature is inexcusable," I admitted. "But if you make a C in fine arts I won't object. You'll do some work to win that."

"I believe you."

I'm going to be in a position to help him when that time comes—not to escape hard work, but to check him up and see that he really gets hold of his subjects. I want him to be four full years on his academic studies—four full years without even knowing what his profession is to be. I want his life to be founded on the best that has been thought and said in the past. I want him to be educated and stay educated, and four years is a brief enough period in which to acquire even a start. One of the serious problems of the future is how to educate our college graduates. If it is possible I am going to make this boy not only a Harvard man but an educated Harvard man—educated not only at twenty-two but at thirty-two and sixty-two.

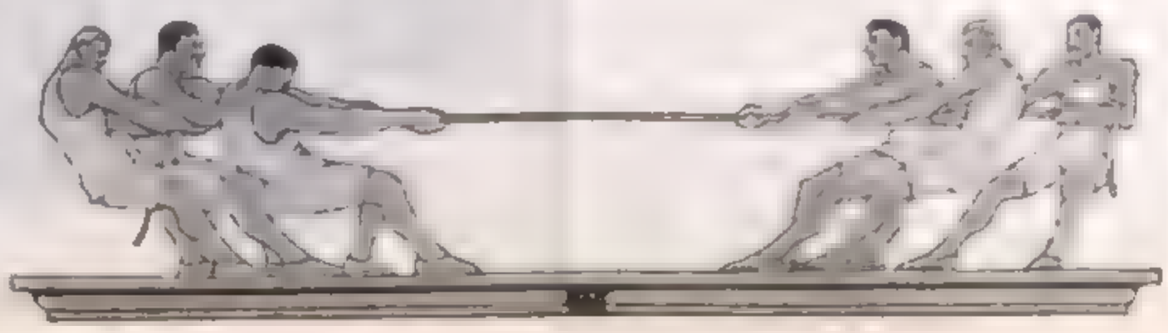
In the meanwhile I have a long way to go myself. But when the old chapel bell began to ring again this September I was back to register.

"Gosh," said the boy, "I hope you'll graduate before I enter."

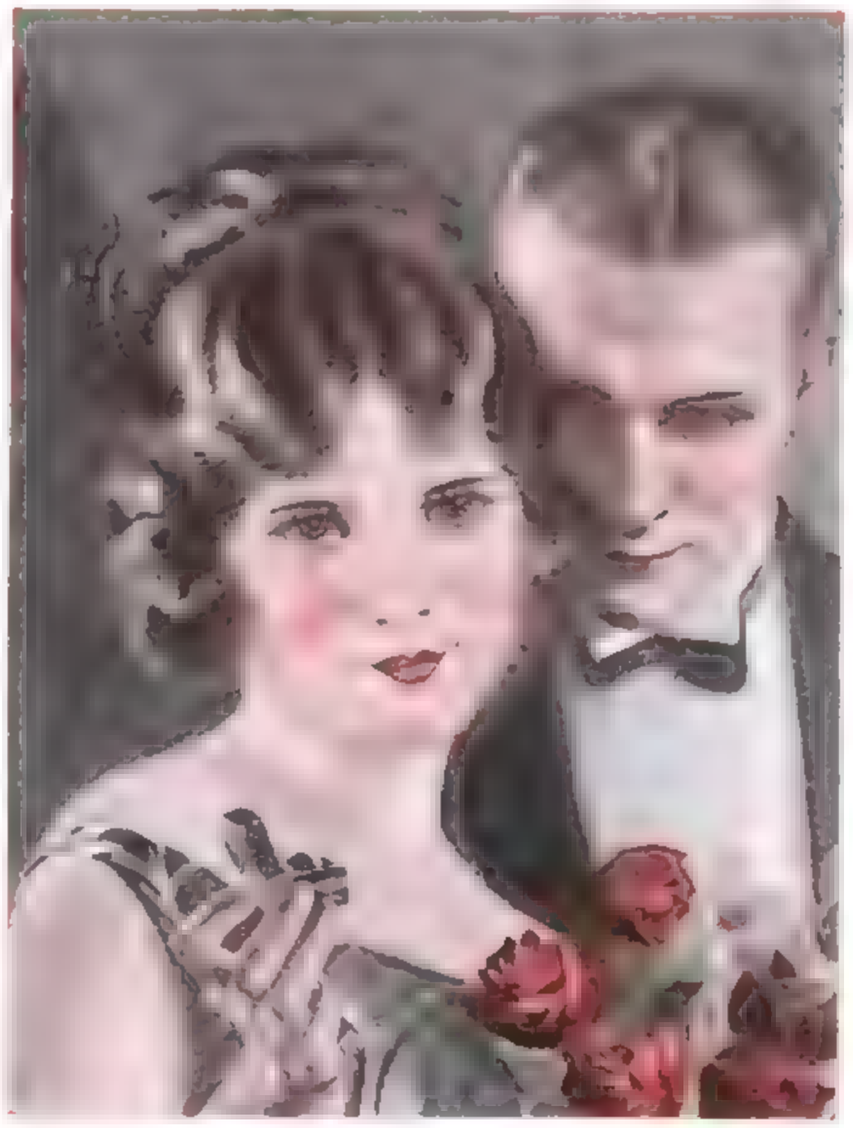
"I shall," I assured him. "I may return after that as a graduate student, but of course as such I shall be entirely out of your class."

"Then I'll never catch up with you."

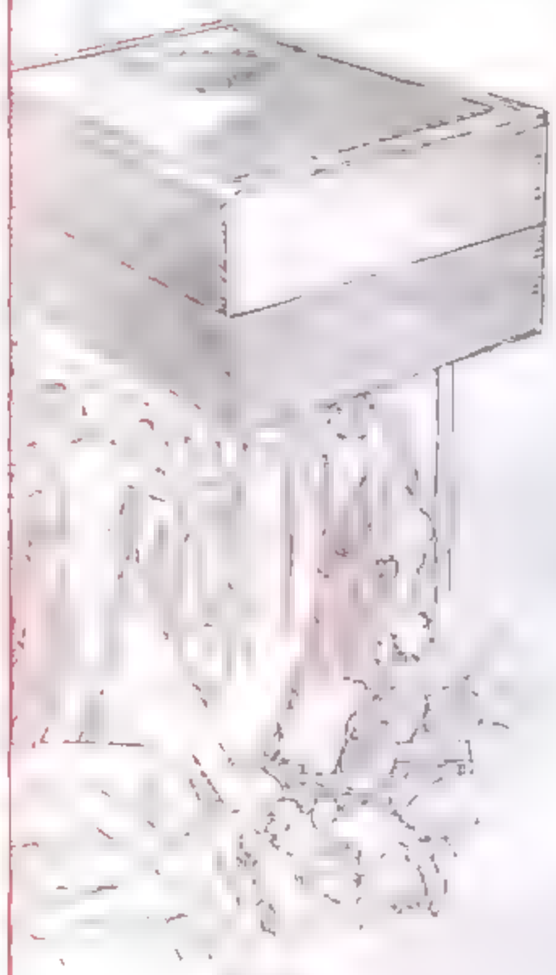
But he will. I have a head start, but in the end this will prove my undoing. My degree will de dated 1926, but that will not wipe out the thirty years that will have passed between my freshman and senior years. Some day I shall stub my toe and fall, but until then I mean to give him a race.



Thin-Model
Pompeian Powder Compact



"BEAUTY GAINED IS LOVE RETAINED"
a reproduction in only two colors of a portion of the beautiful new 1925 full-color Pompeian Art Panel. Use coupon below.



Have you learned how to select your correct shade of face powder?

When you use the shade of face powder that matches your skin, you get the most natural and the most beautiful results.

MME. JEANNETTE

WOMEN all have a keen appreciation for *results*. Every woman has a desire to improve her appearance when she uses cosmetics—and if she is clever, she will strive to make this improvement look as though it were a natural result rather than an artificial one.

One of the first things every woman should learn about the use of powder on her face and neck and shoulders is that the shade of her powder should match the color-tones of her skin

Pompeian Beauty Powder comes in four shades—a shade for every typical skin.

Little hints in judging tones of skin

By far the greater number of women are medium types—they are neither the extreme blonde of the Norse women nor the extreme brunette type of the Mediterranean women, but a happy blending of the two that frequently produces the most piquant and individual of beauties.

I have prepared a few simple descriptions of typical skin-tones to provide a guide to women who are uncertain about their own skins.

If every woman would select her powder shades with the same care and discrimination she shows in matching materials for a new frock, the results would be most gratifying.

The Medium skin. It is not always easy to determine whether your skin is medium, for its tone is not determined by the color of either eyes or hair. Women with medium skins may have almost any shade of eyes or hair, but the actual tone of the skin makes the type.

Medium skins are warmer in tone than white skins, lighter in tone than olive skins, and less roseate than pink skins.

These skins need the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. So many American women should use this particular shade, and it is so perfected in the Pompeian Beauty Powder that I would almost persuade every woman who has not a strikingly blonde or brunette skin to try Pompeian powder in Naturelle shade!

The White skin. We do not often see this white, white skin though it still appears in rare types. Few women, even of these white-skinned types, should use a pure white powder. White Pompeian Beauty Powder mixed with Naturelle Pompeian Beauty Powder is frequently the answer to this need.

The Pink skin. Women with pink or flushed-looking skins often make the mistake of using a white or a dark powder. This only accents the pinkness. They should always use the pink tone of powder—the Flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The Olive skin. The shade of powder for this rich skin is Rachel Pompeian Beauty Powder. This powder shade on an olive skin accentuates the color of the eyes, the red of the lips, and the whiteness of the teeth. Pompeian Beauty Powder, 60c (slightly higher in Canada). At all toilet counters.

The New Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact

It comes in a round gilt case—thin, of course, to avoid ugly bulging when carried in pocket or bag. The mirror in the top covers the entire space, to give ample reflection—and the lamb's wool puff has a satin top.

Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact, $1.00 (slightly higher in Canada). At all toilet counters.

GET 1925 POMPEIAN PANEL AND FOUR SAMPLES

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," size 28 x 7½. Done in full color by a famous artist; worth at least 50c. We send it with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream and Night Cream for 10c

The Pompeian Co., 2320 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (dime preferred) for the new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," and the four samples named in offer

Name

Address

City State

Shade of face pow'er wanted

Pompeian
Beauty Powder

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Batteries~

WHEN *you* choose *your* new flashlight, get a Ray-O-Lite. You'll be surprised at the improved service its patented features provide. An automatic switch lock prevents accidental lighting and a spring shock absorber protects the lamp filaments against the force of bumps and falls. In beauty of finish and durability the value is there—and its advantages cost nothing extra.

Ray-O-Lite flashlights and batteries are universally popular among those who consider quality the best economy.

Master Ray-O-Lite Your Guide to Guaranteed Batteries and Flashlights

Address Publicity Department at Madison for free copy of "Radio Trouble Finder and Directory of Broadcasting Stations."

RAY-O-LITE

Tested As You Buy

Get Full Powered Batteries and Flashlights

Ray-O-Lite dealers are equipped with this cabinet for your convenience and protection.* You pay for fresh, full-strength batteries and lamps. This Ray-O-Lite Cabinet insures your getting them. Convenient arrangements are provided so that you may *see* the power of the product before you pay. Have the clerk make a test or make it yourself if you like, but *always test* to be sure you are receiving the quality to which you are entitled.

In almost every neighborhood there is a store with a stock of Ray-O-Lites on hand in the testing cabinet. You will always find them good places to trade, for merchants who make certain that you get fresh, full strength batteries, lamps and flashlights will protect your interests in other purchases. Patronize them.

As an extra precaution look for Mr. Ray-O-Lite's picture on every product. He is your guide to guaranteed batteries and flashlights.

For every dry cell use you can buy batteries identified by Mr. Ray-O-Lite, Your Guide to Guaranteed Batteries

FRENCH BATTERY & CARBON CO.
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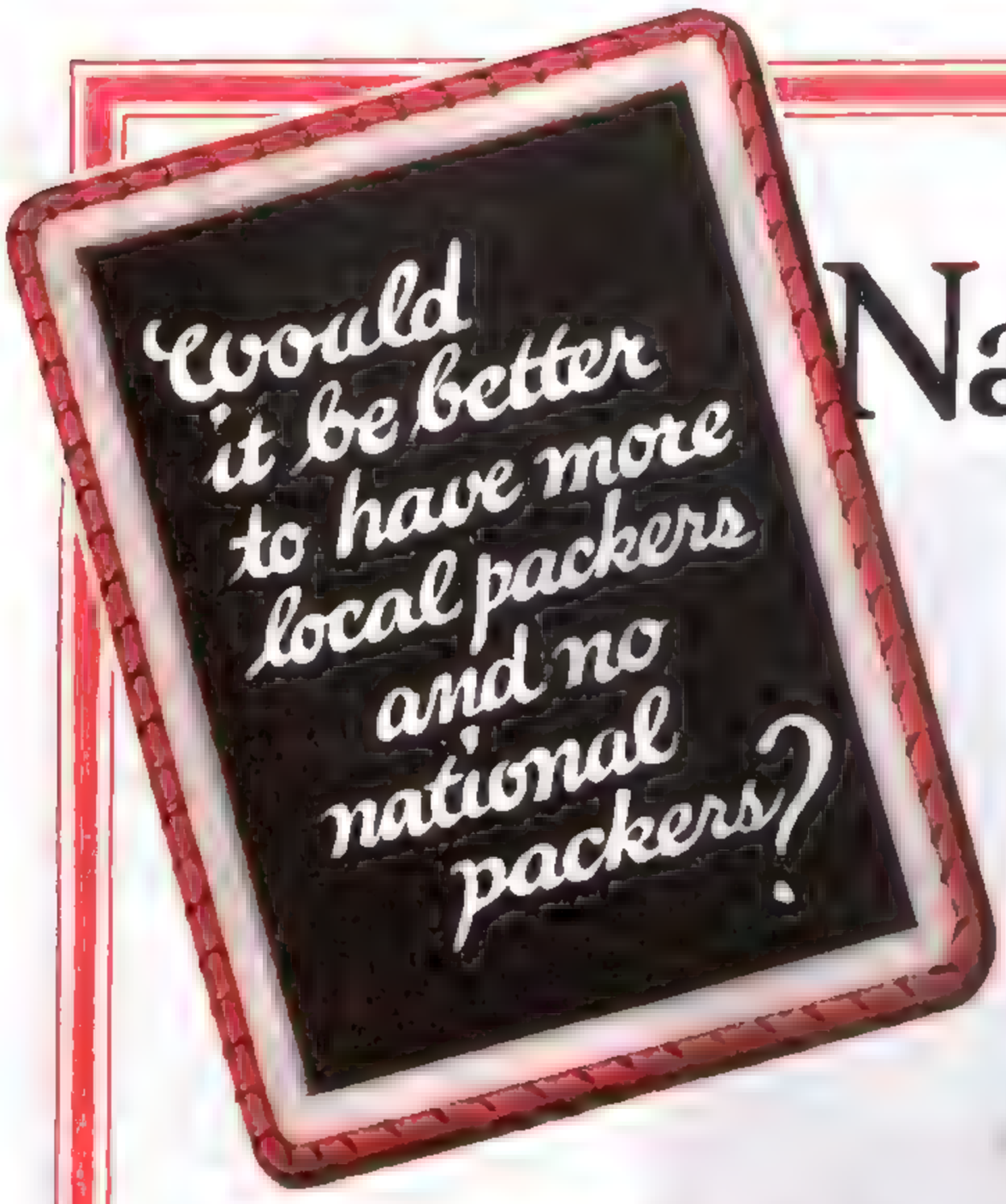

National Packers

Link the producing West with the consuming East

It takes a service national in scope to make meat always available to consumers everywhere and to provide farmers with a market for live stock.

THE relative merit of big and little packers is an issue only with those who fear the monopoly bugaboo and who think that the benefits of competition result from the number of competitors, rather than the enterprise, training and equipment of the competitors.

As a matter of fact, national or large packers perform a different function from that of local or small packers. The latter could no more do the work of the former than could street cars do the work of railroads.

The function of the local packer is to provide his immediate territory with a market for meat animals and a supply of meat. The function of the national packers is to market the surplus meat animals of one section, in other sections where the local supply is deficient.

Three-fourths of the nation's meat animals are produced West of the Mississippi river; three-fourths of the big consuming centers are East of the Mississippi—a thousand miles from the centers of production.

Local packers, no matter how numerous, could never provide marketing facilities bringing the West and the East together. The local packer gets his meat animals from nearby sources and sells his meat in towns close by. He has equipment for rendering such service satisfactorily but he cannot market meat satisfactorily outside his own territory; nor buy continuously more animals than his local territory requires.

National packers, on the other hand, have the equipment and facilities—storage capacity, refrigerator cars, branch houses and sales forces, located in all consuming centers—to conduct business on a national scale. As soon as a packer has these facilities, he automatically becomes a national packer. Naturally, the national packer has a larger investment than has the local packer, but the real difference between the two is in the service each performs rather than in the amount of money invested.

Two factors make the service of the national packer imperative:

1. Great central markets where the farmer can ship his live stock and be sure of buyers are a necessity to profitable live stock industry. Such markets are made possible only by the national packers.

2. Widespread facilities for distributing meat and carrying surpluses over from seasons of greatest production and light demand, to seasons of heavy consumption and light production, are necessary to keep the people adequately supplied at all times.

It would be as unthinkable that farmers of the West should ship their live stock a thousand miles or more to innumerable local packers scattered throughout the East, as that the housewives in the East should send out to the West for next week's meat.

To have the meat industry of the nation handled exclusively by small local packing concerns would work a twofold hardship.

First, it would deprive stockmen in the western states of a market for their surplus of live stock—the West cannot consume more than a small portion of the meat it produces, and agriculture itself would suffer severely since its corn and forage crops are founded on live stock raising.

Second, it would deprive people in the East of a meat supply equal to their needs, since the East does not produce nearly as much meat as it consumes.

Armour and Company is desirous of giving the public access to all facts about the meat business. That is the purpose of the series of advertisements of which this is No. 1

National packers are thus an economic necessity growing out of the needs of the nation and are inseparably linked with its general prosperity.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

THE ROLLICKING GOD

(Continued from Page 9)

Once they had him down in Greenwich Village to speak on The Human Body—As it is and as it Should Be. Greenwich Village! And to art students! Personally speaking, the English language means nothing to me. I'm not its protector. It can get in trouble and stay in trouble for all I care. But truly, it's wicked to do things to it that Smack does. It tears my heart out. I'm that sympathetic when Smack gets hold of five words in close succession. For when he gets through with them you couldn't get twenty pfennigs for them, even in the Balkan States, where they need languages so much.

But Smack got away with it. "Gorgeously naïve" was the way Mount described it the next day, and "the simple truth of an authentic artist" was what Smack had to say on human grace and rhythm.

Somebody took motion pictures of him. He posed in a tiger skin for a magazine on physical culture. And another magazine, so fine that up to that time it had run nothing but art photographs of Mary Pickford, Billie Burke and Irene Castle, published a full-page mood study of our bucko. A mood study!

And then he made his appearance as Arno a Rollicking God in Gods Athirst at the Artists' Playhouse, down in the Village. The Grays had reached town a few days before from the final swing around the circuit. Leading by four games and with the gang playing championship ball every minute, the old gonfalon, as I sometimes call it, seemed sewed up. Smack, the big bum, was whanging away in great shape, with the old home runs clicking every four or five days and plenty of singles between. It looked pretty rosy for the Grays when the Gulls hit town for that last series of six games. Four games behind the Grays, the Gulls did not look like a very serious menace.

I went early that night to the Artists' Playhouse. Anybody who knows where I rank in artistic circles will be able to tell you whether I got an invitation or not. It was very exclusive, the door man told me, and not even J. P. Morgan himself could get in without an invitation. So that meant, of course, that I had to slip him a simoleon.

The Artists' Playhouse was a dump if ever there was one. If you can imagine a theater different from the Hippodrome in every respect, bar none, you know what the Artists' Playhouse looked like. Mount was already there, down front, talking to a couple of bloods wearing orange ties. I took a back seat, where I wouldn't be seen and thrown out on charges of cleanliness. The place filled up. The audience consisted of frowzy men and frowzier women, all smoking cigarettes, and I do not exaggerate when I say that two of them had on horn-rimmed spectacles.

After a while, without any preliminaries, the lights went out. The footlights, following some hesitation, opened their eyes. The curtain went up, revealing, the program said, "At the Foot of the Mountain of the Gods," but I regarded this as a gross exaggeration. On the other hand, I do not know how to describe this scenery other than to say that I have never seen anything like it anywhere, and I have seen almost everything.

Low music first, and then a few girls suffering pitifully from malnutrition and down, apparently, to their last garment, tripped lightly out and hoofed it a bit. They ran hither and thither, being cunning, roguish, playful and what not, and in this festive fashion consumed about five minutes. Then, suddenly, they all prostrated themselves toward the left rear entrance. Somebody blew a bugle. A drum rolled. Then Henry Dudley Riley—by the program—entered.

He entered slowly, taking long steps, being stealthy, just like a milk wagon. He was next to naked, but composed. He looked around slowly at first and then began to rollick. He waved his arms, and one of them was so unfortunate as to catch a lightly clad maiden under the chin, lifting her off her feet. She sat down heavily, with an astonished look on her face. I laughed, but nobody else did. Smack didn't notice; he was very intent on his rollicking.

He paused occasionally to raise a clenched fist at the chandelier and swear, by pantomime, a mighty oath to the gods athirst, but mostly he played tag with the gals. I confess here and now that I do not know much about dancing. Frisco, Pat Rooney, Eddie Leonard, Harry Greb—they're about my speed. But without looking it up in the books, I'm willing to risk a small sum, say, ten simoleons, that Smack Riley did everything wrong that it is possible to do on two feet except to fall into the orchestra. I couldn't have laughed more heartily if I'd just seen an umpire shot.

The highbrows, though, were enthralled. They must have been ready to believe anything they read in the Sphere, for the only way Smack could have been worse would have been by wearing a fire bucket on each foot. He'd knocked down half the scenery before he was through, and there wasn't a girl on the stage that didn't have the fear of God in her eyes as she heard the galumph-galumph of Smack Riley's bare Number 12's pounding playfully along behind her.

Then it ended. Arno backed into what was left of the scenery, stepped on a rope, tripped and dived into the wings. Speaking personally, I hoped he'd been knocked unconscious, for I, at any rate, still had some pride in the good old masculine sex. He didn't come out again, even to acknowledge the applause, which was good and loud. They called him bravo. And the next time I saw Smack he had his shirt and pants on and was thanking the audience individually, as he made his way to the door, for their kind appreciation.

I listened in, eavesdropped on some of the talk: "Primitive genius . . . astounding sense of grace . . . liquid movements . . . crude brilliance . . . a sparkle of greatness ever present . . . a reserve strength."

IV

IT WAS a great day for baseball when the Grays and Gulls took the field. The Stadium was packed. Forty thousand people if there was a bat boy—and there was a bat boy. The Grays, fighting sportsmen every one of them, smelled the World Series receipts; and the Gulls, just as true disciples of all that is highest and finest in sport, were also thinking about the jack that might be theirs. Both teams were keyed up, snappy, and the crowd soon showed that it was prepared to roar its lungs out.

I looked for Smack. He was at the rail talking to Marshall Mount again, and somehow the sight depressed me, gave me a feeling that all was not well. Of course I had no reason for believing that the exhibition of the night before had cured the Smacker, but I did, at bottom, have some hope that it had.

Presently he pried himself loose from Mount and, with the rest of the Grays, went out for fielding practice. It was then I saw that something was indeed wrong, and as near as I could figure it, the Smacker was still dizzy with art. For at the first fungo he exhibited some strange and, to me, incomprehensible didos. He started for the ball with long, stealthy strides, his arms swaying rhythmically with the swing of his body—and his body swung wickedly. It was a curious galumph and it served to bring him where the ball came down exactly forty-five seconds after the ball was down.

One of the boys in the press box chuckled. "Who does that bum think he is, Gertrude Hoffman?" The open bleachers threw back its head and bayed at the sun. "Nick Altrock's got nothing on that bird!" Everybody had noticed it; but only Mount and I, it seemed, had an inkling of the explanation; and Mount, the fathead, appeared anything but dissatisfied.

The second fungo he could have taken in his tracks. Instead, he chose to run gracefully around in a circle, swinging his arms most beautifully, and the ball nearly landed on his bean. The bleachers roared. Good old Smack Riley was being funny for them! Good old Smack!

It might have been Greek, all right, but it wasn't baseball.

Then the game started. Rush worked for the Grays and Rocker hurled for the Gulls, and for five innings they put up what I would call a corking pitchers' battle. It was three up, three down, with only now and then a fluky bingle getting a man on one of the hassocks. And during that time the owner of the splendid body in the right field was given no opportunity to do anything with it. At bat he got one hit, a single, and was left on first. It was not until the first half of the sixth that anything happened for the records.

Hoban, first up for the Gulls, beat out a bunt. Then he stole second. Barber sent a slow roller to short and Hoban made third on the out. This wasn't so good, but time would tell, as I have said so many times. And then Heinie Schmidt raised a fly to right, directly at old reliable Smack Riley.

Everything else being even, I would have breathed a sigh of relief, but nothing else was even. I wanted to close my eyes, but I didn't. Maybe—perhaps—there was a chance that the big bum's eye would be working and his mean right arm prepared for the shot to the plate if Hoban tried to score after the catch, but ——

I watched Smack, together with forty thousand others, while he moved stealthily backward and forward, waving his arms to the tempo of the Humoresque, under that falling ball. Hoban was holding third by a toe, ready to dash for the plate if anything happened.

And then Smack caught it—caught it somewhere around his left shoulder blade. Not a graceful catch, perhaps, but it would do. And in the same second a roar swept the stands. Hoban had started for the plate—a desperate chance for a run that might mean the game.

Then Smack whipped back his arm, his eye on the plate and the speeding Hoban. He took a long, slow step, and at that instant I realized that it wasn't Smack out there, but Arno the Rollicking God. His hand went back nearly to the ground. He hopped once or twice like a shot putter, and finally, with a sinuous movement, he got rid of the ball toward the plate. By the time it reached the catcher, Hoban had crossed the plate, gone to the dugout and written a post card to his cousin in Duluth, Minnesota.

There was what I would call pandemonium, mostly in the form of boos for the Smacker; but he appeared undisturbed, his art still intact. Three seats to my left Mount spoke:

"That pose was astoundingly like the Discus Thrower, don't you think? Just a flash, a haunting touch of beauty."

That one tally looked as big as seven, for it ended all scoring for the time being. It was again one-two-three in the sixth and the seventh, with Rush pitching first-rate ball. In fact one run began to look as though it were all that was going to be necessary.

But in the eighth the Grays snapped out of it. Rush, whose last recorded hit occurred the year Tris Speaker got his first gray hair, socked one into left field and it was good for a single. Harrigan grounded out to first, Rush taking second. Then Rocker skyrocketed, walking Massey and Hedges on eight straight balls.

Boom! The roar started. The break was here and the crowd realized it. The Grays were swarming out of their dugout, crouching on the grass, barking across the swell of the infield at the runners. There was a tightening among the Gulls. The infielders leaned a little farther forward. The drive was coming and they were ready to meet it.

The formless surge of sound, rolling in mass volume over the field, began to settle into a steady thump-thump, a pounding of feet, as forty thousand people caught the thrill.

And then the Smacker crawled out of the trench, caught up three bats and started for the plate. The bases full and the king up! Forgotten was that slow throw home. This was the minute! This was drama—epic drama!

Smack Riley swung his clubs slowly while Rocker and Dowden conferred. Then he tossed two of them aside and stepped into the batter's box. He dug his cleats in the dirt, got a toe hold, waved his wagon tongue. Dowden, his mask adjusted, squatted, and Rocker tried his first, a curve over the outside, low.

Wow!

The Smacker had larruped it down the third-base line for a mile, into the bleachers—foul by inches. Rocker had nearly fainted. And when he saw Harry Lannigan, the Gulls' manager, waving to him from the dugout that his bath was ready, he smiled a happy smile. He did not even wait to see who was coming from the bull pen to relieve him.

(Continued on Page 173)

Monito
SOCKS

Meet Every Demand

MONITO Socks are as remarkable for their long wear as for their good looks. As perfect in fit as they are supreme in comfort.

Your dealer will show you a wide range of styles, designs and shades appropriate for all occasions.

Monito, No. 645, will lead in wool sock popularity this Fall.

Look for the Golden Moor's Head on each pair

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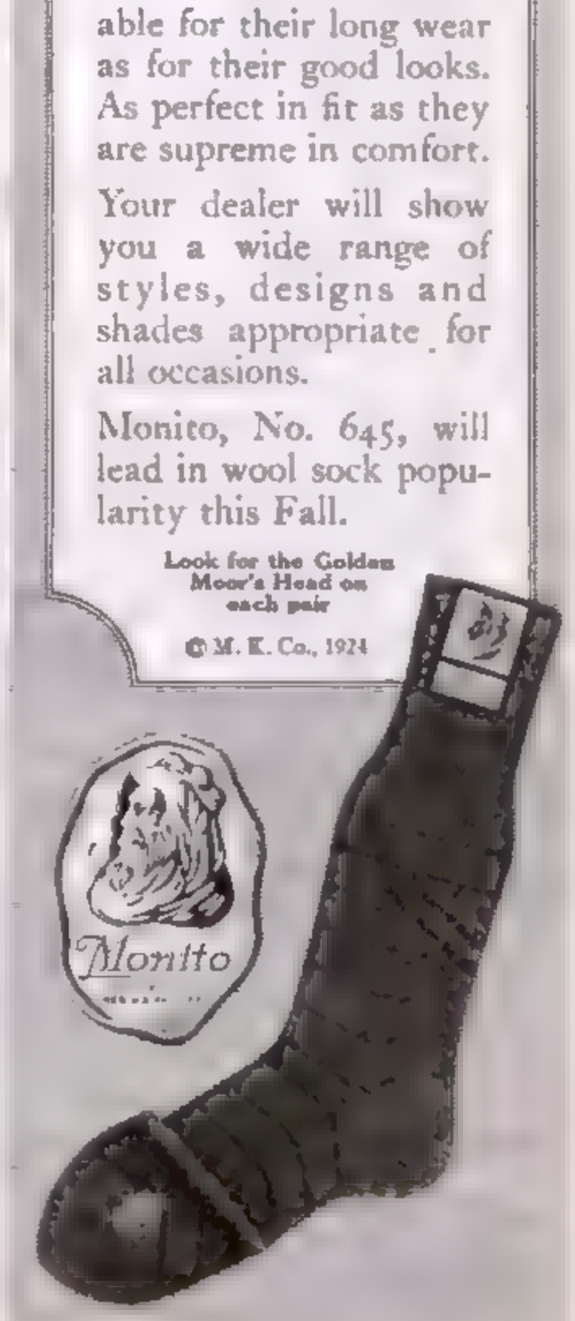


MOORHEAD KNITTING CO., INC
HARRISBURG PA.
Makers of Mens Socks Exclusively

Style is written in every line *of* CLOTHCRAFT Tailored Clothes . . . Young Men's Style! . . . new, becoming, individualizing! And with this important postscript . . . . *a real saving for you!*

When you go to the CLOTHCRAFT store in your town notice that while the new CLOTHCRAFT Styles for Fall closely follow the straighter, fuller lines that America's young men are wearing this season, there is a marked individuality of style. That difference is *good taste* . . . the fruit of CLOTHCRAFT'S 80 years of tailoring for American men. It is the quality that makes a man *well-dressed!*

That characteristic good taste in style shows itself in every line of the Young Men's semi-English model illustrated here. Observe the long, graceful roll of the open-notch lapels, the decidedly English rounding of the bottom corners, the slight shaping of the back, the straight fullness of the trousers. The coat has the CLOTHCRAFT rollo front and is three-eighths lined. The vest has blunt points. The trousers have half-top pockets.

Style such as this can be designed into any garment, but only quality can keep it there. And CLOTHCRAFT quality . . . *quality of fabrics! . . . . quality of tailoring! . . . . quality guaranteed in writing!* . . . . is one reason that near a million men wear CLOTHCRAFT Tailored Clothes. You will be *well-dressed* . . . . at a lower price than you expect to pay . . . if you wear CLOTHCRAFT this Fall.

* * * * *

CLOTHCRAFT Tailored Clothes are made by the oldest men's clothing manufacturers in America . . . in the world's largest single clothing plant . . . by an organization so celebrated for its improvements in the quality of tailoring, and its cutting of unnecessary tailoring costs, that men come from every country on earth to watch its operation. That is why CLOTHCRAFT Tailored Clothes cost YOU less!

CLOTHCRAFT Tailored Clothes and Overcoats are made in a variety of Men's and Young Men's styles, and a wide choice of the newest shades and patterns, from $25 to $45.

CLOTHCRAFT "5130" Serge in Blue, Gray and Brown, at $29.50. And a heavier weight, "4130" De Luxe Serge, at $36.50.

THE JOSEPH & FEISS COMPANY
2171 West 53rd Street, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Go to the CLOTHCRAFT Store in your town . . . *and save money*

Continued from Page 171

A smallish figure had separated himself from the warmers-up down by the exit gate and was coming slowly across the field. Smack, accustomed to such changes, leaned carelessly on his bat, resting his rhythm for a few seconds. He might well have been an actor posing in a hired dress suit. The smallish figure neared the diamond, and the Smacker, noting it for the first time, straightened up suddenly.

"Mulligan," bawled the announcer, "now pitching for the Gulls!"

A newcomer to the league, Mulligan was small, terrifically ugly, red-haired and gnarled in appearance, and he chewed on the world's largest cud of tobacco. He sauntered into this breach coolly. And with the bases full, Smack Riley at the bat, forty thousand people storming and a pennant not far in the future—it was what I would refer to as a tight pinch.

But it was the Smacker, and not Mulligan, who seemed dumfounded. His eyes were frozen on the little pitcher, now tossing a practice ball to Dowden. And Mulligan's ruddy face was worth a look or two as it shifted shapes regularly with the grinding of his tobacco. The Smacker was paralyzed. Nor did he move until Tim Hurley, the umpire at the plate, called him.

"This ain't no hotel lobby," he said.

The Banzai of Bingle, as I called him once, momentarily regained life. With a nervous jerk he stepped forward and swung his bat tentatively. But it died down slowly, and the forty thousand pounded, pounded, pounded, roaring—roaring for blood. Then Mulligan began to wind up.

I myself, a veteran of the press box, the dean of sporting writers, have never seen anything like that wind-up, and, as I say, I have seen pretty nearly everything. But Mulligan! He involved himself in a chaos of arms and legs that showed no signs whatever of solution. His right arm swung three times and then plunged squarely through.

He slapped himself in the face with his left foot. He laid his thorax on the pitcher's plate. He revolved his head four times, strangled himself with his elbows, bit the back of his right knee, got both feet off the ground at the same time, remained stationary in the air, and finally, at the height of the maneuver, exuded the ball, it emerging, strangely enough, from his Adam's apple.

It was a strike. The Smacker did not even lift his bat from his shoulder, though the ball split the plate. He was paralyzed again; and if he'd been only a little more lifelike he might have passed for a statue—Athlete Dumfounded.

Mulligan got the ball back and the same thing happened again. This time the ball appeared from the small of his back, but, wherever it came from, it proved to be another strike all the same.

The Stadium stood up, boomed its call to the four ends of Harlem.

The Smacker stood oblivious of his demise. His glazed eyes remained on Mulligan and, as he watched, the red-haired pitcher shifted the tumor of plug cut from the right side of his head to the left. The shape of his whole superstructure was altered. Whereas there had been a goiter on the right side, there was then a wen on the left. It was astounding—and terrible. And then there was a sudden higher roar. The Smacker had crumpled to the ground in a swoon.

V

READERS, the rest is eyewitness stuff corroborated by the records and explainable by psychology.

You don't remember who finished second in the league last year, for nobody ever remembers who finished second; but I'll tell you. It was the Grays.

There was another inning to this game I've described, to be sure, and five other games to be played, but this is one of those things stranger and more tragic than fiction. I could have made this the final game of the season, and it the deciding game, too, but these are facts.

When they took the heart out of Smack Riley they took the heart out of the Grays, and after that they played with all the skill of nine Bulgars. But as I said, I'm only a plain man, just a reporter, and not a dramatic critic, as Mount is now, or even a psychologist, so I can account for what happened only by what I saw and heard.

I was present when Smack was brought back to life. I saw the baffled and tortured look in his eyes, the look which remained there throughout the series. I was present when he uttered his first words on regaining consciousness, the only words that he ever uttered on the subject. They were poignant sounds, rising from the soul of a tormented Arno.

"That," he said slowly, thoughtfully, shuddering again at the very thought, "was the most unaesthetic thing I ever seen."

I witnessed also his pitiful trips to the plate, a broken man, with scarcely life enough to lift his bat, and his doleful trips back to the bench. And I was there at the end of the sixth game—the sixth game the Grays had lost in succession, and the pennant gone—when the first original thought the Smacker ever had came into his head with dazzling clearness. It was prompted by a remark from Harrison, the center fielder.

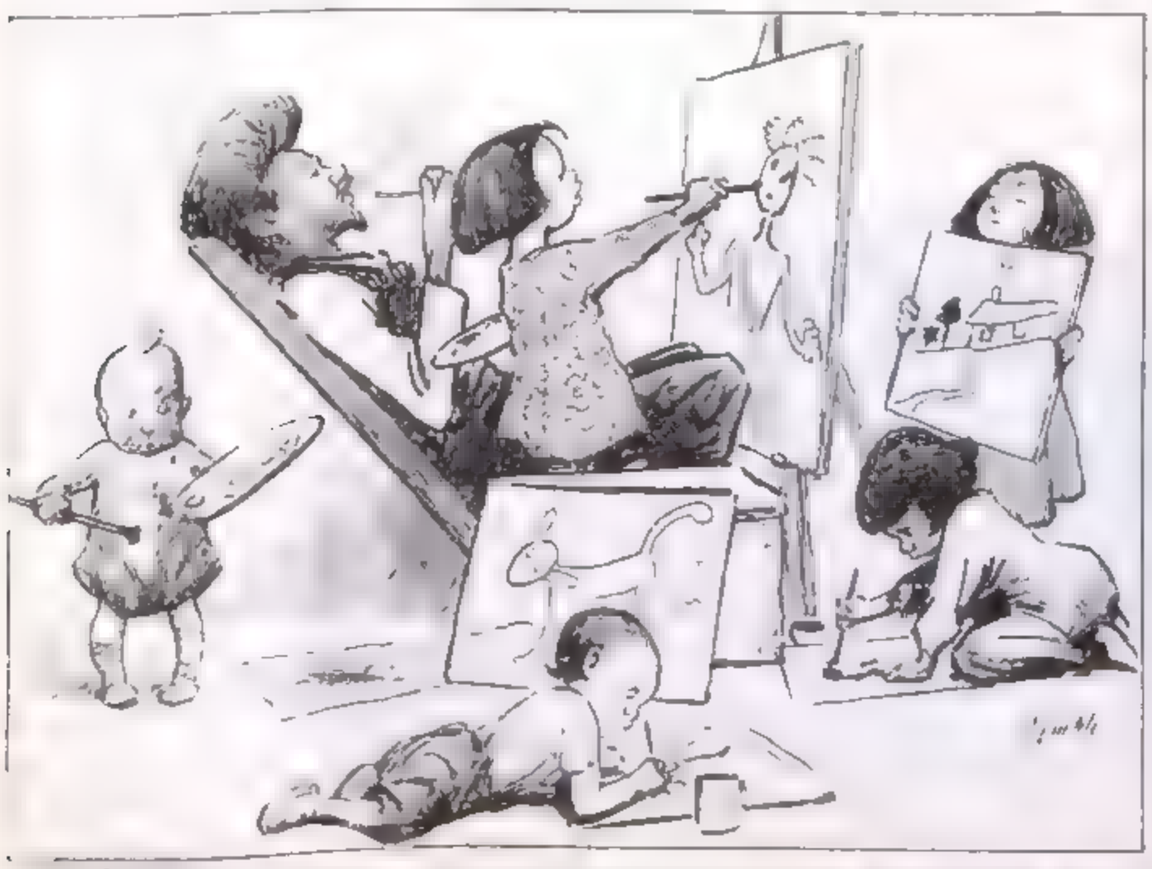
"Well, Smack," he said, "it's all over, and you'll not get that superhetrodyne radio set you said you was, the first day of the season, outa the series money."

The Smacker rose suddenly. A gleam of understanding came into his eyes, the first, I suppose, in years. He crawled out of the dugout, selected a bat carefully and then straightened up. His arm went back, less like Arno than anything he'd done in weeks, and in a flash a long black bat whirred through the air straight at the press box.

"There's too damned much aesthetics going on round here!"

The bat reached Mount, but the words didn't. It caught him on the ear, and now he is the only dramatic critic in New York with a cauliflower ear.

And these, readers, are the facts, the evidence on which I accuse Marshall Mount of the Sphere and Smack Riley of the Grays.



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BRINGING UP THE NORTHWEST

(Continued from Page 4)

predatory interests of the East were adding two or three hundred millions to the value of the crops—giving that little sum of money to the farmers out of their private pockets—for a reactionary political purpose. Specifically to defeat the McNary-Haugen Bill, hitherto held out to be the farmer's one hope of deliverance. It was first among the measures left lying on the floor of Congress. What it proposed to do, was guaranteed to do, was to raise the farmer's dollar to a parity with other people's dollars, so that a bushel of wheat should have as much value in exchange for Eastern products, such as implements and automobiles, as it had before the war. And here now was that thing happening all of itself in a way everybody could understand, thanks to no candidate, no bloc, no party, no act of congressional interference.

Those of the political calling who act upon the farmer through his afflictions were in an awkward dilemma. For the effect of this rise in prices, with good crops in hand, was greatly to lessen his afflictions, with no obligation to them. It altered the fortunes of people and changed their chemistries. It was liable also to change their politics. How it improved their economic condition is easily understood. Low costs, good crops, high prices. Once more they could speak as their mood was to the banker; they were about to pay him off. And the banker's chemistry was changed also. He turns out to be not so anxious to be paid off after all. He only wants to be sure that people can pay. If they can he does not wish it; if they can't he does. Altogether as it is on the other side of the window. The depositor wants his money out only when and if the banker cannot pay. If his money is safe he doesn't want it. Borrowers, lenders, depositors—they are all of one mentality, especially here, where solvency is personal, the contacts intimate, and the best collateral is what you know about the individual character of a man. If their peaks of ecstasy and hollows of despond were a little staggered it would be better; but in that case the curve of the life economic in the Northwest would be like the curve of it anywhere else. Whereas now and for a long time it will be exciting, unexpected, always rising, even when it is upside down.

Faith in the Soil

The Northwest is no geographical unit. It is definitely delimited only by the lines of the Ninth Federal Reserve Bank District, including Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota and Montana. And these lines are arbitrary. But the Northwest is, first of all, people.

At Fargo there is Fred Irish. Fargo is in North Dakota, where people last winter were calling upon the Farm Bloc at Washington to lend them pigs and chickens out of the United States Treasury, pending the enactment of the McNary-Haugen Bill; and Fred Irish is a banker who makes certain fierce involuntary sounds, all of them solvent.

It is a warm July morning. He looks a second time to make sure, and then embraces a telephone.

"Hello! This is Irish. Come over here right away. Bring the county agent if you see him. Anybody else that's handy. The man's here who wrote That Pain in the Northwest, in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. . . . What? . . . Maybe. But first we'll show him something."

With that he pulls on his hat, saying, "Come on. If there's anything that worries you just leave it here."

It is a party of six. Irish drives. The Red River Valley is passed before the eye like a moving picture. Small villages are overturned. This does not matter. Small villages are passing. It is one of the economic changes taking place unawares. There are interruptions. The party stops here and there to uproot sugar beets, which are examined for size and symmetry; to thresh heads of wheat in the palm of the hand and count the berries so many berries per head, so many bushels per acre; and to count the milk cans at the railroad stations. The milk can is a symbol. Communities, townships, whole counties have been saved by the milk can. They will build a monument to it. What it symbolizes is diversified farming, feeding, pasturing, dairying, in a country that had been almost ruined by persistent wheat cropping—wheat, wheat year after year on the same soil until the yield was small and they imagined the fertility of the land was exhausted. That is not so. President Coulter, of the agricultural college, said to them: "There is no fault of fertility. If you think there is look at your landscape. It is covered with vegetation. Weeds, perhaps, but vegetation. The land is wheat sick, not infertile. The fault is in the farming."

With this idea in mind they looked at their land and saw it new. Fertility unlimited. All it needed was different handling—that is to say, rotation of crops instead of wheat, always wheat, the irresistible ninety-day gamble with Nature. And when you have had the land in other crops for a few years and then bring it back to wheat the yield is high again. Rotation means potatoes, flax, alfalfa, sweet clover, cattle, the conversion of grass into flesh, milk and butterfat. Hence the milk can.

It is slow work. To change the type of farming it is often necessary to change farmers. You see this taking place in the remorseless way of fittest survive. "That man will lose his farm," says Irish, pointing to a thin stand of wheat. "You can't change him. He's the fellow that says to the county agent, 'You can't tell me anything about farming. I've worn out two farms.' He's about worn that one out. Someone else will have to build it up." Then he points to a field of alfalfa, to one of sugar beets, to one of potatoes going over to the horizon.

On all these had been wheat, nothing but wheat, year after year until now, and it had almost killed the country.

Irish knows the history of every farm, and why the difference between a lean one and a fat one is only a wire fence—the same sun, the same soil, the same rain, the same God on both sides.

He knows the farmer and his habits; his helpmeet, too, and what she does with the cream checks she gets from the village creamery; and whose barefooted girl that was in the road back there. Which explains how and why a bank may stay solvent in any kind of weather.

After ninety miles of Red River Valley reel, Fargo returns. Irish sits down at his desk with his back to it.

"Well, what did I tell you? I said this country would bloom again. We're all right. We had our lesson. The Lord chastised us as we deserved. But He's with us now. Where did you ever see anything nicer?"

"Except corn. Your corn is late."

"He will make corn for us too. Don't you worry. It's been a little cool for the benefit of other things, and corn has had to wait. But you'll see. It will be hotter'n hell here in August."

Then he changes the subject. "Now about that article you wrote in THE POST. I was for it. A lot of the things you said didn't taste very well, but they were true. People were het up at first. I suppose you heard from them, didn't you? But then they set out to prove to the world they were all right, and found it was so. They proved it to themselves. We only had to get back to the ground, back to the flivver, back to work. We've done that. There hasn't been a high-priced car sold in this town since New Year's. Lots of flivvers. No threshing machines or tractors, either. We're going off wheat. Mowers—we've bought a lot of mowers, a lot of cream separators and some corn binders. We hardly knew what a corn binder was. But you've seen a lot of corn today, haven't you? There's your trainload of Bottineau County farmers. Look them over."

Bottineau County is at the top of the state. It has been a favorite playground of adversity and a stronghold of fallacy. But the Bottineau farmers are having a holiday. The county agent has rounded up nearly six hundred of them for a summer picnic, which means a gathering, a feasting together, some politics for that matter, and anything else that may occur. They have hired a special train of ten cars. They have been visiting the agricultural college at Fargo and are now on their way to Grand Forks for two purposes. One is to see the fair. The other is to visit their own flour mill the celebrated state-owned gristmill that cost three millions of dollars and now is producing more than four thousand barrels of flour a day. It has been and is still the subject of violent controversy. It doesn't pay, because, for one reason, the cost of construction at war prices was very high. But the farmers will not easily part with the idea that it can be made to pay.

This is a Nonpartisan idea – Nonpartisan with the capital N, which makes it a political word; and the saying is they won't believe the mill is an economic failure until one whom they trust of the Nonpartisan faith has told them so.

The Nonpartisan candidate for governor tells them he will make it pay. Meanwhile they are learning something about business. They have seen their own Dakota Maid flour, ground of North Dakota wheat, sell for less in South Dakota than they charge themselves for it. It is a shock, but they stand it. Once they caught the mill buying high gluten grain outside the state, in place of their own, because good milling required it. That they would not stand.

It is a beautiful mill, but it cost too much. It doesn't have to pay taxes or interest, if it can pay its daily keep everybody will be satisfied. Meanwhile, of course, it has put out of competition a number of small independent millers who had to pay taxes and interest and whose flour was not emotionally preferred.

A Pessimistic Banker

Let those worry who should. The Bottineau County farmers are not worried. One is surprised at the general aspect of them. They are very well got together. They have their own band. Their women, many of them, have bobbed their hair and know how to dress for it. There is a banker along. He has in his countenance some of that anxiety which is missing among the farmers. The following colloquy occurs:

"Where else in the world would you see farmers like these of North Dakota? So well appearing—so prosperous looking? And yet we talk all the time as if American agriculture were bankrupt."

The banker shakes his head, disapproving both of the observation for its content and of the reckless tone in which it has been made. Persons all around are listening.

"They are not prosperous," he says very solemnly. "You are easily deceived."

"No? Then what gives them this illusory air of being so? What's the matter with them?"

"Crops are looking a bit better," he says, "and we've just had a little rain in the county. They are not prosperous. Far from it, sir—far from it."

"Oh. Then the money they have paid the Great Northern to haul this special train six hundred miles, the clothes they are wearing, the food they have eaten to give them this well-nourished appearance—all that is rain, is it? Something they haven't got? Something they expect to get?"

The banker retorts, "I see. You've been talking to that Fred Irish."

The fair at Grand Forks is nothing much as fairs go in the Northwest. It is a county fair, only three or four times as big as the tri-state fair at Trenton, New Jersey. Twenty acres of automobiles parked in the sun. A private airplane parked in a field by itself, one farmer having telephoned that he wished to come that way, and could they give him a landing, whereupon they moved some cattle around and made room. Running races with amateur girl jockeys. Nearly six hundred Bottineau County farmers lost in the throng, with a special train waiting to take them home. In the background, against the sun, the three-million-dollar flour mill grinding Dakota wheat—grinding it at a loss.

Where else could this be? It is in North Dakota, where Townley

(Continued on Page 178)

The Fair at Aberdeen, South Dakota

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3 ***The ball-bearings do not wear!*** In a 2000-hour test the ball-bearings showed practically no sign of wear—the motor kept its speed—the motor kept its power. This test equals over 14 years' average household use.

4 ***No more over-oiling or under-oiling!*** This is important. The majority of vacuum cleaner troubles are due to these two errors.

5 ***A ball-bearing motor*** runs more easily—more quietly—more smoothly. It will do more work—use less current—keep cleaner.

6 ***The ball-bearing cleaner*** means longer life for your carpets, for it means years of cleanliness, free from nap-cutting grit.

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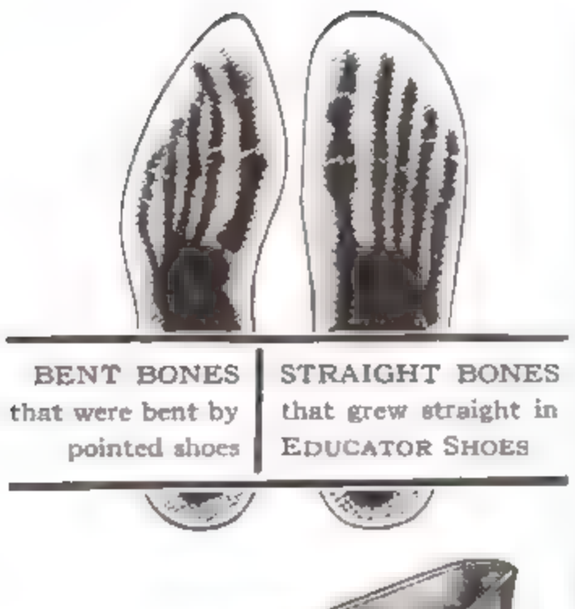

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(Continued from Page 174)

reigned and fell; where pure state socialism was tried for the first time in the United States and abandoned the field to receivers of bankrupt properties, and where taxes trebled in ten years. What would you say of agriculture that has been able to bear these losses and still appear as at the Grand Forks fair?

And here also in North Dakota are examples of the worst farming in the world. Farms without a cow, a pig, a chicken—nothing but a shack, as on a mining claim, where the wheat farmer lived to bring off his ninety-day gamble. Many of these shacks are deserted, boarded up, falling in, with sometimes in the side yard a large steam tractor rusting to death.

The contrasts are grotesque. You will see in North Dakota the finest barns in the world—barns that cost four to six thousand dollars each, better in architecture than the houses, because need and use have evolved their simple lines—and then in the same landscape the most wretched instances of failure, dejection, total abandonment. You will find the man who brought nothing, made nothing, has nothing; the man who brought something, lost it, has nothing; and the man who brought nothing, prospered and is rich—all in one valley. There is in each case an explanation if you are cold enough to see it, and it is seldom one that damns the valley.

The man who brought nothing, made nothing, is nothing, generally is one who has the imagination to see the opportunity, but who sees it whole as a mirage and has not in him the industry to conquer its reality by degrees. He would rather gamble all his land in wheat each year than summerfallow a third of it; he will not milk cows.

Why They Failed

The man who brought something with him, lost it and has nothing, may have failed for want of judgment, for lack of experience, for the reason of an unhelpful wife, or for a reason you cannot see until long after the supper dishes are cleared away. He goes on discussing economics, and why the farmer's dollar is depreciated, and tells in a very droll way the old story of the banker who showed a trace of feeling in his glass eye. In a moment of silence the clock strikes. "Well," he says, "I had no idea it was that time. I must go and milk." And that is all the explanation you need. You hate to find it out, for he is a fine lot, very intelligent, very hospitable, fighting a losing game and defeating himself.

The man who brought nothing with him but skill of husbandry and the habit of industry, who has prospered and is rich—he would milk the cows at the regular time though the angels waited for his society. He is not so rare. He is everywhere, and the backbone of agriculture. As you go through the country asking the history of this and that place, the rule is that the farm with the largest barn, the highest trees, the finest fields and the best equipment belongs to a man who came into the country with a team or a yoke of oxen, a good wife, two babies and a bag of seed, and broke the virgin sod. He got everything he now has out of the soil. True, he has added to his first quarter section; he owes much of his wealth to the increase in the economic value of land. But what he bought more land with—that he got out of the land he had first. Or you say that once this was possible, when the land was free, and cannot be repeated.

As against that, one has the vivid picture of a tall powerful Arkansan who is now in the way of doing it. Eight years ago he came to a part of the Northwest that is neither the best nor the worst, with a few hundred dollars, a team, and a bag of Arkansas squaw corn to try in the northern climate. He bought three hundred acres of land. He knew land and how it should lie in the sun, and he bought it shrewdly. He now has eleven hundred acres clear. He is mowing hay. His twelve-year-old son is cultivating corn. In his barnyard he has cattle and pigs and poultry, and he is building a seven-thousand-dollar house for his wife. She was that tantalizing glimpse of enigma who nodded gravely from under a huge sunbonnet as the party, in search of her husband, drove through her premises without asking. This man does not owe a dollar. The crisis never touched him.

"Well, what is your problem?" someone asks him.

"Moisture," he replied simply, without thinking.

He is not much interested in politics. How does he sell his wheat? Does he haul it to the nearest elevator and sell it there? No. He sells it direct. He sends out samples to the mills, takes the highest price, then loads and ships the grain. Anybody could do that.

Not far away is another man who bought his land at about the same time. He is cutting and stacking wild hay on a foreclosed farm with a foreclosed team, hitched by a foreclosed harness to a foreclosed mower. Everything has been mortgaged; all that has been mortgaged is lost. He owns nothing but the wife and babies over there in the foreclosed house. Although he has been sold out by the sheriff, he may stay a year, according to the law, with right of redemption. It is an empty right. He cannot hope to redeem anything. He is harvesting wild hay—the only crop on the place—because wild hay is not a cultivated crop and therefore not covered by the crop mortgage. He is taking it for a team of horses someone had promised to lend him. He will work the team through the winter at hauling and in the spring he means to begin farming again on a rented place in the next valley. The spirit of the man is amazing. He can laugh at himself. And he is no sluggard. Two boys are helping with the hay.

What is the trouble? Well, first the land. Look at it. It is covered with stones. You cannot disk it properly. The disks break or you are pitched out of your seat; and as for plowing it, a man almost shouldn't. When he saw it first it was covered with fine wheat. That happened to be one of those freak years when wheat grew anywhere with the enterprise of weeds. He paid seventy-five dollars an acre for it. Then when he came to take possession of it and saw it naked he knew he was a fool. However, he couldn't sell it. For eight years he has been struggling with it; and it has beaten him at last. First he lost his own money; then he began to borrow; the more he borrowed the worse he was off. And now everything he came with is lost; he hasn't even a plow or a set of harness.

Seed, courage, the seventh part of a life and fine doggedness cast upon stony ground!

One who knows the Northwest as they know it in the economic-survey department of the Federal Reserve Bank at Minneapolis may take a map of it and indicate with broad pencil strokes two kinds of area—namely, the area in which the crisis broke nearly every bank there was, and the area in which no bank failed. If you go to look at them you will find that as with individuals so with areas or communities. There is in each case an explanation. And after a while you will know beforehand what to expect. In the solvent areas you will see alfalfa, sweet clover, sugar beets, potatoes, corn, cattle, pigs, poultry, and less and less wheat. Also trees and gardens and such things as denote a feeling for the soil. In the other kind of area you will find more wheat, sometimes almost nothing else, and no feeling for the soil. The difference is owing, as a rule, to what people have elected to do with their opportunities, their lands and their lives.

Near Lewistown, in the Judith Basin of Montana, there is a farm that has become a show place. Its admirable feature is a flower garden on the scale of a public park. It is in fact open to the public. When Lewistown has a convention it adjourns to this farm for a picnic. Back of the big house is the original homestead shack, now set upon a concrete base and protected from the weather, as an heirloom. The history of the place is not unique in kind. The man came without goods whatever. Winters he worked in a placer mine for wages. He carried trees from the banks of the Judith River and planted them in his garden. As he could afford it he tried every kind of flower and shrub there was, bringing them even from Europe, until he found what would thrive in the Judith Basin, which is not a basin really but a plateau four thousand feet above sea level entirely surrounded by snow-capped mountains. Everything that was possible on this place had been equally possible on thousands of other homesteads in the basin, under the same endeavor. On the way back to Lewistown nobody notices a mean unpainted little house where a man and woman sit on the back steps, their chins in their hands, gazing heavily into an empty yard. No tree, not a shrub, only some litter, and very thin crops in the field beyond. They were homesteaders too. They came at the same time.

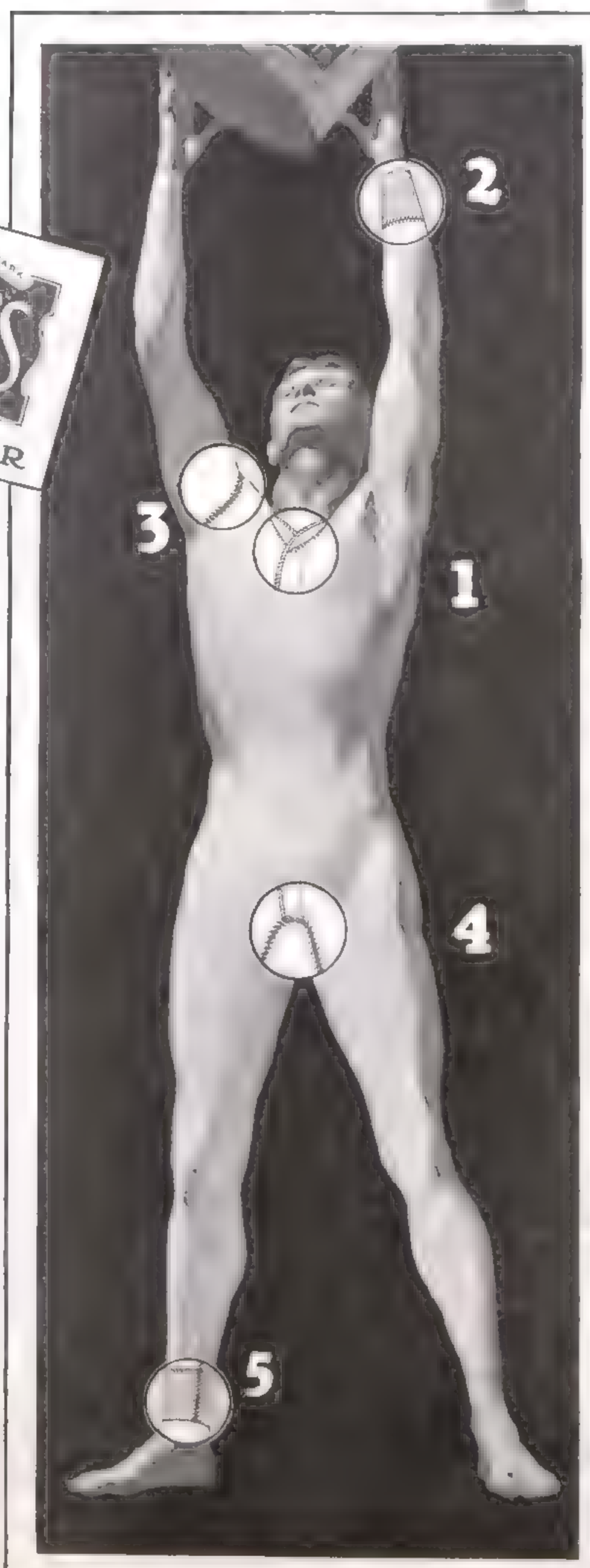
How They Succeeded

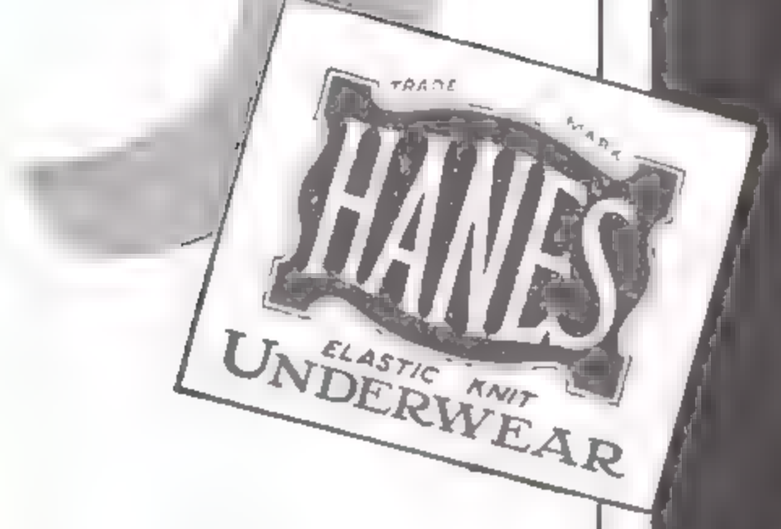
South of Minot, off toward the Black Hills, is an area of total solvency. For sixty or eighty miles no bank failed. The crisis went around. There, as far as eighteen miles from the railroad, you will find Scandinavians rooted in the soil like great young trees. Nothing can upset them. Take one case as representative. There is the enormous barn. Nobody can remember how much it cost, because it was not built all at once, as that little plank-and-sod shanty was over there by the well. That is what they lived in twenty years ago. It now is the milk house, or a keepsake. The barn and barnyard are lighted by electricity. Twenty head of high-grade cows milking in the barn. Two kinds of milking machine. In the wagon shed are two automobiles, besides one you don't see, which is on the way to town, and a new motortruck. They are proud of the house they now live in and wish you to see it. Electric lights, hot-water heat, a piano in the parlor, an oil-burner in the kitchen range. This is very expensive. You would not believe how much it costs. But it is a great comfort in hot weather. In twenty years they have done all this; and if you ask them how they are embarrassed. They don't know what it is you want to know. Gradually it comes out. When they settled here they were fifty-two miles from a railroad. It was impossible, of course, to think then of hauling cash crops to market. One load of wheat, maybe only fifty bushels, as the roads were, took four days. No wheat gamble for them. What they had to think of was how to get their whole living direct from the soil. That meant cows and pigs and sheep and chickens, crops to feed these, and crops they could eat themselves. So they got their roots down. They had to do it. Afterward the railroad came to

(Continued on Page 181)

A Field of North Dakota Wheat; Fred Irish, Fargo Banker, at the Left

5 famous points





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REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 178

within eighteen miles and brought a town with it, and then there was a way to sell their surplus for cash; therefore an incentive to produce a salable surplus. But they never forgot how to feed themselves and how never to buy anything they could produce for themselves.

It is strange to say, and yet it can be true, that an area of ruin is more interesting. The voltage of thought and feeling is higher. Humanity is more akin. The people are different, not only by reason of their experiences together; different in genius. There the restless, seeking, adventurous native American is probably dominant. He is often the worst kind of farmer. His way with Nature is impatient; and at the same time his way with failure is less tragic than humorous. There is such an area in Montana, where those who have not yet been sold out hide away things for those who have—such things as the sheriff has no business to know about, a kit of tools, a piano, a family clock, a library or a piece of beloved furniture. They know all about one another. Insolvency is a social bond, not to say a distinction.

Is it so bad, you want to know. Well, one of them says, if you don't believe it, look! Every farm you can see on that bench, for some miles—every farm but one—has either been foreclosed or is going to be. The people who owned them are on them still, because they have in every case a year of grace after the sheriff has sold them out. What of that? Everybody knows they cannot redeem their property. What would they redeem it with? The mortgage holders who have foreclosed and now are the owners, subject only to that year of empty grace, who are they? A trust company in Vermont, an estate in New York City, a bank in Chicago, a real-estate company in Minneapolis. They are anxious to see these bankrupts go, in order to get possession. They want new people in, and they are so sure that the bankrupts cannot pay that even before the year of grace is a week old they send prospective buyers and tenants to look at the farms.

A Typical Tale of Hardship

Your friend and informant has an idea. You shall go visiting. He plunges you into a bony, spavined, wind-broken car and starts. You shall hear all about it. You expect to find them miserable, despondent. They are not. They are mad, ironic, humorous, always a little self-seeing. A woman comes to the gate. The house behind her is modern and good-looking. The whole place is well made, with a long-established air. But there is a vague sense as of things missing. One begins to look around. There is nothing movable or moving—no implements, nothing on wheels, no stock, none of the appurtenances.

"Are you counted among the insolvents?" one asks the woman, seeing by the light in her how she will take it, provided it is well meant.

"What day is it?" she asks.

"Tuesday."

"Yep," she says. "We are. The house over our heads was sold on the steps of the county courthouse this morning." She gives it a glance over her shoulder.

"Now what will you do?"

"I'm going back to Missouri with the children. Back to my own folks. I'm tired. John will stay here for the winter perhaps. I don't know what we will do."

"You've got a year before you lose possession. Maybe you can pull it through."

"Maybe," she says. "Maybe killed a gopher. I'd like you to tell me what we'd pull it out with. I thought I had something for the winter, but they got that too."

"What was that?"

"The wool. We had some sheep. They'd been foreclosed on, so of course they weren't ours, exactly speaking, but when we sheared them I said we had to have something to live on and I sold the wool. But they found it out and attached the money."

"Who did?"

"Who?" Her mood so increases that the house behind her becomes invisible. "The receiver at the bank, where our notes are. That's who. The man your Federal Reserve Bank sent out here from Minneapolis to make us pay up. If you know anything good about that man, or about that system, I can't talk to you any longer. I went in to see him. I demanded the money. He said it was his. We had to pay up, and we hadn't paid anything, and he would keep that money, which was little enough. The sheep were collateral under our note, and the wool on the sheep, that was collateral, too, and we hadn't any right to sell it. I said, 'But, good Lord! how could we pay if we couldn't eat, and how could we eat if we couldn't sell something?' He said that wasn't his business. We had to pay up. I said, 'All right. We're out there minding sheep and cattle and crops and things that are all yours under that chattel mortgage we can't pay. We can't eat them and we can't sell them, and yet you expect us to go on minding them for you. Now I tell you, we're through. If you want your collateral come and get it. We won't be responsible for it any longer.'"

"Then what?"

"So he did. The very next day he sent out a man he called an appraiser, who was really a policeman, to see that we didn't hide or make away with or eat something that belonged to the bank. And last week the sheriff came out here and had a public sale on our premises—excuse me, their premises. He sold everything but the kids and the kitchen range—the stock, the last bag of seed, the implements, the harness, John's tools, even a pair of scales. I'd like you to say if you ever heard of a pair of scales being called a farm chattel. We were cleaned. And this morning, if nothing happened, the house went. So they expect us to pay, do they? Ask them what they've left us to pay with."

Paying the Piper

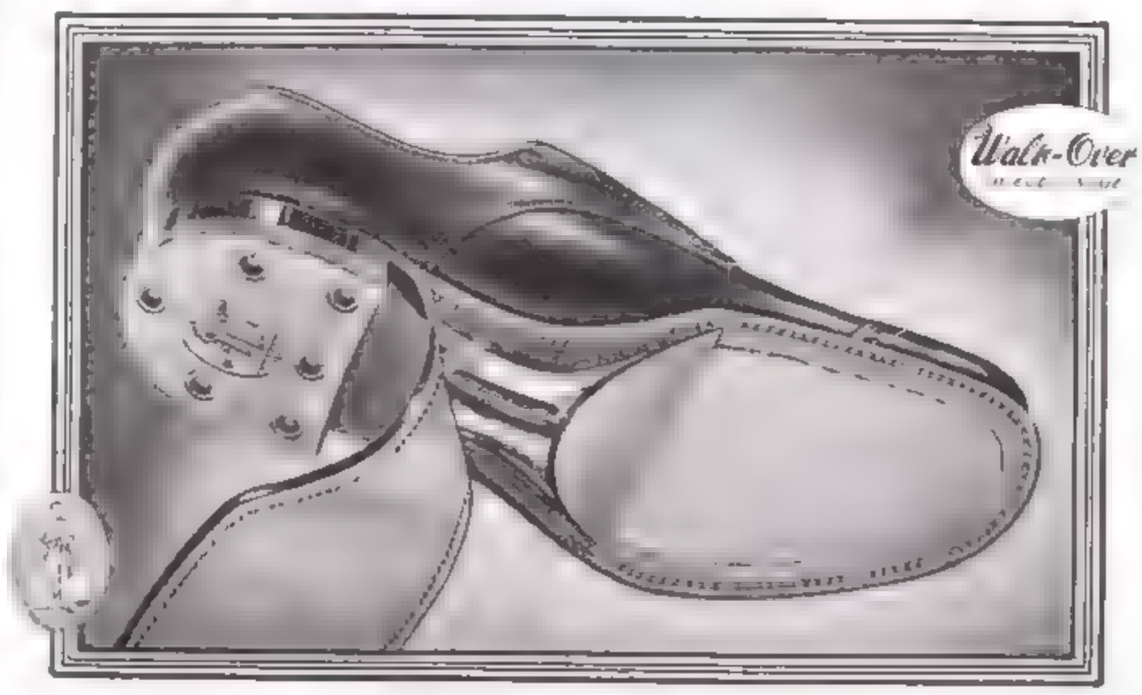
All the circumstances were regular. First there was a mortgage on the farm itself—a mortgage owned in the East. Then in town John borrowed on his notes at the bank to finance his wheat and cattle operations. All went well through a series of good years, war years, with prices high and Nature mobilized for national defense. The notes were paid as they came due; there was money over; the house was improved; perhaps the mortgage on that account was increased a little, though not beyond what it seemed the place would easily bear. It was worth sixty or seventy thousand dollars. Then came the year when the feed crop failed and there were more cattle than ever before because cattle had been very high in price. The bank at that time advised keeping the cattle and buying feed to get them through. To buy the feed it loaned him more money on his note. That was the terrible winter. Hay that cost sixty dollars a ton was not fit to feed, and the cattle starved. The next year prices collapsed, and half-starved cattle, the few that survived, were not worth what it cost to ship them.

The loss was complete. John could not pay his notes; he had to renew and increase them; and whereas before this he had borrowed on his note, unsecured, now each time he renewed his loans he had to give a chattel mortgage; and each time he gave a new chattel mortgage it covered more, until at last every movable thing he owned, including the crops he hoped for, had been covered and pledged, at 10 per cent. Prices did not recover; succeeding crops were poor. First interest, then taxes went unpaid. The bank in town meanwhile had itself been borrowing money at the Federal Reserve Bank in Minneapolis, and as security for what it borrowed there it pawned, among hundreds of others, John's notes, which were a lien by chattel mortgage on all his possessions, his stock, his implements, his crops. Worse happened. As John could not pay the bank, so neither could the bank pay the Federal Reserve Bank at Minneapolis.

The sequel was that the bank failed. Thereupon the Federal Reserve Bank at Minneapolis sent an agent to collect what he could on those notes which had been pawned at Minneapolis by the bank. Among these notes were John's.

The Federal Reserve bank collector doesn't know John from anyone else. He doesn't know the country either. It is his business to make people pay their notes. John cannot pay. The Federal Reserve collector says, "Well, go along for a while and see what you can do." So John goes on, farming for his creditors, and not getting on at all. John's wife gets the sheep sheared and sells the wool for the household's winter needs. The Federal Reserve collector hears of it and attaches the money. All the rest is as John's wife says. Meanwhile the Vermont trust company cannot wait any longer for its interest and forecloses the mortgage on the farm itself. And then there is nothing left but John, the children and a

Walk-Over



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CORRECT EVENING JEWELRY FOR MEN

Missouri wife who may say what she thinks about bankers and banking and anybody who thinks well of either.

It is the aftermath. The very worst Much of it is beyond the reach of credit; some of it is beyond help whatever. They paid too much for their land, or they bought too much of it, or they pyramided their wheat and cattle when the sign was high, spent both credit and money, and fell headlong out of the sky. They know it. One says: "I made enough money in the first three years to have paid for my place. But I spent it. Now I have all my thousand acres in wheat when half of it ought to be in summer fallow. I know better. I'm betting on my luck." Another says: "I have only a third of my land in crops. The rest is in the wild. I had to let it go back. I can't afford to summer-fallow it for next year's crop."

Some will disappear. Some will get through, thanks to luck and weather. Gradually the type of farming on that bench will change. It has been changing all the time. That is one trouble. Nothing is settled. Only a few years ago it was all grazing land and supposed to be fit for nothing else. One day a man appeared in a covered wagon, with a wife and four children, and began to plow up the buffalo sod. The cattlemen stood round and talked to him. "Friend," they said, "did you never hear the story of the Indian who saw a man doing that? The Indian said, 'Huh! Wrong side up!'" The man went on plowing They said to him: "Friend, it's no party of ours, but you are wasting yourself. You can't grow anything here." He went on plowing. And to the disgust and dread of the cattlemen, he brought off an amazing fine crop of wheat. That was the beginning of fences and the end of the free cattle range. Homesteaders began to pour in; the land went to wheat. The cattlemen, seeing that the wheat growers had a bonanza and not knowing what else to do, since their range was disappearing, began themselves to mine wheat. For several years everybody made money. Wheat was as profitable as cattle had been. Then the wheat failed. The mine petered out. It was no longer possible to cast seed upon the soil and get back thirty, forty bushels of grain to the acre. Thereafter it had to be worked for, and nobody knew quite how. They discovered presently that by summer fallow, which is both to plow and to till the ground this year for next year's crop, they could restore the yield. However, that was a new basis to go on. It meant changing all their ideas and calculations. It meant true farming and hard work. Those who do it are getting on. The crisis did not hurt them.

Doubtless some of this bench land will go back to grazing. The sheep will take it. Some of it will stay in wheat, under the hands of good farmers. Some of it lower down may bear diversified agriculture. Adversity, necessity, failure, example, selection, will eventually bring it all to the right uses. Yet nobody is willing to let it work itself out on those lines. With characteristic American impatience, it is proposed to impose a rule of solution; with characteristic American contrariness, the rule is disputed.

Prosperity in the Milk Can

Beginning at Minneapolis, where the Northwest begins, you hear the shibboleth. The word is diversification. Everybody diversify or perish. Everybody lay off wheat and do general farming, which includes dairying. It is proved, of course; by every rule of deduction it is proved and sealed. Minnesota is diversified. She was once a wheat state, with all the volatile ways of a wheat state; but now she is diversified. Her butter crop is golden ballast. The crisis hardly touched her. And South Dakota—there also diversification has gone far. Everybody knows that her trouble was much less owing to bad farming, or one-cropping, than it was to a reckless way with credit and land speculation. She had borrowed from Iowa a way of trading in farms on margin, as Wall Street trades in stocks, so that a farm might be bought and sold ten or fifteen times in a year on purchase contracts, without the title passing.

But in North Dakota—there it had been clear enough for anyone to see. Rust, pest, unfecundity, socialism, Townleyism, bank failures, all evil, were but the symptoms of a deep disease. The disease was the perversity of one-cropping. All that was needed was diversification. The propagandists for dairying took her clinically, county by county, and showed that in the counties where they couldn't or didn't grow wheat and practiced dairy farming instead, there were the fewest bank failures, if any, and the smallest total of debt; whereas in the counties where they would or could grow wheat and not much else, there a large number of banks had failed and the loans unpaid to the Federal Reserve Bank at Minneapolis were very high

As you go west you see it for yourself. Where creameries have appeared, where the milk cans encumber the railroad platforms, there people are paying their gasoline bills with their cream checks, with something over; the community is solvent and the banks are open. They have discovered butterfat, and rejoice exceedingly. Butterfat is the golden product that can afford to pay freight charges to any point. It goes to the cities of the East, to New York and Philadelphia, by carload and trainload. It is a kind of new bonanza, as wheat once was. You say to them: "Isn't it possible to overdo this thing?" They say: "Impossible. At least, not for a long time. People eat more and more butter, and the population is increasing all the time. Besides, we can make them eat more butter by advertising it when that becomes necessary." You ask: "But do you know that dairying in the East is in a bad way? The profit is gone out of it for the farmers." They shake their heads. They know nothing about dairying in the East. This is the Northwest, and here it pays.

All Flesh is Grass

You are presently convinced. The East must look out for itself. What the Northwest needs is diversification. Dairying is thereof the keystone. Instead of wheat, alfalfa and sweet clover. From alfalfa and sweet clover, cows. From cows, milk. From milk, cream to the creamery and skimmed milk to the pigs. Rotation from grass to flesh. All flesh is grass, saith the Scripture. It is the solution. You get it settled in your mind that way. Then you come into Eastern Montana and meet a banker who is also a farmer.

"How goes diversification here?"

"It's all right in some cases," he says. "That all depends. Come. I'll show you a farm."

He puts you into a new expensive car, with the paper still unwrapped from the steering post, and drives you north toward Medicine Lake. He takes you to a high hill and shows you seven thousand acres in wheat—all wheat—very beautiful wheat.

"A fine example you set," one exclaims. "How long have you been doing this?"

"Seven years."

"Then it pays?"

"Every year but one. I'll make it this year again."

"But don't you know what the problem is? We are all trying to teach the farmer to balance his production, to lay off wheat and grow more of other things—to diversify. And you a banker who ought to know better! Wheat cropping still—growing wheat and nothing else! That's one thing helped to break your banks out here, wasn't it, just what you are doing?"

"You know I've got a bank, don't you? Well, this farm of wheat is what's kept my bank open. If I can grow wheat cheaper than anybody else, grow it at a profit, why shouldn't I grow it? Tell me that. I know what my costs are. When I can't grow it at a profit I'll stop. That's what everyone else is free to do."

There seems to be no answer to that. One simply turns upside down.

This agriculture is anarchic. Its only law is each man for himself. What does one see here? Land meant for diversified farming and men who understand it, land meant for wheat cropping and men who know that, land for cattle and cattlemen; but more land of all kinds than is needed yet, much more than can be settled properly overnight, and nowhere an authority to say: "Here is the place for this, and there is the place for that." Everyone does what he pleases. One grows sugar beets on dry land, another grain on irrigated land. Montana hay is sold in the Mississippi Valley. Washington potatoes are sold in Texas. Idaho potatoes are sold in Minneapolis. Minnesota potatoes are sent to Chicago. There is no coherent scheme of development. Each locality must exploit itself with no reference to any other.

The reason why the Northwest picture is so full of contradictions is a reason that

(Continued on Page 185)

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Birmingham, Ala.	Thurston Motor Car Company, Avenue D and [illegible] Street
Boise, Idaho	Rex Sales and Service Company, [illegible] Main Street
Boston, Mass.	N. Russell [illegible] Co., Allston and Packard Sts., Cambridge
Buffalo, N. Y.	Harris Top and Body Company, [illegible] Main Street
Charlotte, N. C.	Charlotte Door Fastening Company, [illegible] West Fifth Street
Chicago, Ill.	Rex Sales and Service Company, [illegible] South Wabash Avenue
Cincinnati, Ohio	Ohio Top Company, [illegible] Broadway
Cleveland, Ohio	Rex Sales and Service Company, [illegible] Euclid Avenue
Columbus, Ohio	Jones Auto Top and Equipment Co., [illegible] North High Street
Denver, Colo.	Rex Sales and Service Company, [illegible] Broadway
Des Moines, Iowa	Badger Body Manufacturing Company
Detroit, Mich.	Rex Sales and Service Company, [illegible] Piquette Avenue
El Paso, Texas	Southwestern Motors, Inc., [illegible] Montana Street
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Pittsburgh, Pa.	Union Top Manufacturing Company, [illegible] Avenue
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Syracuse, N. Y.	Lyon Automobile Supply Co., [illegible] South West Street

WORLD HEADQUARTERS FOR ECONOMICAL CLOSED CAR COMFORT

(Continued from Page 182)

has already occurred to you. Agriculture here more and more reminds one of mining. Placer mining—that is, washing free gold out of the loose sand and gravel was the glamorous thing. Every gulch was a possible El Dorado. Luck was all. Wealth for who found it. If you lost it you might find it again. But that was not mining. It was gold hunting. If you could weigh against all that lucky gold the economic value of the time and energy men spent to find it, the fact might easily be that it cost more than it was worth. People might have got richer by tedious toil. Then came lode mining, which requires capital, persistent labor, engineering skill; and that was business. Farming in the Northwest has been a kind of placer mining. They have taken but the gilt edge of the land's productivity. Having got it in one place they run to another. Nearly half the immigrants accounted for by the railroads are those moving like miners from one gulch to another.

And this placer farming is by no means finished. Even yet, after all the exploitation that has taken place, the quick possibilities are still tormenting. They seem inexhaustible. This year in the Snake Creek country of Montana, south of Chinook, you might have seen from one high bench hundreds of miles of wheat—nothing but wheat—worth more than the cost of the land it stood upon. This is not true of wheat alone. Below in the Milk River Valley there were Mormon farmers on irrigated land making more than the cost of the land with one crop of beets. On the bench where you stand, in the midst of the wheat, the Standard Oil Company is drilling for oil. It got natural gas and drowned it off in disgust. It wanted only the oil, because oil can be mined; gas has to be utilized on the spot. There was nothing to do with the gas. Then you look east and remember what you heard in Minneapolis—that across the lakes from Detroit comes a trainload of automobiles daily to that one point for distribution in this "ruined" Northwest. What a country it is!

The crisis in the Northwest was but a fall to the earth, back to the living of one day at a time, from a flight of the imagination. Nothing imagined was untrue. It was merely misplaced in time. It had very little to do with what anyone may please to believe are the basic problems of agriculture, although naturally it was aggravated thereby. The possibilities of bonanza agriculture had been so imaginatively capitalized in the value of land, so many people without capital, experience or instinct for farming were attracted to the land, and credit had got so confounded with pure expectation, that when the printing of war money stopped and the world for that reason was no longer able to pay war prices for food, a crash was inevitable.

Selected Settlers Wanted

If now you go among them asking what they have learned they have no ready answer.

There has been a change of attitude toward land. Farmers now value it for what it will yield, on the basis of what the yield will sell for, instead of thinking there will be a profit in the land itself. Communities have seen that what they need is not merely people to whom they can sell land, but farmers who will stay and make it produce. Everywhere the old land booster is denounced, even by himself, with his hand on his heart. Montana holds a land-settlement congress and resolves, among other things, "that some agency must be prepared to protect settlers from misrepresentation as to the agriculture of the state," the real-estate people themselves subscribing to that sentiment. In Cass County, North Dakota, the county commissioners were petitioned to levy a special tax for the purpose of creating a new office—namely, the office of land-sales commissioner, charged with the task of listing and valuing lands for the settlers' information and protection. For there it had happened that a settler on taking possession of his land talked with his neighbor.

"How is it?" he asked.

"Middling," the neighbor replied; adding: "I'd like to sell out for fifty an acre."

The settler, with his movables not yet unloaded, exclaimed: "Fifty an acre! Yours looks just like mine, and I paid one hundred and fifty."

The neighbor replied: "I know. You're one of the Eastern suckers they bring in here to buy it."

That settler naturally was ruined before he started—ruined in his heart. In other places the chambers of commerce take it upon them to list and value lands, and guarantee the settler a fair deal.

How much of this is repentance from a chastening of the spirit and how much of it is light indeed, one would be very rash to say. So long as it is possible in a good year over great areas of the Northwest to make the cost of one's land with one crop, land is still cheap. And so long as land is still cheap great speculative movements are bound to recur. How shall they be stopped? Much that has happened in that aspect will happen again, and continue to happen until the final scarcity value of land, now in process of being anticipated, has been found. For example, in North Dakota, if there were three times as many farmers land would be worth a great deal more and everybody would make more money, because all the land in that case would be properly utilized.

Again, you will hear all the intelligence of the Northwest saying that hereafter settlers must be selected. Failures are a liability. Farmers are wanted—true farmers, with skill, experience, a record of success and some capital to begin with. Of course. Farmers are wanted greatly. Settlers should be selected. Only, how?

Imagining the Truth

The little chamber of commerce that undertook to populate its territory by a selling campaign, raised a fund for the purpose, made everybody wear a button inscribed "100,000 more," meaning people, and wrote a booster's creed to come next after the Lord's Prayer, has some things to regret. But what it regrets most of all is that it didn't get the hundred thousand. There is still room for them. There is still the hunger for them. It is a consuming hunger. To treat it lightly is an unpardonable offense. At Billings, in the way of dinner, talk of the wonders of Montana is interrupted by Doctor Mead, of the Reclamation Service, who tells of what he has seen in Palestine. "How many people in Jerusalem?" one asks. He replies, "Ninety thousand." There is a whole day of rough razzing to be settled for with the secretary of the chamber of commerce. This is the chance. One says: "What! Jerusalem is bigger than Billings!" The secretary of the chamber of commerce is serious for the first time that day. He reacts as to a personal insult. Before he can think he says: "It can't touch Billings. And if you stick around here a while, Mr. SATURDAY EVENING POST, you'll know what that means."

They look at their endless bench lands, at their sparsely occupied valleys and basins, at the vast sagebrush flats that need only water to bloom, and so much water going to waste, and see them not as they are; they see them as Illinois is, only finer of course. All that they need is people. They spend enormous sums to get them. They would kidnap them if they dared. They send their Calebs to Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Ohio, even to Canada, seeking who may be transplanted. Every little town has a chamber of commerce with first of all a land-settlement department; it has a publicity man, sometimes called a town crier, and a fund behind him. Object: People. All doors swing in. The railroads charge less to haul people in than they charge to haul them out again. Undoubtedly the rigorous selection of settlers is an idea.

Another thing they think they have earned is how not to use credit. Their thinking this only shows how little they know about credit. Wall street has all the financial intelligence there is, and it has never learned how not to use credit.

They had almost learned not to count upon miraculous interventions; they had gone back to hard work, back to the adage. But above all their work was what happened in an uncontrollable way. Not only good crops but good prices, just in time to pull them through.

What is it people are supposed to learn? Not wisdom. That is born in them or left out. Besides, it was never wisdom that tamed a new country. Imagination does that. What they know better than anyone else is that all they imagined was true. The trouble was they could eat it. But by great ups and downs it will all come to pass, not exactly as the town criers expect, perhaps, but by a law of its own, which has been the law of our westing since the beginning.

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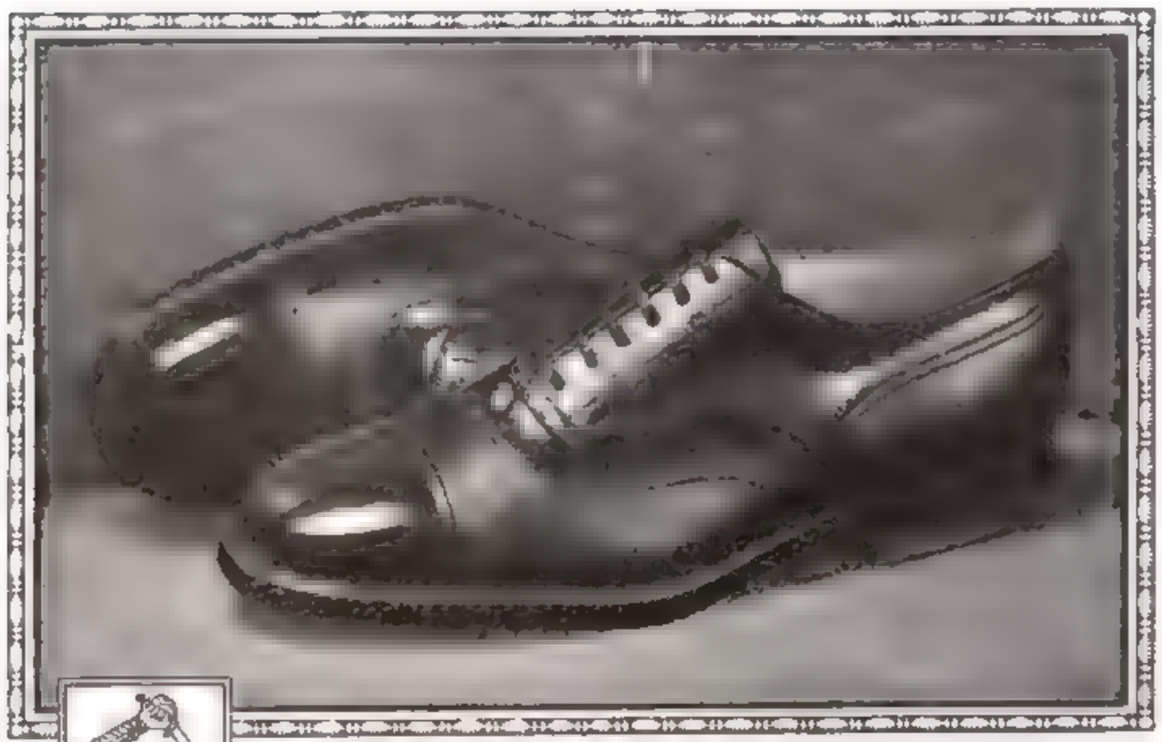

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SIR DUB THE KNIGHT

(Continued from Page 15)

The bookkeeper was still gazing at her fixedly. He wet his lips.

"For today?"

"The Knights' annual, you know." She was looking out of the window as she spoke, gazing abstractedly at the rear of Blodgett's place, where the alley cat still prowled, slinking about among the scrap tin and other junk. "I wish you'd come to the lunch, Thed," she said presently. "I'd like it if you went with me to the grand ball tonight."

Thed didn't answer. His eyes had roved away from her, back to the ledger on the desk. Absorbed, he was thinking deeply, his brow beaded again with moisture.

"Will you go, Thed?" she asked once more.

The bookkeeper still didn't reply. It was as if he still hadn't heard her.

He had turned his back, his eyes fixed upon the ledger; and though at another time he would have been quick to catch her tone, to heed, too, the faint air of appeal in the look she gave him, he seemed oblivious now. A frown of uncertainty, of deliberation, had twisted up his brows; his look, too, along with that, was furtive and uneasy; and waiting for a moment, the girl gave a laugh, the laugh sudden and abrupt. Had the bookkeeper looked, he would have seen, too, that the look of appeal had waned briefly in her eyes.

"Well, suit yourself," she said sharply. She turned away, heading for the door; and as she reached it, Cora Leet spoke again. "Say," she said, her voice light as she called it back to him, "if Lem Tweedy comes in here looking for me, tell him he can find me up at Harback's Hall." The hall was the one where the banquet lunch was to be served; though that was nothing. Another laugh came from her. "Well, s'long, old stick-in-the-mud!" called the girl; and as the door slammed, the bookkeeper started as if he'd been struck.

For an instant, then, he stood as if frozen. It was only for an instant, though; and there came a crash as the stool behind him was upset noisily. Springing toward the door, Thed raised his voice.

"Miss Cora, wait!" he cried. "Miss Cora!"

She was gone, however.

A moment later, when he reached the street door and looked out, the young woman was already far up the block and hurrying. Across the way, though, the two slouch-hatted individuals still loitered in the door of Tebo's hardware; and as they saw the bookkeeper, again they nudged each other suggestively. The bookkeeper still did not seem to see them, though. Reëntering the bank, once more he went slowly to his desk and the ledger spread upon it. His face, more furtive and uneasy than before, again was beaded with sweat; and as he slowly mopped it he was whispering to himself.

"What shall I do—what shall I do?" he mumbled; and staring at the book, his eyes wavering, he was again saying it when through the open window at the back came another burst of sound.

It was the fife-and-drum corps down on the green striking up again; and once more the back wall of Blodgett's tinware caught the air and flung down to him the echoes of its familiar strain:

When in distress, turn toward the west,
And make the mystic sign!

The bookkeeper stirred sharply, his look changing all at once. The craft and furtive cunning in his face, at any rate, ebbed out of it; and he lifted his head, his lips parted breathlessly. It was in fact as if the echo of the distant music sounded within him some note harmoniously exalting and divine; and backing from the desk, he turned slowly till he faced the wall across the room.

The bank's front was toward the north. As the bookkeeper's right shoulder, too, pointed in that direction, thus it will be seen he was facing westward. Suddenly his heels clicked themselves together. Then, one hand laid upon his breast, he raised the other high above him. His voice at the same instant resounded sonorously in the quiet.

"Hail!" he said; and, rapt, he uttered it again, "Hail!"

It was the sign, the mystic supplication. So Thed Garford construed it, anyway. So, at any rate, whatever his trouble, he made the appeal devoutly. The prayer, his cry to the mystic occult powers that watch over and shield the faithful in their hour of stress, seemed to get its answer too. The shadow gone from his drawn features, the bookkeeper turned back to the desk and the ledger spread upon it. Swiftly he went to work.

"Knights of the East, Tent No. 4," was the heading on the page; and with a steel eraser taken from the rack before him he scraped out one entry on the page, then another. Each time he did so he jotted down the amount on a scrap of paper at his side. The sum total when he had done came to $4343, and with a pen he filled in the obliterated spaces. Then he turned over to another page. "Theodore Garford" was written at the top of this; the page was Thed's own account, his savings; and at the bottom was the amount—$4521.22. Dipping his pen into the ink again, the bookkeeper made a final entry. Then carefully blotting it, Thed as carefully—as curiously too—smudged it with his thumb, the entry looking afterward as if it had been posted for some time. This completed, he closed the ledger and carried it into the vault the bank reserved for the books.

The vault was unlighted, dark. The niche for the ledger he was carrying was at the farther end of the shelves; and as he heaved the heavy volume into its place his foot struck something soft and bulky obtruding from the shadow in the corner. The book in place, he stooped down to examine what his foot had struck. It was a bag, a suitcase; and beside it was a second bag.

Thed stared at the two, his air puzzled. Presently, to enable him to see the better, he struck a match and held it down toward them. There was no marking on the bags, however—nothing to identify the two; but the match expiring at the moment, Thed trudged out of the vault and closed and carefully locked the door. Then he took down his hat and coat from the hook beside his desk.

He was smiling again as he reached the street door. The puzzle of the two bags seemed no longer to concern him. The covert uneasiness that had stirred him all that morning seemed to have left him too. Up on the public green the parade had disbanded now, the Knights, gay in their uniforms, mingling with the townsfolk; and as the bookkeeper's glance took in the spirited sight the light in his eyes grew eager. He was not a Knight, to be sure; yet from his look one might have thought the day as much his as any of the Knights'. It was in fact as if he had a full share in its doings, as if he were a sponsor for it.

A passer-by hailed him as he came down the steps of the bank.

"Hullo, Thed, old hoss," he called "Great day, isn't it?"

The bookkeeper nodded, his face sparkling.

"You bet!" he returned.

The man went on; and Thed sauntered along, drinking in the sights. It was not for long, however. Noon had struck; and as he came to the corner and turned up the side street to his room in Disbrow's Rent the two slouch-hatted men in Tebo's door again nudged each other, then slowly loitered after him. Thed had just reached the Disbrow gate when the two ranged up alongside.

The one on the bookkeeper's right tapped him on the shoulder. The other grasped him by the elbow. As Thed stopped short, the man at his right spoke abruptly.

"We want you, Garford," he said; "we have a warrant for your arrest."

Thed stared, his face all at once white.

"Me?" he gasped.

The man nodded.

"You're charged, Garford, with robbing the Daggett bank," he said; and, shaking, the bookkeeper clutched the fence at his side.

A cry came from him.

"You're—you're wrong!" he stammered shrilly. "It's a mistake! Not a cent is missing, and I can prove it by the books!"

The man who had him by the elbow tightened his grip.

"Come along, Garford," he directed. As the bookkeeper hung back, still protesting, the man added, "Are you coming, or have we got to take you?"

Thed's mouth opened. Another protest leaped to his lips. At the instant, though, from the green once more came another

(Continued on Page 189)

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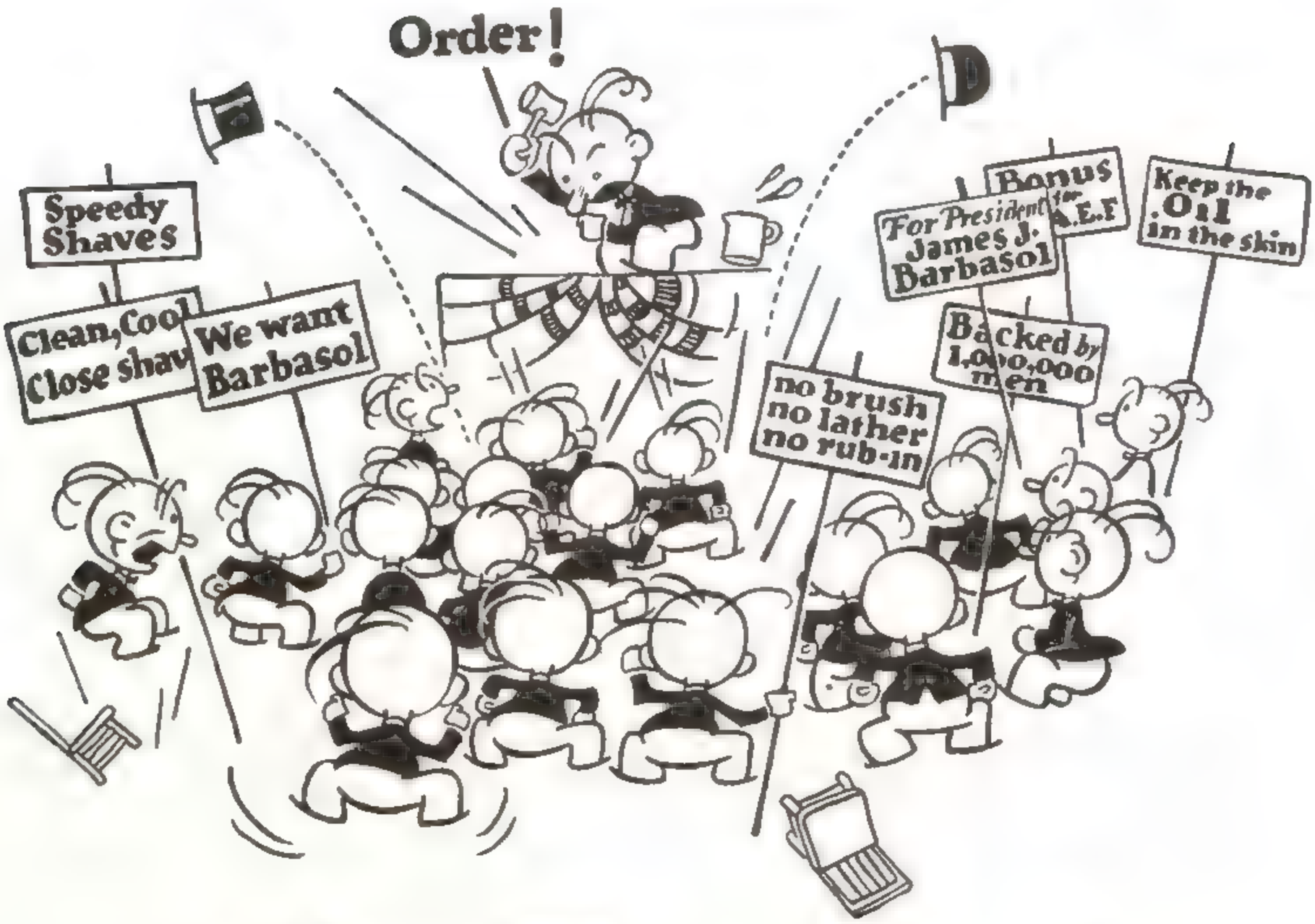

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S E P 10-11 24

(Continued from Page 186)

faint burst of sound. It was the fife-and-drum corps striking up again, playing the marchers to the banquet lunch in Harback's Hall; and as Thed caught anew the familiar air:

Way, way over yonder,
Where they make the thunder,
Shine on, oh, shine on,
The Knights of the Mystic East!

his lips shut themselves together, the cry died unuttered.

"Very well, officer," he said, "I will go with you."

III

THE day sped swiftly in Daggett. One by one the hours flitted on their way, the afternoon and the evening filled with a succession of notable events. Following the parade and the chief selectman's address of welcome to the assembled Knights, the banquet lunch provided by the Ladies' Auxiliary, the Daughters of the Desert Sands, was the first attraction. An hour's oratory was to succeed the feast, after which the Knights, their ladies and the others would adjourn to Detweiler's Park and Picnic Grounds, where the Knights' annual field sports and baseball were to be held. These terminated the afternoon, an hour intervening until the evening's ceremonies; namely, the regular banquet to the retiring Sir Caliph, Potentate, at the fire-engine house, Daggett Chemical No. 1; then the annual election and, in turn, the grand ball. Supper would be served at nine o'clock, prompt, when dancing would resume, the ball continuing till half past ten or later.

The banquet lunch, the lady Daughters' tribute, was given in Daggett Lyceum, the hall over Harback's hay and feed. Draped with waving streamers and festoons of brilliant hue, the decorations were further enhanced in brilliancy by a glittering display of the Knights' insignia, these being stars, crescents, scimitars and the like, cut from gilt paper and pasted tastefully to the flowing cheesecloth streamers. The banquet itself was notable, "the board groaning," as the Weekly Farm News and Messenger said in the current issue, "with every variety of toothsome viand." However, hardly had the first chicken been carved and the first waffle set upon a plate when a stir, a swift commotion, ran like a ripple through the hall. The news, that other happening, had, in short, just burst upon the assemblage.

It was Sid Larrabee—Pratt & Larrabee, gents' furnishings—who brought it. Sid was Eminent Effendi and Vice Grand Vizier of Bedouin Tent No. 4, the Daggett local; and after the parade he had stopped in at the gents' furnishings to turn his cuffs and slick his hair before the banquet lunch. Thus, as Sid's place was on School Street, just at the corner below Disbrow's Rent, Daggett's popular business man had been enabled to view the entire proceedings.

"Had th' darbies on him, they had handcuffs, y' know," said Sid breathlessly; "'nd they was taking him off in a fliv." Also he added, "No, he went peaceable—didn't put up any row."

The throng about him stirred with excitement. A volley of exclamations, questions, was flung at Sid.

"Four thousan' plunks, you said?"

"Swiped it all hisself, what?"

"Say, how did th' mooch ever get away with it?"

Sid himself was excited.

"I'm a-tellin' you, boys! It seems that's why he's been up thur to th' bank all these nights, like you know. Jus' doctorin' th' books all th' time, he was!"

Cora Leet, her face strained, her slight figure quivering, shrank back with a gasp. In her hand was a plate on which was a chicken-and-waffle lunch; but the Knight for whom the repast had been dished was destined to see neither the chicken and waffles nor the dish. There was a slight crash followed by a tinkle of breaking crockery as the plate slid from her grasp; and, staring at the ruin for an instant, with another gasp she turned and flitted down the stairs.

"Say"—Sid gasped eloquently—"what's eatin' Cora Leet?"

No one seemed to know. None, either, seemed to heed. A rousing volley of cheers at that instant resounded and all else was at the moment forgotten. The cheers signaled the arrival of the day's distinguished guests.

The assembled Knights scrambled to their feet, swords clanging as the blades leaped from their sheaths. Clambering upon convenient chairs, the lady Daughters drew their handkerchiefs and waved them wildly, a sudden flutter like snow.

"Greetings, Exalted Potentate!" thundered the banqueters. The ovation was succeeded by an even more thunderous outburst, "Three more for Lem Tweedy, our next Caliph!" a shrill voice piped; "now, hip-hip, boys!"

The hall rocked with it.

The retiring Sir Caliph on his arm, Lem, as master of ceremonies, strode down the hall to the raised dais, the seats of honor. Here he and the Most High Exalted Potentate seated themselves, when instantly they were surrounded by a bevy of anxious, energetic lady servitors. Nervously, with agitated hands, the attendant damosels arranged and re-arranged before the distinguished guests the salt, the celery, the saucers of olives and the knives, the forks and the spoons. Mrs. Doc Bealsby, Imperial High Dame of Zenana No. 3, the Daggett auxiliary, herself unfolded the napkins for the exalted pair.

Seating themselves as the cheers subsided, the Caliph and his companion, the equally distinguished Sheik, leaned back and surveyed the imposing scene.

The Caliph, replacing the cigar between his lips, beamed on his subjects with royal condescension; the Sheik's air, however, though majestic, was a little more frowning and severe, perhaps, than even his exalted office would seem to warrant. In his eyes in fact a slight cloud, the shadow of a scowl, had risen, its cause, apparently, Sid Larrabee. Near at hand, just beneath the royal dais, Sid had seated himself; and the commotion due to the arrival of the eminent guests having subsided, Daggett's well-known merchant was attempting to regain the interest and attention the others' entry had cost him.

"'S right," Sid was averring. "He had a coupla suitcases in th' vault, they say, and was fixin' to light out with th' rest o' th' bank's money when they pinched him."

The Sheik started slightly. The Caliph turned to him inquiringly.

"What say, Sheik?"

The Sheik didn't say. Sid's voice had risen again.

"That ain't all, either," Sid proclaimed. Cupping his hands, he called up to the dais, "Hey, Lem, it's a fack, ain't it now? Warn't that bird Thed Garford aimin' to get hisself elecked up t' us Knights here?"

It was so. All eyes on him, the Sheik hastily collected himself.

"Oh, sure!" he nodded, at the same time slightly curling his august lip. "The boob asked me himself."

Sid turned exultantly to the others.

"What did I tell you, boys?" A laugh, a cackle, came from him. "A swell chance we'd 'a' had at tonight's election, too," added Sid, "if that jailbird had a been one of us Daggett Knights!"

The Caliph gave his companion another nudge.

"What's that? What's he a-sayin'?" he questioned.

Again the Sheik made no reply.

Sid Larrabee still held the crowd's attention. Excitedly, Sid was imparting something else to his listeners; but what the something was, the Sheik had no chance to learn. A hand at that instant reached out and gave Sid a forceful dig in the ribs.

"Shut up, Sid!" a voice at the same time warned.

The hand and voice were those of Vid Albro, Daggett's prominent station agent; Vid, too, was a high official in the Daggett local, Tent No. 4; and Sid gasped momentarily.

"I warn't sayin' nothin'," he protested, adding then, "everybody knows a'ready, don't they? It was the Knights' funds Thed Garford got away with."

The station agent gave him another vicious jab.

"You boob!" he growled. "D' you want to spill th' beans?"

The warning came too late. Those near at hand had caught the words "the Knights' funds," and swiftly they spread them. Less than a half minute later the whole hall had the news. The treasury was looted, all the Knights' money was gone—or so it was said; and uproar broke forth. True, the guilty bookkeeper, the cause of the commotion, was not a Knight; but at the same time the bank was Lem Tweedy's bank. That was enough, and the partisans of the rival candidates were quick to seize the opportunity.

Of a sudden a shout rose from a table down the room, the table the one reserved

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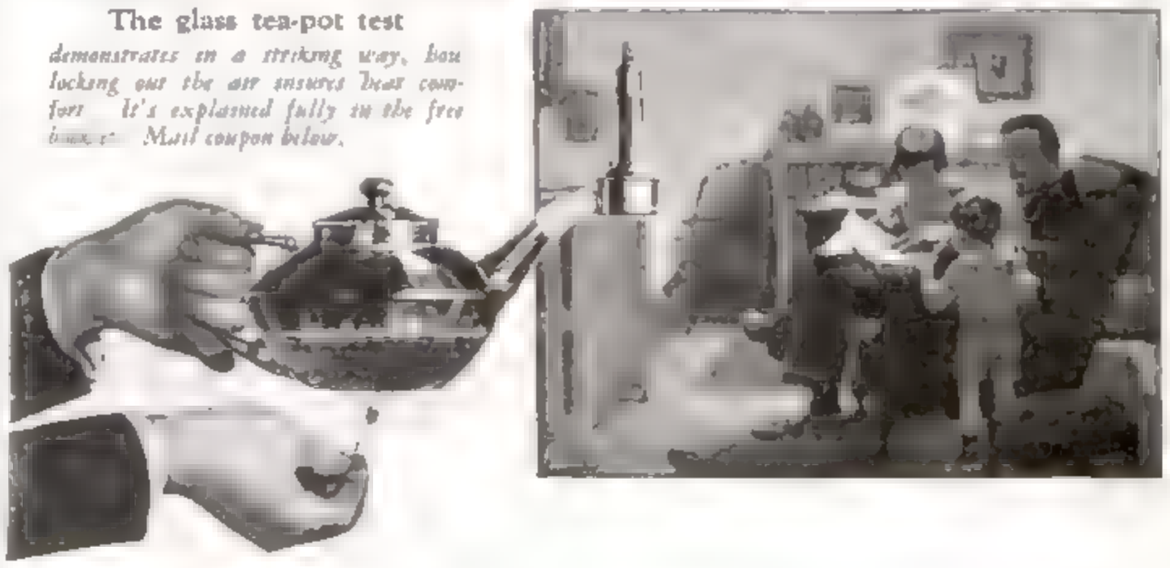

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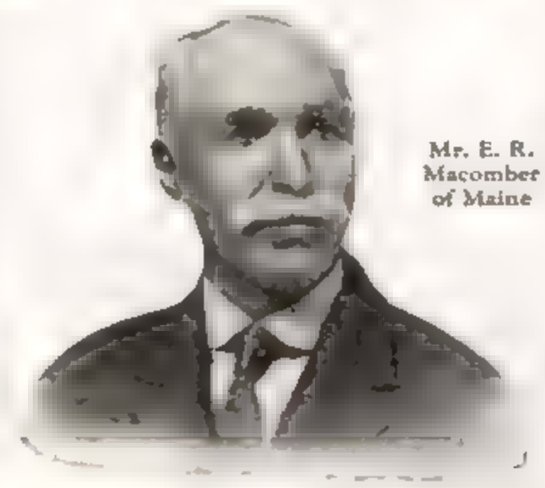

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for delegates from Kirby. The town was Daggett's neighbor, its strongest rival also; and the shouts rose higher.

"Hurray f'r Lexy Timken, Kirby's choice!" Hoisting their candidate to the table, they kept up their demonstration.

"Timken's th' boy!"

"Speech, Lexy, speech!"

Around the hall other outbursts broke forth:

"What's th' matter with Lafe Hoag? Bleetville wants Lafe!"

"Hurray f'r Jed Durkin, South Milldam's man's th' man!"

"Rats! Give us Vic Searbuck!" yelled East Hornover's contingent.

The Caliph, removing the cigar from his mouth, grinned at his companion.

"Kind o' gitting hot, ain't it, Sheik?" he commented.

The Sheik was in fact momentarily mopping himself with the luncheon napkin. At the remark, though, the august lip again curled itself slightly.

"Let 'em rave," he growled, "the boobs!"

For ten minutes or more the commotion kept up. Through it all the Sheik continued to gaze austerely at the assemblage; and though, true, he occasionally mopped his face, though too his eyes occasionally flitted toward the stair, the smile curving on his lip was amused, not to call it contemptuous. The uproar subsiding, he turned idly to the Sir Caliph at his right.

"How's the chicken, Caliph?" he inquired indolently.

The Caliph relinquished for a moment the drumstick he was engaged on.

"Swell!" he replied.

Smiling slightly, the Sheik again gazed out over the hall.

The pie was now being served. Relays of Daughters served it briskly, cheese and large cups of steaming coffee accompanying it; and the disorder in the hall now having quieted entirely, only the rattle of knives and spoons interspersed with a lively sparkle of talk was to be heard. The Sheik, as master of ceremonies, waited for a few minutes. Speech-making was next in order, when it would be his duty to introduce each distinguished orator, the Sir Caliph, Potentate, the first. Pushing away the pie, which he had made only a pretense of consuming, the Sheik made ready to rise. All he waited was the moment when the Caliph should spear a fugitive crumb of the crust he was now pursuing around the plate.

The hall grew quiet; the Sheik's face was equally composed. Shoving back his chair, he rose, at the same time rapping smartly on his glass with his pie knife. An air of importance in his face, the Sheik cleared his throat. Waiting an instant till the scrape of chairs subsided, the banqueters settling themselves to listen, the Sheik cleared his throat again.

"We have with us ——" he said, then stopped.

A second commotion seemed to have interrupted him. This time it came from the stairway—voices, the scuffling of feet, these and the other sounds of men ascending to the hall.

"We have with us today ——" the Sheik began again, when once more he halted. The footfalls on the stair were making more of a noise than ever. Scowling, a little startled, too, one might have said, the master of ceremonies stared toward the entrance. At the head of the stairs a man, his face flustered, eager, had just darted into view.

The man was Doc Bealsby, Daggett's leading merchant, president of the board of trade. Having heard Sid's early announcement, the happenings at the bank, with business shrewdness, a little panicky at the same time, Doc had slipped out swiftly to learn the full extent of what the bank had lost. As he said afterward, the pharmacy keeping its account at the Daggett institution, "A bank's a bank, and you know me, Al! I take no chances." Thus he had been enabled in the street to get first news of what had ensued.

Hurriedly, he imparted it to those nearest him. Murmurs, gasps and shrill exclamations at once burst out about him.

"What say?"

"I want to know!"

"Well, whadda y' know about that!"

Instantly there was another scraping of chairs as man after man rose hurriedly and scrambled to the stairs. The next moment, spreading like wildfire, the news ran through the hall.

Thed Garford was back in town! Someone had bailed him out—Cora Leet, it proved; and at that very instant he and Cora had just passed the hall, turning up High Street to Cora's home.

The Caliph, turning fretfully in his seat, addressed the Sheik, his companion.

"Say, Sheik, what's all th' row about now?" he grumbled; then he too paused abruptly.

The seat beside him was vacant. Slipping out of his place, his Bedouin robes streaming on the air behind him, the Sheik was at that instant hurrying down the back stairs of Harback's Hall. That was nothing, though. The real shock was still reserved for Daggett.

It came at four o'clock, bursting like a bomb. Thed Garford had disappeared again. With him the cashier had disappeared also. It was said they had taken with them all the cash in the Daggett bank.

IV

THE baseball game, the annual contest between picked teams of Knights from Daggett, on one side, and Kirby, the rival town, on the other, was well under way when the new excitement reached Detweiler's Picnic Grounds. The score at the moment was 27 to 11 in Kirby's favor; and though excitement over the thrilling contest itself ran high, and the umpire, Tab Bartover, the genial sexton of the First Congregational, had just called three and two on the Kirby batter, with no outs and the bases full, the game almost was forgotten. Doc Bealsby, it was said, in fact turned white to the gills at the new news from the bank. Jamming his hat down on his head, he made a break for the fence where his fliv was parked, a dozen of Daggett's other prominent business men scuttling for the gate along with him. A big section of the crowd followed.

"Play ball!" Tab Bartover shouted sternly, several of the players showing signs also of breaking away from the diamond. "Back to th' bases, you fellers!"

Frankly, though, it was not till Tab had remonstrated publicly that the game went on. Meanwhile down in the town a milling, restless crowd already had gathered on the sidewalk in front of the bank.

Mr. Boles, the president, bareheaded and his white hair tossing in the breeze, stood on the steps earnestly addressing the constantly increasing throng. The president, it seemed, was not a Knight. An elderly, somewhat enfeebled person, he also long had left to his subordinates, the cashier in particular, the management of the bank.

"You will be patient," he was pleading, adding that though it was true the cashier could not at the moment be found, he had sent in search of him and that no doubt Mr. Tweedy would arrive presently. "And when he does," Mr. Boles said earnestly, "I am sure you will find your fears are groundless."

The crowd buzzed like a hive.

"Bunk!"

"Guff!"

"Open the bank and hand out our cash!" it yelled.

Already the facts had circulated. It was established not only that Thed Garford had been doctoring the books for months; it was known now that, having wheedled Cora Leet into putting up the Leet home for bail, he had gone back to the bank, opened the safe and fled with the rest of the money in it. The president had in fact been compelled to admit as much—a part, at any rate. An examination of the books, anyway, already showed that, fearful of detection, only that morning Thed Garford had transferred back from his own account to that of the Daggett Knights some of the money he had pilfered.

A voice sang out from the crowd, "Then Lem Tweedy warn't in cahoots with him, eh, what?"

"Certainly not!" said the president sharply.

The crowd could not mistake its sharpness, its certainty.

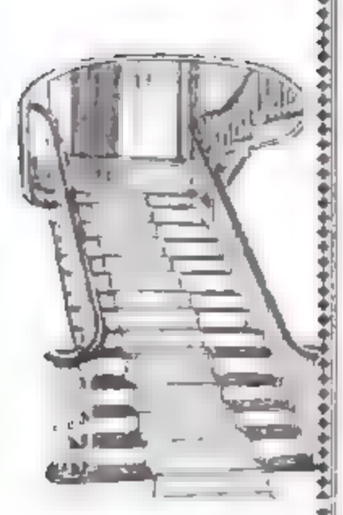
"Three cheers for Lem!" someone shouted, and the crowd responded thunderously, the cheers for Lem resounding. Waiting till it subsided, the president added, "It's Thed Garford, of course, who's guilty."

He had just said it when the door behind him flew open. Her face white, her eyes flashing, Cora Leet stood there.

"It's not so!" she cried, facing them fiercely. "I won't stay here and listen to such things! Thed Garford never did it! I don't believe, either, the bank's lost a cent—not if it's Thed you blame!" she shrilled

(Continued on Page 193)

Morgan Plan Suggestion No. 21-A



Morgan Modern Colonial Stairs M-202

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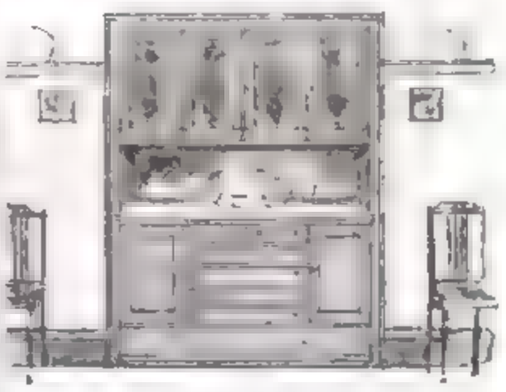

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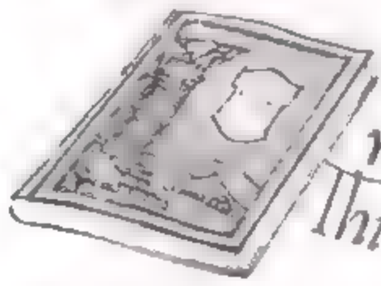

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(Continued from Page 190)

The crowd gaped up at her. Astonishment held it breathless. Cora Leet standing up for Thed! A grin crept presently into the eyes of some of the men and boys there looking for excitement; and presently there was a ripple of laughter, a snigger. The others, though—men with money in the bank—were too serious to see any joke; and another voice raised itself suddenly:

"Open the safe! Open it and let's see what's left!"

The crowd took it up with a shout. His face working, his air deprecatory, the president began to stammer. Very sorry, but the safe could not be opened. The president had already tried to get into it, but the combination apparently had been changed. The crowd seethed again.

"Bunk!" a voice cried again. "He don't dare let it be opened!" The president shrank back frightened, his face pallid.

"I tell you I've tried!" he protested. He held up in his hand a scrap of paper. "Here are the numbers of the combination—11-17-4-20. If you think the safe can be opened, I'll let you try yourself!"

"That's the ticket!" a man shouted.

The man was Doc Bealsby. He turned and shouted, "Come on, men!" With a yell, the crowd streamed up the steps of the bank, carrying the agitated president with it. Inside it stopped short. Cora Leet, her hands at her breast, was leaning against the bank vault, her face pressed close to the steel door. As the crowd swept in she suddenly flung up a hand, commanding silence.

"Hark!" she whispered, the color gone from her face.

The crowd fell back. Even without the young woman's swift warning gesture, the look on her face would in itself have halted them. All at once, her eyes starting, she caught at her breath.

"Someone's locked inside!" she whispered.

It was so too. Someone was in the safe beating on the door.

A gasp came from the crowd. It listened. A dull thudding, regular and repeated, came from within the vault. Muffled by the barrier of steel and cement, the blows were barely audible; still, they could be heard. It was as if the person inside signaled from that tomb for help; and leaning over swiftly, Cora Leet snatched the scrap of paper from the president's quivering hand. She gave it an instant's glance. The next instant, sinking to her knees, with eager, hurrying fingers, she began twirling the dial of the combination.

The crowd filled the room. Not all of it was able to get inside; but as the new discovery was made, and the news of it was passed back over the heads of those within, the others outside began to shove and jostle.

"Stand back, everyone!" yelled Doc Bealsby. Working at the combination, Cora Leet was left little room and less light, the staring, excited throng of men and even boys crowding in toward her. "For God's sake, stand back!" Bealsby implored them.

Others coming to his aid, they began shoving the onlookers back from the safe. Among them they managed to get the room cleared.

A little sob escaped Cora Leet; her first effort to open the safe had failed. Again she tried it, glancing at the paper to make sure of the number each time she twisted the dial. A second time it was a failure. Outside, by now the whole town knew what was happening; and as the crowd before the bank grew, the townspeople streaming in from all directions, the facts were shouted to each newcomer. Thed Garford not only had robbed the bank, it was said; he had murdered the cashier, then locked the body in the vault.

This account, however, was presently modified. The cashier was still alive, it was announced, and another wild cheer rent the air. The cheer died, though, as the cashier's peril became known. The vault was airtight. Unless it was opened shortly the cashier would suffocate. Inside the bank, at that instant Cora Leet rose suddenly to her feet.

As she rose the young woman flung up one arm to her face. Again a strangled whisper came from her.

Four times, with hurried, frantic fingers, she had twisted the dial round; and now for the fourth time she had failed. "I can't do it, I can't!" A wail came from her; and as she uttered it, from within the vault came again thud, thud, thud! At the signal the young woman flung her arm from her face and leaped to the safe again. Working away at the dial again, as she spun it about she cried out fiercely, "Quick, someone! Send up to the machine shop. Tell them to bring tools—dynamite—everything! Hurry, hurry!" Still fumbling at the combination, with her other hand she waved to the cashier's office adjoining. "In there—the telephone—quick!"

A half dozen men leaped to the instrument. In the scuffle it was knocked to the floor. Sid Larrabee, though, was the most agile, and Sid managed to capture the instrument. The victory, though, seemed to achieve Sid little. Frantically jiggling the hook, he was unable to get the operator to answer the call. Instantly the fact spread to the crowd. The wire was cut, presumably by Thed Garford. To prevent an alarm being given, Thed had put the wire out of business. So it was said, at any rate; but the operator answering presently, further time was lost, Sid in his excitement being able only to stutter unintelligibly into the transmitter. Inflamed by the delay, Doc Bealsby snatched the instrument from him.

"The machine shop, quick!" shouted Doc.

"Number, please," the operator directed.

"Damn the number!" Bealsby replied. "It's life or death!" He spluttered a further explanation and the instrument clicked. Then a formal official voice responded over the wire:

"This is the supervisor. What number do you wish?"

They said afterwards that the Doc's language was not suitable to repeat; but someone at the moment having either remembered the machine shop's number or finding it in the book, it was passed along to the Doc.

"Daggett 196 Party J!" he shouted into the receiver. The voice on the wire replying "I will connect you with your operator," further time was lost waiting for the operator to plug in. Then when the connection finally was made, the telephone merely hummed, no voice replying to the call.

The crowd remembered then. It was a holiday; the machine shop was closed. Fid Bulstrup and his assistants were taking a day off too.

Cora Leet looked swiftly over her shoulder, her white face contorted and strained. She was still working frantically at the dial.

"Find Bulstrup!" she ordered. "Send autos to look!"

Ten minutes later a roar burst from the crowd outside. A flivver truck with three men in it had just turned the corner out of High Street, making the turn on one wheel and ricocheting toward the bank at full tilt. Bulstrup was driving. Although a Knight, Fid also was a fisherman; and having an afternoon off, he had taken a pole, a can of worms and himself up to Varnum's Mill Pond. It was there he had been found, and the can of worms was still in his pocket.

Fid took one look at the safe.

"I'll have to dinnamite," he announced; also announcing, "I got it with me."

He took it from his other pocket as he spoke and the crowd at once fell back from him.

"Then again," said Fid, after another scrutiny of the steel door, "I can't dinnamite. It might blow the feller inside's head off."

Cora Leet seized him by the arm.

"You've got to do something, Fid! He'll suffocate!"

The machinist again studied the vault door.

Thud, thud, thud! came again from inside. The cadence was slower, lower now; and a stifled sob escaped Cora Leet. Fid heard it, and the sob seemed to stir him to renewed action. He gave a swift order to his men.

"Get th' drill, boys; Cora's right. We gotta get air to Lem there in a hurry!"

Cora Leet gave him a look.

"Lem?"

"Uh-huh, Cora." He added then, "Seems like he was takin' you to th' grand ball tonight too, I hear."

She made him a passionate gesture.

"Hurry, Fid!"

A couple of minutes later, the room cleared and the electric drill socketed to a light bracket, Fid jammed the tool against the safe door, then switched on the current.

The minutes passed. How many of them it took for the slender bit to bite through that wall of steel and cement, Cora Leet never knew, never would. It may have been less than an hour; then, on the other hand, hours, days, years may have ensued. The trickle of cut steel flowing from the bit

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seemed to flow from the burrowing point as slowly as the sands in an hourglass measuring off eternity. Outside, dusk drew down. Outside, too, the crowd, rather than thinning out with the coming dark, grew and grew. The news of the affair at Daggett had crept out now to the neighboring towns, and throngs of newcomers arrived, hurrying by automobiles, buggies and on foot. All sorts of rumors prevailed. In his flight Thed was reported as having been seen in a dozen different places. One report had him escaping in a stolen car. Another report was that he had fled afoot. Still another was that he'd caught a freight at Hanbury. The report was general, though, that the officers had the scent and were close upon his track. Thed, though, and Thed's whereabouts were of small importance compared to the doings inside the bank. The thudding on the vault door had subsided gradually. It was heard now only at intervals.

On the bank's steps. Perkins Tetlow, principal of Daggett High, got out a pencil and did a hurried calculation on his cuff. A man in breathing consumes a given number of cubic feet of air in a given time. The dimensions of the safe were known also. Let A represent the cubic contents of the vault and B the amount of air required in a given time; then X, the unknown quantity, would represent how long the victim inside the vault could survive. Professor Tetlow figured swiftly. A groan went up as the professor announced the result.

"I give him till seven minutes, eighteen seconds after nine, friends," proclaimed the professor. "If he doesn't get air by then he's a goner!"

Inside the bank, Cora Leet hung over the man working the whirring wheel.

"Hurry!" she urged. "Hurry!" Fid, the sweat rolling down his face in rivulets, nodded grimly. A hammer in her hand, Cora kept on tapping at the safe. For minutes now she had been unable to get an answering thud from within.

"Hurry! Hurry, Fid!"

Fid hurried.

Darkness had fallen, the lights were lit in Daggett and the town clock had just clanged the hour of 7:30, when Fid, his figure pressed against the whirring breast drill, lurched forward, his head hitting against the vault's steel door. The others for an instant thought the drill bit had broken off. But no; the drill had done its work; it was through the wall of steel and cement; and with a grunt of satisfaction, Fid stood up and yanked the tool from the door.

"Thur!" he said.

A shout that rocked the pale stars burst from the crowd when it knew. The cheers, the shouting and the cries hardly had risen, too, when, brushing Fid aside, Cora Leet pressed her lips to the orifice the tool had made in the steel. A sudden cry escaped her. The metal, heated from the whirring drill, had scorched her painfully; but Cora did not seem to think of that. Bending down again, her face close to the door, she raised her voice.

"Thed!" she cried. "Thed, it's Cora!"

Thed? The others glanced at one another surprisedly. It was Lem Tweedy, wasn't it, who was in the vault?

"Say ——" Doc Bealsby began. With an imperious, not to call it savage, gesture Cora cut him short. Her lips at the finely drilled orifice, she cried once more, "Thed, Thed!" Then she laid her ear to the opening.

Pyramus and Thisbe! So, at any rate, said Professor Tetlow, who knew his classics. But never mind. An instant afterward a wild cry escaped Cora Leet.

"Alive! He's alive!" she shrilled.

Instantly stifling the cry, as instantly she pressed her ear close to the door to listen. A look of bewilderment dawned momentarily in her eyes.

"Say it again!" she called through the drill hole.

Clapping her ear once more to the door, a moment later Cora Leet jerked away, sank swiftly to her knees and began whirling the dial round and round. "Four, fourteen, seven, four," she kept repeating.

The men near by grasped what they meant. The man inside had whispered them through the aperture; it was the safe's altered combination; and an instant later there was an audible click, the sound of the tumblers tumbling home; and snatching at the door handle, Cora Leet gave the door a yank.

A white-faced, tottering figure swayed in the doorway.

"Lem Twee——" gagged Doc Bealsby, then stopped.

The man in the safe wasn't Lem, it was Thed Garford. A weak, silly smile was on Thed's face. Blinking from the light, he shambled forward a step, his lips moving, the silly smile still upon them.

"Lem Tweedy locked me in. We had a fight. I saved the money, every cent of it," said Thed, swaying; then he pitched forward.

It was Cora Leet who caught him.

Eight o'clock that night was striking when Cammack, a town forty miles or so to the westward, rang up Daggett on the telephone. Daggett hummed anew with the message. It was that Lem Tweedy had been located.

In Oxneck Brook alongside the State Highway, a red runabout had been found lying upside down in the water among the rocks. Lem lay beneath the car. Almost at the Canadian border and near escape, the speeding machine had gone over the bank, taking Lem with it, not to Canada but into eternity. To Daggett, however, that was just a detail. At the instant the news came, a crowd, the largest in Daggett's history, stood in the street before the bank shouting and wildly cheering.

The whole story was out now—the tale of Lem's doings and the high life he'd been leading. His peculations were the least of it. It seemed, however, that coming to the end of his rope, Lem was getting ready to light out, taking with him at the same time another batch of the bank's money, when Thed Garford, searching the books, had stumbled on the trail of the cashier's doings. And what Thed had done then was like Thed. Instead of denouncing Lem, he had sought to save both the cashier and the town from the disgrace of a public exposure. He also had tried to make good both the man and the money the man himself had taken. Thus, the funds Lem had pilfered from the Knights, Thed had replaced with money from his own savings. It was what had occupied him that morning.

Thed had failed, though. After his arrest, suspicion having fallen on him, then when Cora Leet had bailed him out, offering the home she lived in as the bond, Thed had sought out Tweedy. The two suitcases were his clew where to look. He had found the cashier at the bank; and at the instant Lem had the vault open and was inside, filling the bags with cash. In vain Thed had pleaded. Furious at being balked, Tweedy had set upon him; they had fought, Thed still pleading, the cashier raging; and backing into the vault, to save the bank's money, Thed had dragged to the steel door behind him. The door hardly had shut when in the darkness he heard the tumblers click. Lem Tweedy had turned the combination, locking Thed within the vault.

The rest is known. Of the story's details, though, the one fact the crowd hung upon was that effort of Thed's to save the money, the Knights' funds especially. The town gaped with it. Now when Thed's old aspiration was spoken of, there was no ripple of laughter to point the jest. The town's opinion had changed.

Eight o'clock had struck and the crowd was still growing, when the bank's front door opened and a woman's figure, supporting on her arm a slow-footed, shambling man, appeared within the lighted opening. The crowd seeing the two, seethed forward; and leaping to the low stone parapet beside the bank's steps Doc Bealsby snatched off his hat. The Doc, his hat waved on high, gave a yell.

"Three cheers for Thed Garford, folks!"

The roar that went up shook the elms as far as the public green. It was still echoing when another stir ran through the throng. The crowd parting, a little body of men in flowing robes was seen advancing toward the bank. The Sir Caliph, Potentate, was in the lead, his sword of office raised above him. Thed gaped, his air wondering; and scowling fitfully, the Caliph strode toward him. As he reached Thed he halted, then spoke. If Thed heard the words, though, he apparently didn't comprehend them. Cora Leet did, though, and she gave Thed's arm a sudden yank.

"Don't you hear him, Thed? He says kneel," said Cora.

Slow and bewildered, still comprehending only vaguely, Thed awkwardly bent his knee. As he did so, the Caliph's steel flashed in the rays of the street lamps. Then, the sword smiting Thed upon the shoulder, the Caliph spoke once more. The words boomed to the stars. "Rise, fraternal brother," he pronounced, "I dub thee Sir Knight!"

IT'S downright pleasure to have a light of your own to use as you like.

A whirl of the base and your Buss Clamp-o-Set fits snugly on the back of your chair to give you the full pleasure of light just where you want it. You stand it here—hang it there—clamp it anywhere, and then adjust it as you like. A touch of the hand will place the bulb or shade in any position.

Clamp it on the bed and read in solid comfort. Hang it by your mirror and primp or shave with ease. Use it on the card table, piano, bookcase, or on the sewing machine, ironing board, dressing table, kitchen sink.

Use it to light up any nook or corner. It's your own individual light for your own individual use just where you want it.

You will be proud to show your Clamp-o-Set in the parlor or anywhere, because it's not an artistic stand light. It's not just an ordinary clamp lamp contraption that sacrifices beauty to gain usefulness.

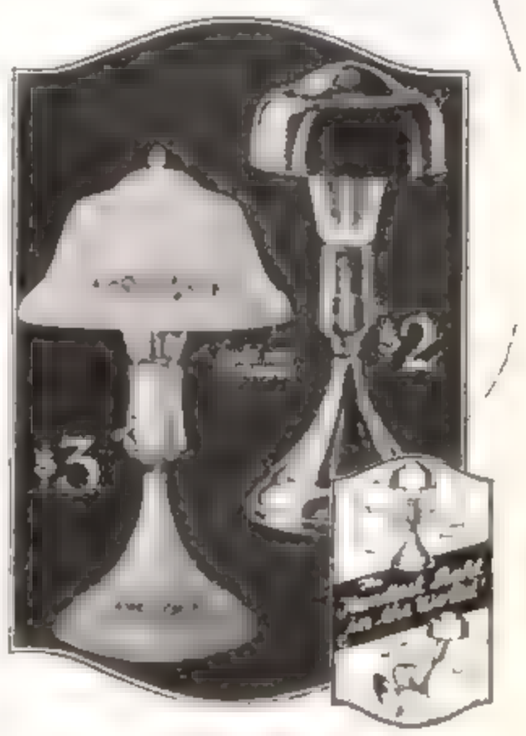
The Clamp-o-Set comes complete with extra long cord (6 ft.) and the combination plug (bulb not included). All Clamp-o-Sets have the Buss patented base-plate clamp, padded so it can't scratch. It holds to anything round or square up to 2½ inches.

$2 Clamp-o-Set made in Brass Finish Bronze Finish — In Canada $3.00.

$3 Clamp-o-Set made in Decorated Ivory Decorated Bronze — In Canada $4.50.

Only tremendous production could permit such low prices. When you see the Clamp-o-Set itself, you will be even more amazed. Until you get yourself one, you will never know what a pleasure "the handiest light in the world" can be. You can buy it nearly anywhere at any store. If you don't know where to go to get one conveniently, send us $2 or $3 (as you desire) and we will send you the Clamp-o-Set by parcel post or express, or money order to cover and specify the finish desired.

Bussmann Mfg. Co. ** 3847 N. 23rd Street ** St. Louis
Makers of Buss Fuses



BUSS
Clamp-o-Set
The Handiest Light in the World

Low-Cost Transportation

A Quality Car for $540

Although its low price puts the Star car in the great less-than-$1000 class, which includes about 85% of all cars sold, it is entitled to recognition as the quality leader of the low-priced field.

Note These Quality Features of the STAR

Continental Red Seal Motor, designed by the engineers of Continental Motor Company in collaboration with Durant engineers. It is distinguished for power, quietness, economy, and low service costs due to simplicity and accessibility.

Force-Feed Lubrication. The Star is the only car in the low-priced field having positive force-feed lubrication to all bearings, which greatly increases the durability of the motor.

Durant Tubular Backbone. The Star is the only low-priced car employing this important structural improvement, the most efficient device known for resisting twisting strains and for insuring a strong car foundation and for keeping all moving parts in perfect alignment.

Standard Transmission. Three speeds forward and one reverse, making the car easy to handle under all conditions and increasing operating economy.

Vacuum Feed Fuel System. Insuring a steady flow of gasoline on all grades as long as any remains in the 11½ gallon tank at rear, which is where the gasoline supply belongs for safety and convenience.

Strong Spiral-bevel Rear Axle Gears. This is the same type axle as is used in high-priced cars.

High-grade Cooling System, including large radiator, 16-inch fan and circulating water pump insuring proper motor temperature and driving comfort under all conditions.

Disc Clutch—an unusual feature in a low-priced car, and one especially appreciated by those who have used cheaper types of clutches.

Alemite Lubrication, the same as used on high-priced cars, making the greasing of the chassis quick and easy.

Demountable Rims and Extra Rim, the same as used on high-priced cars.

Semi-Elliptic Springs. These not only greatly increase riding comfort, but give the Star car the long, low appearance that is an essential factor of the popular stream line design. The spring base is 141 inches—longer than that of any other car near the Star price.

Various other quality features will be shown you by any Star dealer to prove the wonderful value of a Star car at $540. If you seek low-cost transportation, we suggest careful comparison of the Star with any and all cars in the less-than-$1000 class.

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Maze-Lite sheds a delightful, velvety light, without glare or shadows. Part of this light is reflected by the beautifully designed ivory and gold ceiling plate; the balance is diffused in passing through the dainty ivory colored bowl.

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Representation in every city in the United States.

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MAZE-LITE
made by the makers of Brascolite

HEART OF THE HOSTEL

(Continued from Page 17)

earthen dish, is a terrine. I assisted at these poached eggs the first day.

Every day thereafter and for two weeks I made them, fifty or sixty at one time, to about a total of three hundred a day, according to the number that was required for the *entrées du jour*, besides the probable number required by the order cooks. What this latter number would be, a wizard in the offices of the maitre d'hôtel could prophesy from his combination of the calendar, his records, some kind of calculus and a lot of horse sense.

Once made, moreover, these sublimated eggs, reposing in jars of iced water, were good to keep indefinitely, being so many little sealed packages; but we were never more than a day ahead. We took odd moments—between the cooking for luncheon or for dinner—to do them. The *chef saucier* pounced on me in the lull of that first afternoon and I helped him. Thereafter I pounced on anybody I could commandeer to help me and felt tremendously important.

You put a big casserole of water to boil, you salt it and give it a dash of white-wine vinegar. Then you break sixty eggs into a big saucepan that has a handle, because in subsequent motions you will need something to brace your hand in conveying the eggs to their bath. Each egg must be broken first into a cup. If its white and yolk show the slightest tendency to mix, let it be anathema.

We dragged the big kettle to one side to arrest the boiling, tipped it slightly to meet the lip of the saucepan. A blob and a gulp and the whole mass was immersed. Let them boil? *Mon Dieu, non!* Did your mother boil her poached eggs? That is why your family is mostly in the graveyard! Ten minutes, maybe fifteen or twenty, of this coddling, just under the boiling point, and the mass is all snow-white, way down in the kettle.

Increase the temperature, let it almost boil. *Ah, mais oui!* Out come the little bubbles with filmy fragments of egg white—mere strands—which the mass has refused to assimilate. Hurry it all to the sink. Insert a glass tube way down in the depths, almost touching the eggs. A rubber connection attaches this tube to the cold-water spigot. Turn it on—behold! Off goes the film, the mass begins to stir. Cleavages mark themselves as in some miniature geologic process. They come apart, begin to dance in the cold deep spring, and it only remains to lift them tenderly out, put them in crocks of water and carry them away to the *garde-manger*—that frosty room whence they will come out on order to be warmed gently in little pans of water or broth or cream, or in sauces rich as butter.

Lady Snooper's Visits

It is here exactly that one who has seen the art of the hotel cuisine at close quarters meets the attack of the aforesaid flapper.

"Why on earth," says she, "should I poach sixty eggs?"

Wait and see. Just remember that all hotel quantities are reducible. You can do as few as six eggs at a time this way, and it is the method that makes them most digestible as well as the best looking. Do six of them today, and tomorrow at your luncheon party serve them on artichoke hearts with a mushroom sauce—and win fame all over town.

You can have everything ready twenty-four hours beforehand. A little application of hotel management would save many a dinner party from that distressing presence known as broiled hostess.

The hour of the poaching of those eggs was perhaps the hour of hours in the great kitchens. After three and before 4:30 the crews changed—all except the specials detailed to make things for the banquet and private dinner service. Chefs who had worked like fiend-driven furies suddenly disappeared to their cafeteria and dressing rooms and then their homes demanded them. The dinner crew had not arrived.

No longer did the orchestra wail through the swinging pantry doors, and the roar of the kitchens utterly subsided. Creatures like stevedores in denim suits came and took foods and pots away. Women with mops and brooms and clouts descended in an army. If all seemed spotless and polished before they came, it was like a jeweler's window when they left. I always felt that their chattering descent was like a flock of blackbirds swooping into a stubble field. It gave them a lot of satisfaction and did the kitchen no harm.

But, alas, it was never just after they left that we were visited by Lady Snooper. She was a tall white-robed person who suggested three crosses—Red Cross, cross she had to bear and a very cross disposition. She was New England, all of it, on two feet. She carried a spotlight and she snooped. She could find one-half of one scrap of potato behind the steam cookers, a square inch of dish clout in a bowl on a top shelf and three grains of rice in the bottom of a sink. She loved the sinks—hung over them like Narcissus gazing at himself. The big Greek pot washers always fled when she came in sight. The cooks turned their backs.

Next to the sinks, she adored the fifty-foot table with steel shelves along its lower portion and racks with pothooks for its upper rigging. This was the bulwark between the chefs and the line of waiters or the always-streaming tide of assistants. Across the alley were the frosty doors of ten refrigerator rooms and the boothlike alcoves where salad makers and artists of the *hors d'œuvres* and the croquette specialists held dominion. What Lady Snooper could not discover with spotlight and skewer within these precincts would be invisible under a microscope. Crumbs were booty indeed, but could she find a piece of toast or a stray pickle, she heard the heavenly choir!

Refinements of Cleanliness

The *chef garde*, at his little white desk with the high stool, right there in the middle of the long alley, had to face it out with her. She handed him a blue report card recording the awful things she had found. She took a duplicate to her home, way up in the clouds among the recording angels, which some call the administrative offices, on the twentieth floor.

I will not say she was not a good thing to have around. Sometimes a temperamental *friteur* gets mad at a perverse fry basket and flings a few dozen half-cooked items on the iron wire mat between range and table. Men cooks, however surgically clean they and their utensils, are never so squeamish as your Aunt Abbie about what lies underfoot. And the procession of helpers—what may they not drop, from polyglot remarks to a trayful of sliced eggs?

The Lady Snooper's powers went far. She could send anybody below stairs to the manicure and she was always telling the pantry women to keep their hair well up under their caps or get out.

She did not inspect our teeth or inquire about our habits, but was otherwise as personal and censorious as one's nearest relative.

She and Monsieur d'Ivry, *premier chef* and *chef garde* of this kitchen, who looked like a white-starched cylinder topped with a leonine head under a starched mortar board, had one joy in common. They would inspect saucepans—*sautoirs*—casseroles and omelet pans with a wicked delight over the slightest abrasion or caked-on scorch of the silver plating, and would herd the offending utensils, a big bunch of them, into a truck to be wheeled away to a distant room, where acid baths and hours of sousing in electroplating vats would return them looking like new.

In view of the food, the fats, the crumbs, the million and one things, raw and cooked, that traversed that glaringly lighted cavern, also considering the scorching of food to the pans, which will happen to the best of cooks, I think the sublime cleanliness of it all was a miracle.

Three times a day the boiling fat in the fry kettles had to be strained or poured off to be replaced by new fat. This was a dangerous, spattery job. The virgin kettles, covered with strainers, stood on heavy steel mats on the floor. When all was over, the mats were rolled up, sent to a pot sink and scalded in lye—all for six or seven drops of fat! When your housewife refuses to cook with a saucepan that is not burnished inside and out, and boils her kitchen floor, I will say she has begun to get the big idea of the hotel cuisine.

These extremes of purity were no imposition on the chefs; they would demand it anyway, so far as their utensils went.

A Superb Radio Receiver

Stromberg-Carlson

No. 2 Type Console
Neutrodyne Receiver

The beautiful cabinet contains the 5-tube Stromberg-Carlson Neutrodyne Receiver with built-in Loud Speaker and compartment for "A" and "B" batteries and battery charger—*all out of sight*. Made in American Walnut or Adam-Brown Mahogany. When closed, shows richly finished panels.

Programs from almost anywhere on the continent are within its range; it actually has a record of 7400 miles clear reception on Loud Speaker.

Extremely simple to operate. Just set the dials to given points to tune in on the program you wish—and it "holds" the station without interruption.

Made by a company with 30 years' manufacturing experience and a world-wide reputation as builders of fine radio and telephone apparatus.

Ask Your Dealer

If he cannot supply you, write us. Descriptive folders free.

Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co.
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No. 1-A Portable Type

Portable 5 tube Neutrodyne Receiver in richly finished Adam-Brown mahogany cabinet. Arranged to operate with the No. 1-A Loud Speaker.

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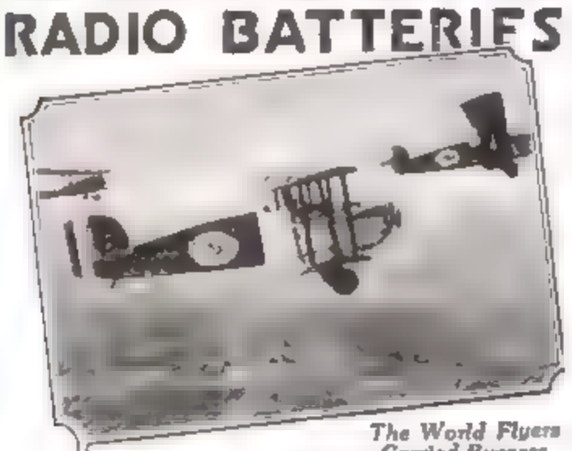
The Adventures of BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES



The World Flyers Carried Burgess

They're in the Wireless Room of the Leviathan

Standard Equipment of United States Submarines

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Remarkable are the adventures of Burgess Radio Batteries. And where there's danger—upon, above, or below the earth, sky and sea, will be found Burgess Batteries—laboratory products.

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Write to 135 Burgess Engineering Building, Madison, Wisconsin, for the Burgess Radio Compass. It is amusing, unusual and useful.

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Flashlight - Radio - Ignition - Telephone

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In Canada: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

Chef Espinard—a prince in the upper realm of saucedom, and a superb talker—makes two requirements for the foundation of a choice sauce: Gilt-edged butter and a solid silver vessel. Only by cleanliness that is polished and boiling hot, or glistening and icy cold, can the flavor of things be kept distinctive and uncontaminated.

Across the alley was a white porcelain alcove, presided over by Mademoiselle, or, more properly, Señorita d'Estramadura, who literally composes salads. She is to the cold viands, the *chauds-froids* service, what Espinard is to the sauces.

She has fifty spoons and knives and a rare collection of pastry bags and little tubes, all standing in a cooling bath of running water. She reaches for a little linen bag, wrings it out, fits a tube in its pointed end, fills it with mayonnaise à la Victoria—a combination of mayonnaise and jellied hollandaise with whipped cream and powdered almonds. Then she goes down the line of fifty plates of salad ranged on her table and squeezes a rosette and a monogram of M.S.P. on the top of each. The salads are for a banquet given by the Missouri Sons of Perdition.

A helper relieves her of the utensils in hand, but forgets to remove the spoon with which the little bag was filled. Mademoiselle pounces upon it, raises her gypsy eyes to heaven, seems to pray. Heaven helps her with a combination of French, Spanish and Basque. It is lovely to hear and ought to be on every phonograph. She does it, too, à la Carmen, fine head tossing nearly off its axis of waspy neck, arms akimbo, or one hand fingering the dangerous bodkin in her cap.

Her argument is to the main and eternal theme—cleanliness. What if she had picked up that spoon and put it into the iced bowl of chicken jelly, or the vanilla whip, or the anchovy panada, or the glace royale, or the chopped pistachio meats? Her fury subsides and she does an adagio aria to the effect that God loves her and she will yet live to see this stupid scullion die of several leproses.

She inspired infinite amusement. They called her The Estramadura, just as people sometimes say The Siddons or The Bernhardt. She would clear the traffic of the dinner hour with a siren shriek of *"Allons! Gardez! À bas!"* and come tearing to the pantry with a masterpiece of a salad, borne high above the heads of the impeding herd. She had no need to do this; inevitably the waiter would have come to get it; but she demanded that her *chef d'œuvre* be inspected in her presence.

This inspection of every dish that passed to the dining room was, by the way, a ceremony in itself.

The Three Fates at Work

There is a platform and desk where three women sit exactly at that point between kitchen and dining room where every waiter must pass. His tray must undergo a triple inspection by three very stern and competent ladies, an inspection that does or does not verify his order and its items.

The first of the seated Fates does this. The next approves or condemns the food for its appearance. A misplaced blob of sauce, a spatter on the periphery of the plate, a slopped-over drop of soup, a burned chop, a slovenly arrangement of French fried, these can—or any one of them—send him back to reorder or personally to perfect his tray. The third verifies his cost charges or punches on his number card the amount of his commission on some particular dish. For there are always dishes on which there is a commission for the waiter, whose chief office almost is to help the wavering guest decide what he wants. It is only when he has endured this triple inquisition that he can make the leap through the doors that are tin cans on one side, Louis Quinze on the other.

Of the importance of these lady inquisitors I was to learn much when I reached the offices upstairs.

But with the Estramadura, as with Espinard and even Madame Ginty—French via the Irish Channel—who presided at breakfast omelets, the whole concern was flavor.

I made my own chances to work with them all.

There was a long day in the iced room back of the *hors d'œuvres*. Here all condiments for salads and cold meats were gone over. Jugs of vinegar that had already absorbed flavors of garlic and thyme and basil received additional fresh herbs. These aromatic vinegars as well as oils were decanted as component parts of French dressings and were so marked for this and other salad departments. Pounds of fresh butter and of anchovy paste were made into an unctuous mixture, then reworked with celery and olives for the afternoon tea service.

Engagingly mystical were the marinating liquors for the trays and trays of tenderloins, cutlets and sweetbreads that reposed on long shelves under the frost-coated pipes. Suave Spanish oil gurgled from withe-bound carboys into a bowl of proportions akin to a baptismal font. Freshly chopped savory, tiny onions and a dash of hot Mexican peppers went into this preparation, which we ladled over the rows of cutlets and tenderloins—absorptive, adolescent things, ready to take up any new doctrine bestowed and come forth with the gamy flavor necessary to *châteaubriand* or *côtelettes Parmesan*.

If this refrigerator sent out choice material to other kitchens for other dining rooms, it received a quota daily in return. Huge trays of lobster meat and chicken salads, breasts of cooked chicken, to be dressed by the Estramadura, particularly for serving at the banquets and private dinners.

Each of these trays bore a tag, a card with numbers and dates, for which there went back a receipt in the form of a blue card, punched, scrawled and perfectly illegible, to be filed away in a cabinet that nobody ever consulted. This was, of course, part of that efficiency which seized the world some years ago, brought on the war, and will bring on cholera, raving delirium and the crack of doom if it isn't stopped. It plays Ned in the kitchen, which if properly considered, is an *atelier* of artists, to whom a card index and double entry are unnecessary rubbish. They have no desire to be successful clerks.

Shop-Talking Artists

One sensed this quality the longer one stayed in that hidden world. Artists—not laborers. Laborers do not talk shop. Artists do. And in that dining room of the chefs one heard continually of other dishes and other days and of wonderful cookery in stray spots of the Latin and Scandinavian world. Always these references took on a vague tone of regret. Your sublimated cuisine has had for a thousand years behind it the crowns and the coronets, the patronage of huge fortunes in the hands of palace builders, whereas today crowns have gone round the corner to the pawnbroker and the rich build bungalows.

Even if they dwell more and more in hotels, they have lost the epicurean art of appreciation.

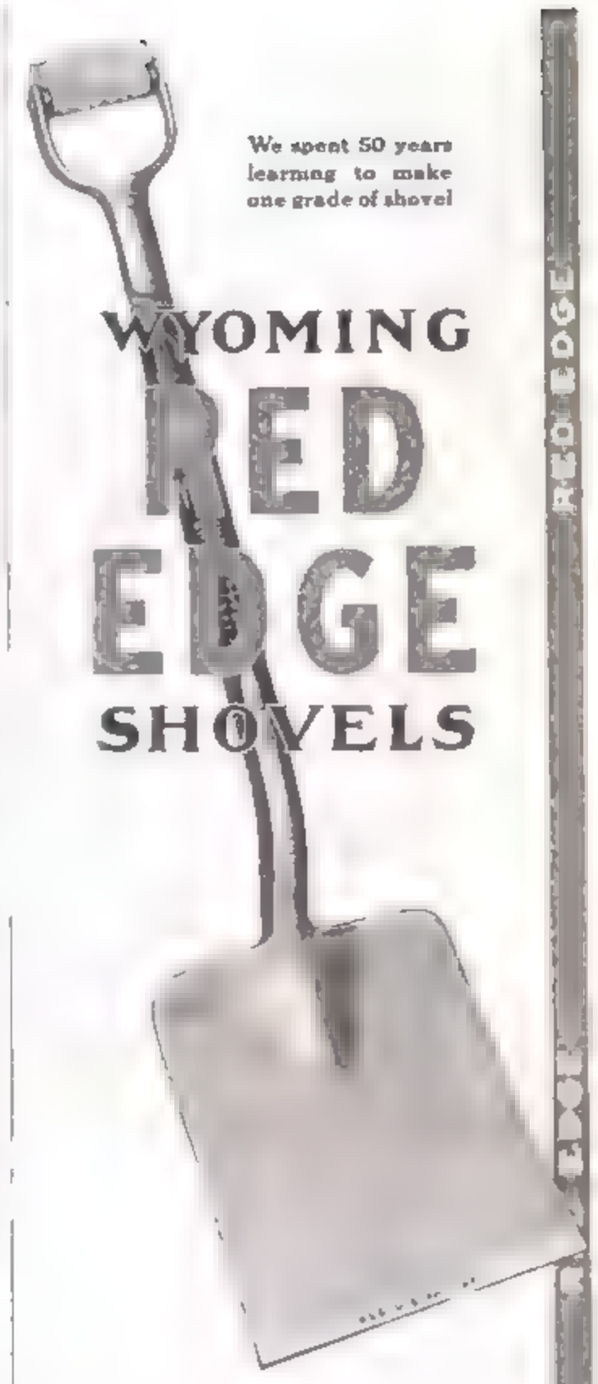
"And at home," says Monsieur de Grasse, *chef saucier* of the dinner crew, "they have no time but to bathe and sleep. Four hundred exquisite dinners—the supreme expression of *simplex munditiis*, entirely in the laudable modern phase of a short and perfect meal—did I prepare at the home of the Bondcoats'. They kept their cars cranked, they gulped the soup, swallowed the entrée, grabbed the salad and ran. They were auto mad. They should have lived on axle grease and gas. Their grandfather and the servants, sixteen of them, stayed at home and lived like princes, but the Bondcoats were too breathless for me. I left."

He shrugged his shoulders and took from the pocket of his snowy uniform a long blue requisition blank—one of the chef's order cards on all departments of the hotel storerooms and kitchens. It was dated for a big banquet in the Medici Room that night. De Grasse was in charge and said if I would stay by him there were things I might learn from entrées and sauces to the nature of men and banquets.

This was entirely in tone with the easy come and go of the hotel within the hotel. You worked overtime as you chose. I noticed the assistants were pretty generally glad to string along from the day crew to the night crew—incidentally to be present at a few more of the several meals set forth for the employes. By custom, too, could De Grasse be requested to put an understudy in his place at the big range downstairs to see an important banquet through.

That night seven banquets were under way, including four rah-rah dinners, college reunions and fraternity jollifications. The common denominator of those feasts was roast guinea fowl and biscuit Tortoni.

We spent 50 years learning to make one grade of shovel



A Molder's Shovel Must Be An Accurate Tool.

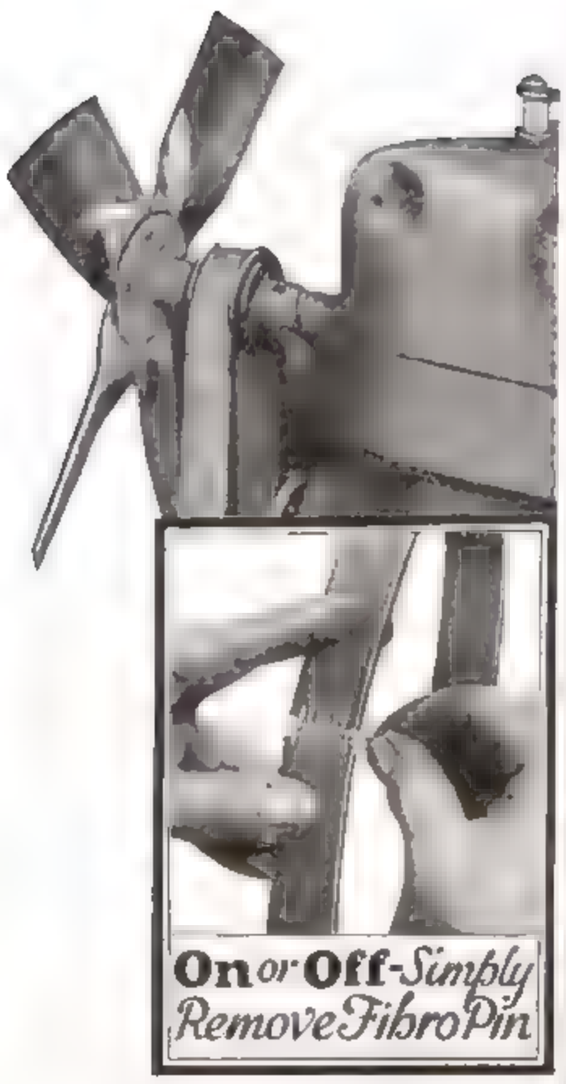
EVERY foundryman knows that. But he sometimes forgets it—or he would be more particular about the shovel he buys.

The molder uses his shovel not merely to lift so many pounds of sand, but to distribute that sand with ***precision*** in the form. Lightness and perfect balance are essential to accurate distribution. But if the shovel is to wear and preserve its shape it must also be ***tough***.

Lightness, balance, strength and toughness are perfectly combined in the chrome nickel steel blade of a Red Edge. In fact only such a material could be expected to retain the curved shape, which efficiency demands, in a gauge sufficiently thin for practical purposes.

If Red Edge Shovels actually cost ***more*** than the ordinary shovel you could pay the extra price and save it many times over in more efficient work. But figuring on a cost per day, Red Edge is far and away the least expensive of shovels. One Red Edge will outwear two to three of carbon or crucible steel.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PENNA.



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A Clipper laced fan belt is easily installed without removing any parts. The joint is smooth and strong and the lacing takes but a few minutes.

Garages equipped with this tool need not stock a large and varied assortment of fan belts; a few rolls of belting in popular widths equip them to belt a great number of cars. Belt hooks come carded and conveniently boxed. Clipper Belt Hooks are 100% *staggered*. No two hook points enter the belt directly opposite each other.

Motorists: Carry an extra Clipper laced fan belt for emergencies.

Write for descriptive circular and name of your nearest jobber.

Clipper Belt Lacer Company
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

$2.50 in U. S. A. $3.50 in Canada

The No. 101 Vise Lacer laces same sizes as Clipper No. 1, lever lacer only requires a vise.

$10.00 in U. S. A.
$13.75 in Canada

The lever lacer Clipper No. 1 laces belts up to 2 inches wide and 3-16 inch thick. Substantially built, simple in construction and operation. Perpetually guaranteed against breakage and defects.

Clipper Belt Lacer

Quality Belt Lacing

Those were a quantity item which would come from the main kitchen and the ice-cream rooms to the pantry and kitchen adjacent to each special dining room.

But for the affair de luxe under the management of Monsieur de Grasse, there was to be a choice of *entrées*, *rissoles d'Angoulême*, and *couronne Virginienne*, besides a very particular apricot salad, which required attention to the very last moment. Plainly my office was to be that of a Mercury who could keep monsieur in a pleasant state of assurance that a dozen people in other departments were on the job and all component parts of these courses would be under his hand when he and his choice sauces were ready for them in the banquet kitchen.

That evening I think I learned all one needs to know of what can happen to stall the procession in a big hotel and why those who are responsible to the office for what goes on in the kitchen ought to go mad if they don't. Also I absorbed several valuable lessons in the making of sauces, and acquired a feeling comparable to that of a musician who has had, let us say, one lesson with Paderewski. I am at least able to settle for you a long-standing dispute about sauces and put you on the right track if you like to play in the kitchen.

The *rissoles d'Angoulême* had not advanced at all beyond the embryo of being, and it was 5:30. White meat of chicken, sweetbreads and oysters in their due proportion had gone from the *garde-manger* of the big kitchen to the chopping machine an hour ago—that was all that could be learned. The minion who ought to have delivered the mixture to the croquette department to be rolled in squares of puff paste and crumbed had simply gone home. There are those who would leave a baby to drown if their time was up.

Forty refrigerator rooms to search! Or was it best to be sure of the pastry squares? To run down to the patisserie, collar a baker and make him roll out and cut the paste? It was futile to telephone at the dinner hour. I should only stir up a riot of French or Spanish invective. With two trails of pursuit, the only thing is to make one include the other. The bakery in the basement and all refrigerators of kitchens on five succeeding floors would have to be covered in one long ascent. From the uppermost I could telephone Monsieur de Grasse in the pantry of the Medici Room and keep him informed.

A Puff-Paste Tragedy

It appeared that one hundred pieces of *feuilletage*—puff paste—each three inches by three and a half and of a paper thinness, had gone to the kitchen of the men's café in the upper cellar. The *chef pâtisseur* took the blue slip from his desk drawer under the flour-dimmed light and looked at me with eyes of injured innocence. A short run and a few leaps to a higher level, the traversing of a steel corridor a block long, a bridge over the yawning gulf of the boiler rooms, and I was behind the men's café. Its compact little kitchen, hot as a crucible, revealed the pastries and the mixture they were to contain. The Italian chef refused to let them go, was sure they were down on his luncheon menu for tomorrow. We were at a linguistic disadvantage and got no further than signs and grimaces.

Rough stuff was the only thing left. I grabbed the spoils and fled, took the nearest elevator and landed in the Louis Quinze kitchen. There the *chef garde*, lending his authority to the emergency, commandeered from the *chauds-froids* a little Swiss fellow who for rolling and crumbing had the technic of a magician. The filling went in exact portions on the pastry; they became, with a wet knife and lightning motions, one hundred little sealed packages. They went into a bath of water and whipped egg, into crumbs and out again, and were rolled and tapped to a nicety; were exposed to the draft of an electric fan to blow off excess crumbs; were disposed upon a great tray with perforated bottom to keep them ventilated and were borne to the dumb-waiter. They met me on the ninth floor and at last reposed upon Monsieur de Grasse's table in the banquet kitchen.

How quiet it was up here! And through the oval glass window and the pantry beyond, what a vision of prismatic color, of damask and silver and flowers! But monsieur was in agony. "Look!" He pointed to fifteen copper molds, shaped like crowns with a protruding core, that littered the table. Obviously they were for the *couronne Virginienne*.

"And the ovens won't take half of them," he sighed, as though the world were at last too heavy for Atlas. Somebody had blundered, for in the office of the maître d'hôtel the exact capacity of every oven in the hotel ought to be known.

The solution of this *contretemps* was the baker's oven. And while De Grasse busied himself with combining eight pounds of finely minced Virginia ham with the frothed whites of four dozen eggs, seasoning them by a formula known only to himself and the double-locked files of the office, I waged a magnificent duel of words, grimaces and wild gesticulations with Giordano di Parma and Monsieur Lausanne, head bakers, and got an hour's possession of one of those vast ovens that, waist-high above the floor, open by sliding doors into a vaulted chamber exactly suited to baking fifteen pans of anything all at one and the same time.

The Cook as Poet

Even so, these *soufflées* had to make a dangerous return trip from the baker's kitchen. Ten minutes is about the utmost that a *soufflée* can endure between oven and palate before it hugs itself into a gummy mass. It is this timing of things—only to have people late to dinner—that worries cooks into a frenzy and gives them the reputation of being difficult. Upon this point your virtuoso in the kitchen has everything on his side. A dish that reaches perfection at a particular moment may be a sorry failure if it is not eaten right away, and a long wait may spoil a whole meal. Sauces there are that scum and curdle with impatience; roasts and broils give up their juice, and salads wilt. People who keep their chefs waiting ought to be made to cook their own meals or go hungry. Moreover, a perfect meal, ephemeral as it may be, is a work of art, and the cook and the poet—very often they are one and the same—do not care for wilted laurels. They have but one motive, a gloriously unselfish one, which is the enjoyment of their creation by other people.

As to this double impasse through which we came with no one being the wiser at that time, you may be sure it was threshed out next day.

"It all comes of not knowing what a man will do simply by looking at him," said Monsieur d'Arles, *premier chef* of the hotel. "Never send a dumpish, sullen, stupid fool on a double errand. He will quit as he did quit when he got the *rissole* mixture chopped. Then somebody else will pick it up and take it to the wrong kitchen."

This was an oblique reproof for not reading human nature at a glance—a requisite quality in hotels where the coming and going help is of every grade and description. The particular runt who had failed on this occasion was thereafter to be met only in the vegetable cellar, where he loaded and unloaded the corundum-lined kettles that peeled potatoes by the bushel. Such was the limit of his ability. No telling what would have happened had he been discharged. Maybe there would have been a sympathetic strike of helpers and second cooks from Pawtucket to Hong-Kong. Yet had he so much as fallen upstairs and bumped his nose, the hotel would have given him a rest room, a doctor, a nurse and pay and a half until he recovered!

As for the *secretaire de cuisine* who had not foreseen the necessity for ovens larger than those in the banquet kitchen, he of course got his in behind the mahogany doors of an office de luxe far away from the madding crowd.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Hersey. The second will appear in an early issue

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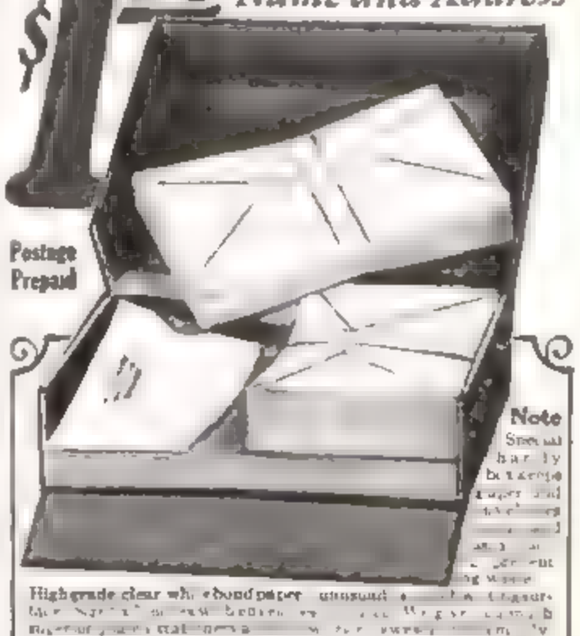

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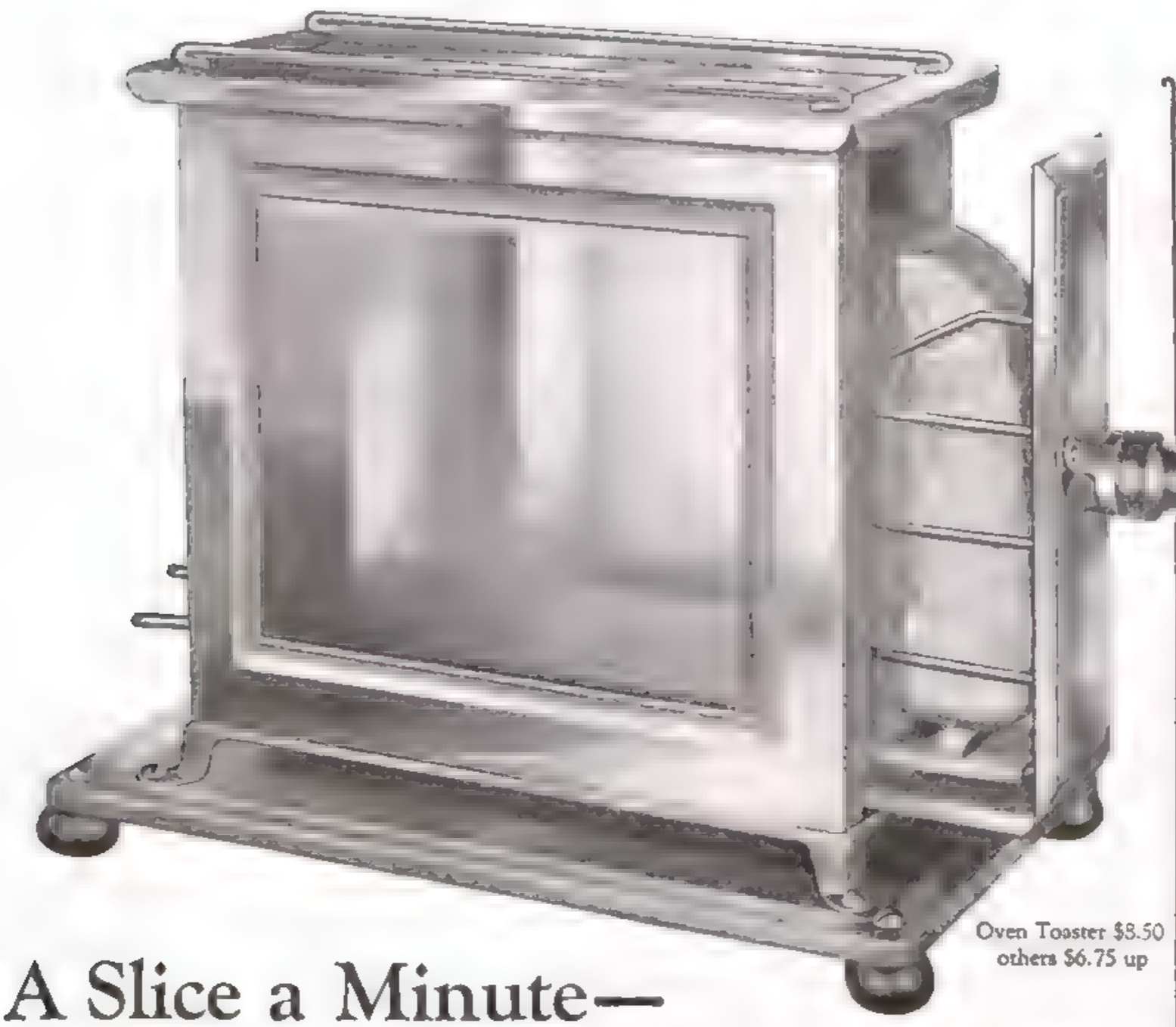

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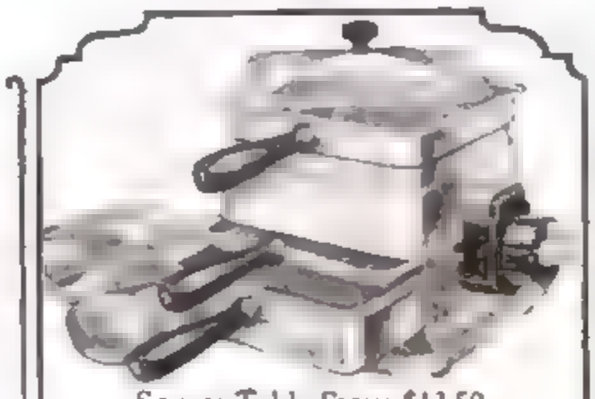

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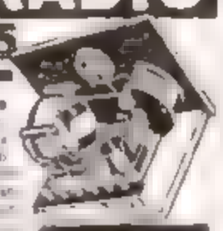

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IN THE COW COUNTRY TODAY

(Continued from Page 29)

of respect in the community. Apparently there is so much sympathy for his type of cattleman that it overrides the law. There was a time when his offense would have disgraced him even worse than murder.

"I cannot believe that he is dishonest at heart. With such a father it seems impossible. I attribute his actions to the force of circumstances. It is difficult for a gambler to remain scrupulously honest. He is a victim of the spirit of these times. Men are not so willing nowadays to begin with a small herd and build up. They want quicker action. And you hear more about these men; either that they have made a killing or that they are suddenly broke. But behind them stands a silent army of men actually raising cattle. Sometimes they do well; sometimes not. But they seldom fail, and they have almost no chance for sudden riches. They are the real beef producers."

"Why," I asked, "do nearly all of the cattlemen speculate?"

Parenthetically, let me remark that they most assuredly do. No one with even a casual knowledge of conditions would challenge the statement.

"The big packing houses and more railroads brought a new condition," he replied. "There was still plenty of pasture land, but the cattle were not always on it. An alert man with good banking credit could often buy cheap steers, ship them to good grass and get the benefit of their growth. When market conditions became a matter of daily record, transmitted by telegraph, a man could study the outlook and get ready to take a profit on good seasons.

"The effect of the growing packing industry, with its international market, was of enormous importance in the cow country. For one thing, it became possible to sell thousands of cattle any day in the year for cash. There wasn't any question about it. From that time on cattle had the standing of good investment stocks and bonds on the New York Stock Exchange. Cattle became liquid assets, with a market place known to all whom it might concern.

"You can readily estimate what would happen to stock and bond prices if the big exchanges were closed. The securities would be just as sound as before, but not so easily sold on short notice. The market might be good in one city and bad in another; but with nationally known market places open, all the varying conditions are equalized. A man can make a fairly good guess about the course of certain stocks if he knows conditions. Well, the same sort of development took place in the cow country. Men began to guess about market conditions and to see opportunities for profit resulting from the always unsettled conditions on the range."

Advantages of Large Ranches

"Suppose, for instance, that you knew there would be a shortage of good fat cattle some months hence because of a widespread drought over all the Northwestern grazing states and that your own lands were nearly knee-deep in grass. Somewhere in your state—and possibly very near—there would be a ranch that had missed several rains. The owner would be willing to sell most of his yearlings. Prices at the time would be low because the drought elsewhere was forcing cattle onto the market. You buy and take a chance. The profits—when these speculations succeed—are very large. If a man gets a taste of them the old-fashioned cow business begins to look pretty slow. Such opportunities exist nearly all the time—somewhere.

"But when you guess wrong and find yourself stuck with a lot of steers that have passed the period when they are putting on growth rapidly, the disaster is terrific. No bank wants to carry you any longer. Everything you buy is merely for maintenance. There is no spring calf crop to offset your expenses. As the prices go down your banker is on your neck to get you to sell at a loss to yourself to protect him. All is gloom. About the biggest stroke of luck you can have under those conditions is to find yourself so sunk in debt that the bank or loan company is also involved; then they may stay with you through future speculations until debtor and creditor pull out together. That has happened lots of times.

"Men who own big ranches frequently engage in these speculations. In fact, such operations are quite generally regarded now as a part of the cattle business. The large ranch offers unusual opportunities in that direction, because some part of it will nearly always have good grass. Few large ranches are compact; usually they wind along some river or consist of a series of blocks that may or may not touch one another. Being scattered, they have a better chance for rain.

"But this advantage could just as well be turned to another direction. Instead of watching for opportunities to make a profit off the slow wits or hard luck of others, the ranchman might turn his natural advantage to use in the form of steady production. He has much less to fear from the elements than the owner of a small property. That is one reason why I say the very large ranch was never a sounder economic unit than it is today. If the property includes rich bottom lands that would raise good crops, there is no reason why he should not put a few tractors to work pulling plows. He can use the crops on the ranch.

"Moreover, where he has cattle to feed, he doesn't care much whether he matures a corn crop or not; he can put the green stalks into silos if rain fails to come when needed.

"Nor does that end his advantage, for once the crop is stored in silos he can leave it there a long time. It won't spoil. A farmer would have to sell it, but a ranchman wouldn't. I see no reason for selling the ranch simply because there is some rich land here and there that will bring from $20 to $100 an acre."

The Beef Instinct in Cattle

At this point I interrupted to say, "But they are being sold just the same."

"Yes," he agreed.

"And you do not think economic conditions make this necessary?"

"Perhaps they do in some cases, but usually not."

"You have another theory to explain most of these sales?"

"Yes."

"Let's have it."

"That calls for a brief survey of the business in its earlier periods. To begin with, land scarcely had any value at all, therefore it was used wastefully. Blooded cattle were scarce and consequently expensive. At one time, and under certain conditions, I think it would hardly have been worth while from a business viewpoint to bother with building up a herd by importing registered bulls. During those days the traditions of the cow country were formed. Some men quit the business when free range ceased to exist; they were certain that a man couldn't raise cattle at a profit if he had to buy land at such extortionate prices as ten to twenty-five cents an acre. Others who took this wild chance quit when land went up to fifty cents an acre. But when it skyrocketed to a dollar conditions were regarded as rather tragic. There has been a feeling in the cow country as long as I can remember that the price of land was driving men out of the business. And it did; anyway, they quit. But there were always others who survived.

"The obvious remedy for higher land values was more beef to the acre—not more cattle, but more beef. That meant better breeds, the kind that we cattlemen say have the beef instinct. By the way, that term always amuses me, because it presents a picture of an animal impatient to reach the dining table on a platter. But better breeds of cattle came very, very slowly. It is astonishing to me that there are still so many thousands of low-grade cattle in this country. The explanation is—ignorance.

"A great many of the old-time cattlemen were not what you would call up-and-coming business men. Quite a number of them spelled cow with a *k*. I mean that literally; I'm not trying to be funny. Business geniuses were rare on ranches. Methods improved slowly under the pressure of dire necessity. The old-time cattleman was a walking prejudice; he had more of them, I suspect, than anyone on earth unless it might be a religious fanatic. He hated change; he hated farmers; he lived an isolated life and read very little. Please don't think I'm knocking my crowd; I'm just telling you about the unfortunate characteristics that kept so many of them from being brilliantly successful. They

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were romantic figures with sterling characters, but we are considering them as business men.

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"And the price was not the only consideration. He had boys and girls who went away to school and lost touch with ranch life. On returning they couldn't endure the isolation. They knew very well that a sale would provide plenty of money for all the family to live luxuriously in a city. Most of the large buildings in the cow-country cities were built with ranch money. Former cowmen also own a considerable portion of the bank stocks in those cities.

"To put it briefly, conditions changed too rapidly for the old-time cowmen's peace of mind. Their prejudices were bumped much harder than their pocketbooks, and it was easy for other members of the family who wanted to live elsewhere to win the argument.

"I recall a cattleman whose old age was a tragedy. He was born in a one-room cabin that was half logs and half dug-out. His parents taught him to read and gave him the equivalent of about six grades of the public schools. In the course of time he became a very wealthy cattleman and eventually went through the usual losing battle with his wife and children.

"When he married he built the finest house he could imagine. It wasn't much of a house, but it represented regal splendor to him. A few years later he built a better house; this time his wife planned it. Later he built one that his daughter planned. Finally an architect was employed. The result was a beautiful brick-and-stone structure that looks like a hotel. The ballroom is nearly 100 feet long.

"But the battle continued. The roads were not always in good condition and guests invited by the children often failed to come. The old man was out there by himself the last time I saw him. The rest of the family had moved into town. I leave to your imagination the loneliness and discomfort of that house for an old man who loved rawhide chairs and knew how to broil meat or bake good bread over an open fire. As soon as he died the ranch was sold.

"That is what has happened to the large ranch. It isn't an economic impossibility by any means. All the changes are not running against it; some of them are decidedly in its favor. For example, you'd be astonished to know how useful a one-ton truck is on a large ranch. As for the automobile, it becomes absolutely essential. We couldn't operate without a whole fleet of them. In the spring, when foremen and managers are eager to know how the calf crop is coming on and what grasses are sprouting, they travel scores of miles over the ranch in automobiles. Roads are not necessary. Sometimes groups of twenty to fifty little calves will come scampering up and surround the automobile. They are not afraid of it; they want to play with it."

Sixteen Acres to the Head

"Then there are the telephone and electric lights and concrete. Now you might not think concrete very important, but it is. On the whole, I'd estimate that it is just about as important as the telephone. A bag of cement is easily carried, and you can bend the concrete into any shape you want. It doesn't wear out either. Nowadays there are all sorts of little pumps and power plants available for water distribution. A good manager saves fortunes by using gasoline instead of labor. We know more about drilling wells and what kinds of pipe to use. And we know more about grass.

"At one time it was our impression that we ought to do much better than the old-time allowance of twenty acres to the head, but we have only cut this down to sixteen acres. A great many ranchmen nowadays overload their pastures. The penalty comes in short winter grass, which may make it necessary to buy feed. Profits disappear rapidly when a ranchman buys feed. During one season our production manager estimated that we could have grazed 45,000 head of cattle more than we had. That sounds wasteful, but it isn't. A large pasture has many different kinds of grasses, some of which are far better than others. Cattle eat the best grass first. If a pasture is overloaded some of the best grasses will very soon disappear and never come up again. Among the better grasses are a few that seem to be nearly as good as corn. Now it is certainly absurd to destroy such feed, but that very thing is being done every year—and called economy.

"Viewed simply as a business, ranching requires just about the same alert attention as a department store. The man in charge doesn't dare settle into a rut. Evolution is grinding away all the time. The fact that a condition has remained unchanged for ten years makes it highly probable that it requires investigation.

"By experimenting with the allotment of pasturage per head of cattle we learned that plenty of space resulted in an amazing reduction in the number of dogies; that, of course, means much more nowadays than it used to when cattle were cheaper. I cite these matters to show you that we neither subscribe to nor fight old customs. We simply submit them to scientific analysis."

The term "dogie" possibly requires explanation. When a mother cow dies before her calf is ready for a diet of nothing but grass, the result is often an undersized animal—a dogie. With rich pasture there will be fewer of these culls.

Around the chuck wagons there is a treasured definition of the word "dogie" that was given years ago to an inquisitive Englishwoman who owned a ranch. Her questions had driven the cowboys to despair. It was their opinion that anyone so ignorant ought not to have been at large. Moreover, they didn't like her accent.

One day she asked, "And what, pray tell, is a dogie?"

Humiliating as it was in the presence of his men, the foreman had to answer, so he said, "A dogie is a cute little baby calf whose mamma has died and its papa has run off with another cow."

On a ranch a dogie would more probably be defined as a disaster. Reducing the number of them may fairly be compared to sewing up a hole in the owner's pocket.

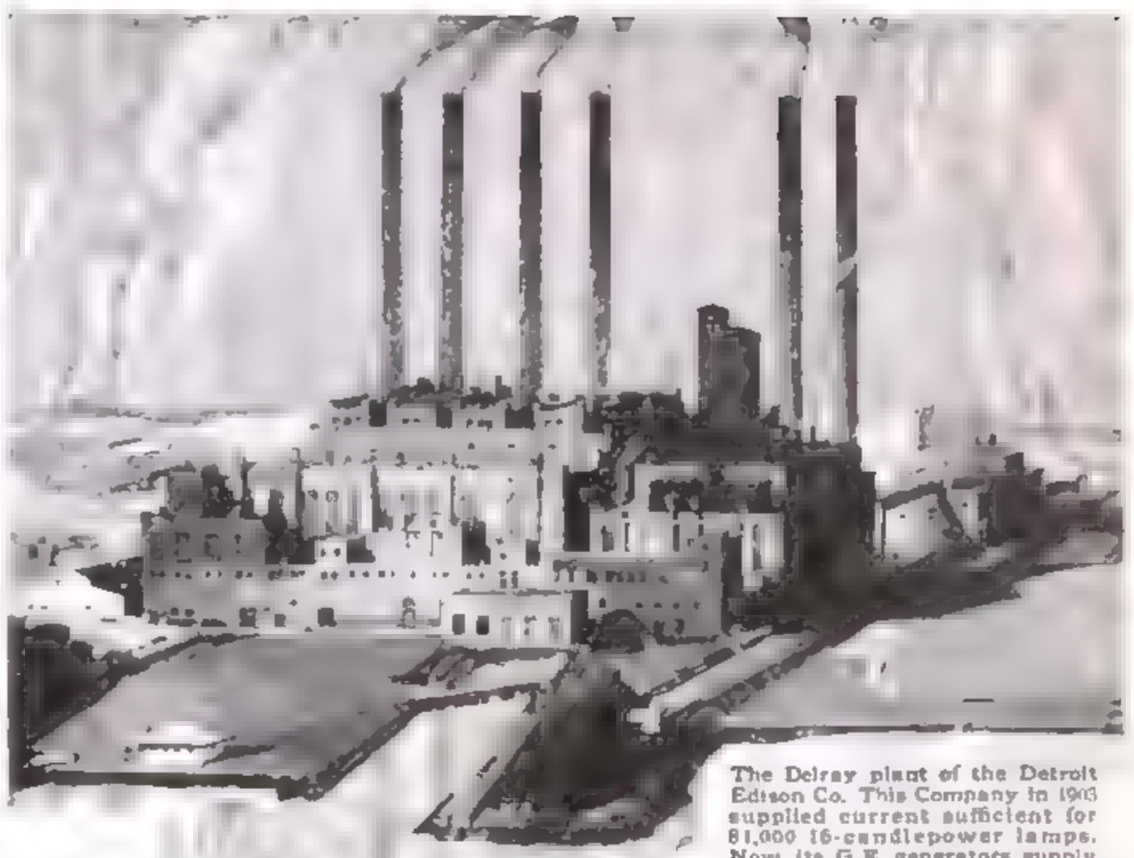
Agricultural-College Influence

Returning to the subject of large ranches from another angle, I asked my friend if he knew of any others that are earning a profit sufficient to protect them from subdivision. We approached this problem with a set of figures as a basis. We allowed twenty dollars an acre as the market value of the land. Then we agreed that the money obtained from its sale would earn an average of 6 per cent if invested. Next we agreed that sixteen acres is a fair feeding ground for a steer. Reduced to arithmetic, this means twelve months' use of $320 worth of land to produce a yearling. That sum of money at 6 per cent would earn $19.20. Therefore the steer ought to bring in a larger profit than $19.20 if the ranch is to justify its existence. My friend's answer was that there are a number of large ranches meeting this challenge.

"I also take into consideration," he added, "the fact that good land will go on increasing in value. I believe it is a better investment for a long period of time than stocks, bonds or city property. And don't overlook the fact that there are men who would rather run a ranch than clip coupons, even if the coupons had a shade the better of it on income."

"But if the land goes on increasing in value indefinitely," I argued, "then surely you must agree in some measure with those who think cattle raising is doomed."

"No; other things also increase in value, including beef. Some sort of proportion is retained. The amount of beef consumed per capita declines as the population rises, to be sure; but we are just entering that period in the United States. Under proper management the large ranch will last a long time. In fact, I would not be astonished to see a trend toward larger units during the next five years. I'll tell you why. As the golden age, or romantic period, in the cow country drew to a close the boys were sent away to become lawyers or doctors. Anyway very few of them came back to operate ranches. Agricultural colleges have achieved considerable importance only within the last ten years. There are now hundreds of young scientific farmers and young professors of animal husbandry abroad in the land. The latter are already fairly numerous around big dairies. A few of them are making a noise on the ranches. It is too soon yet for anyone to say what they can do. I'm betting on the well-managed large ranch to last a long time."



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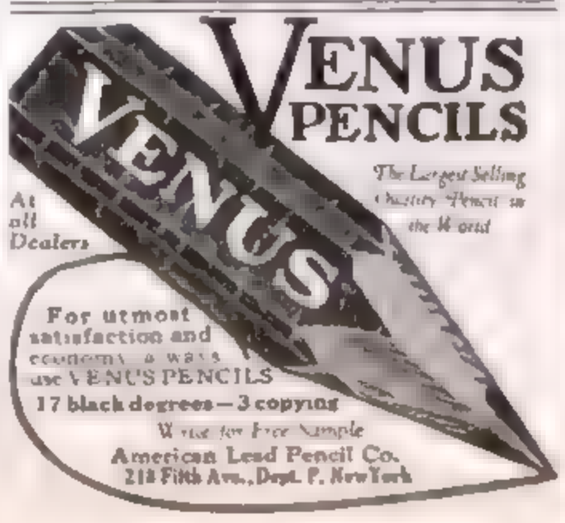
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This opinion, so stoutly defended, brought to my mind two well-remembered scenes that ought to be offered here as evidence pertinent to the issue. I was visiting a large ranch in West Texas four years ago; the owner's son had recently returned from college. I looked on while he weighed and measured several different kinds of grain which he later poured into a large metal container. This he covered with oat sacks. Inquiry brought out the fact that the grain would be steamed. A thermometer and clock were handy. I judged that this must be a delicate operation. He explained that he was preparing some pedigreed cattle for exhibition at the state fair. This special feeding was designed to obtain better distribution of flesh and fat. "So they won't be lumpy," was his explanation. A grizzled old cowman, standing in the doorway, grunted, then spat.

"That fool kid is going to kill them cattle," he said to me; but the kid evidently didn't kill them, because I learned later that they won blue ribbons.

The curtain rises on Scene Number Two, to discover an old cowman seated at a table in the barroom of a hotel in San Antonio, Texas. I don't recall the official weather report for that day, but the temperature was entirely adequate. The cowman had shucked his coat, rolled up his sleeves and was cooling himself with a drink of straight whisky. A moment later perspiration fairly spouted from his brow. Big drops fell on an ugly scar on his arm; an Indian's arrow had penetrated his arm some thirty years previously. He told me that he pulled the arrow out, bound up the wound with a handkerchief and it healed—but not neatly. I was a cub reporter at the time with orders to interview him on the secret of his success. He was wealthy. He was also constructed along the architectural lines of things you find in the toy department. His torso was globular and very large, but his legs were short and extremely slender; also they were bent to accommodate the sloping sides of a horse. He was moon-faced, and became more so during the course of the afternoon.

"So you want to know the secret of my success," he repeated, obviously puzzled. We struggled with the problem for quite a while. He didn't seem to have any ideas on the subject, so I tried to help him out. I was acquainted with several well-tested and absolutely reliable answers to the question and recommended them. Many interviewers do, I suspect, even after their cub days are over. But he didn't like them. He was a very honest man, and wanted to tell the truth. Finally he said hard work was the secret of his success, but I couldn't accept that one; there was nothing subtle about it. Moreover, a lot of people work hard without getting rich. I was frank with him and told him so. He had to admit that I was right. So he ordered another drink and we tried to think up something better. But the secret of his success baffled us. We couldn't seem to get hold of it. Many persons have found the secret of success elusive, so I was patient. About three-quarters of an hour passed—also more than half a quart. Then he had an inspiration.

"My boy," he said, "I haven't been such a whale of a success, if you want the truth about this thing. I've been working pretty hard all my life raising cattle, mostly at a loss. Some years was good, but a heap more of them wasn't. Taking it up one side the creek and down the other, I reckon I've donated about as much chuck steak to my fellow man as any living human. Now about me being rich—the way that come about was, I sold my land. I been trying to sell it for eight years, but I was lucky and didn't until this year, when the boom come. There ain't been much to this cattle business since barbed wire come in, but it was all I knew and I couldn't get out. Don't never fool with steers, boy. They're poison."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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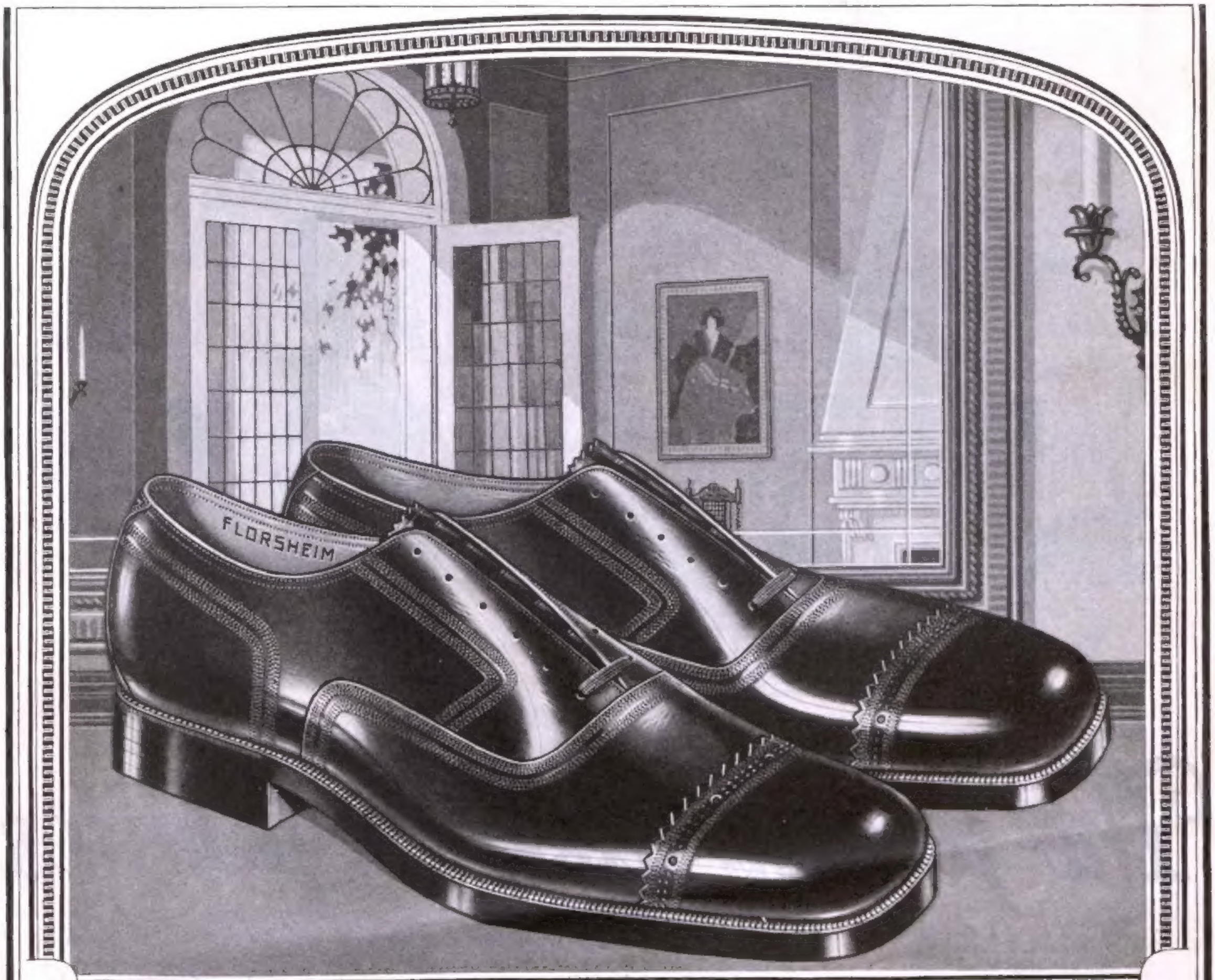

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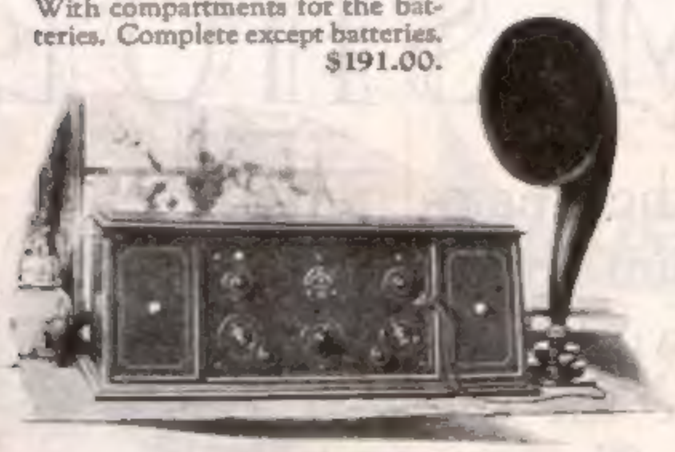

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